

THE  
L I F E  
OF THE COUNTESS  
*DE GONDEZ.*

WRITTEN

By her own Hand in *French*, and  
Dedicated to the Princess DE LA  
ROCHE-SUR-YON.

*By Mademoiselle de la Roche-Sur-Yon*  
And now faithfully Translated into *English*.

By Mrs. P. A U B I N.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for J. and J. Knapton, J. Darby,  
A. Bettefworth, F. Fayram, J. Osborn and  
T. Longman, J. Pemberton, C. Rivington,  
F. Clay, J. Batley, and A. Ward.

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HO it is impossible for any Person to converse with you, and not be charmed with your agreeable Conversation, now you particularly, without g the excellent Qualities you tress of: Yet few will be so to tell the World that you woman who are not only an ex-Wife, a tender Mother, and a accomplished Person; but that more Learned and Wise than

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## DEDICATION.

the greatest Part of your Sex ; that you have a Genius superior to most of us ; and a Contempt for all the trifling Amusements and Follies, which employ the Thoughts and are the Delights of more than half our Quality. This, Madam, I am convinced of, and take this opportunity to publish it to the World : I always am fond of merit such as yours, and glad when I can set a bright Example before their Eyes to shame them into Goodness. Your Person, tho extremely agreeable, is far inferior to the Beauties of your Mind, which your Modesty conceals like a Miser's Treasure, so that none but your Friends are acquainted with your Worth ; and it would be a Crime in them to be silent. For my own part, I have long had a particular Esteem for you, and I have taken the Liberty to dedicate this little History of Madam D E GONDEZ's Life to you, because her Character must make you her Friend ; for she was a dutiful and admirable Wife ; and her Virtue,

# DEDICATION.

Virtue, Prudence, and Good Fortune,  
in being marry'd to a Gentleman of  
great Merit, such as a Lady of her  
Virtue deserved, are Circumstances  
so like your own, that I doubt not  
but you will be her Patron now she is  
come to visit *Great Britain* in an *En-*  
*glish* Dress; and that you will also  
continue the Honour of your Friend-  
ship to the Person who presents her to  
you, and is, with the greatest Respect,

*Madam,*

*Your Sincere Friend, and*

*Humble Servant.*

*Lincolns Inn Fields,*

*Jan. 1. 1728-9.*

*P. Aubin.*

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TO THE

# READER.



AM here going to present to my own Nation the History of a French Lady's Life; which, tho it is not filled with a great number of strange Events and uncommon Transactions, yet has something in it very instructive and very uncommon: For first, she was a great Beauty and a great Fortune, and chose an old Count for an Husband when she was not eighteen; and tho she fell in Love with a young Lord, who was handsome and charming, and pursued her with all the Arts of Love, yet she kept her Virtue, preserved her Reputation, and never was guilty of one Slip for above three Years that her old Lord lived with her. But what is yet more extra-

## To the READER.

extraordinary, she mourn'd him dead without Hypocrisy, kept still up to the Dignity of her Character, and refus'd to marry the Man she lov'd, till she had pay'd all the Tribute of a long Mourning, more than Duty required, for her deceased Husband; and that being past, and her Lover making some false Steps, she conquer'd her Passion, and prefer'd a nobler and more constant Lover before him. And thus she has set her Sex a noble Example; but I fear it will not be much follow'd here, for we daily see Widows from twenty to eighty, trip to Church in their Weeds to marry worthless Rakes and Liberties; and Virtue is too seldom the Companion of Greatness and Beauty: The Age is grown so corrupt, that Vice seems to reign; and both Sexes are so lost to all sense of Honour and Fame, that Merit and Virtue are un-regarded; 'tis Riches, Pleasure and Preferment which all pursue: these are the Idol Gods they worship. The daring Lover bribes high to debauch the

## To the READER.

the unwary Fair, and gains his Ends ;  
Wives and Husbands hate, and mutually pursue unlawful Pleasures ; some Wives leave good Husbands and live at large, whilst some for Profit wink at their fair Spouses Crimes, and blush not at Dishonour. Yet it must be confess'd, that the English Throne has this last Age been singularly happy, in being filled with Princesses who have been the greatest and most shining Examples of Virtue ; and we have now one who is such, and ought to be a Pattern for Conjugal Affection.

I always have endeavour'd to inspire Virtue and noble Principles into my Readers Breasts : Still I pursue the same Design, and still I hope to find such Patrons as will defend bright Virtue's Cause, and help to shame the Vicious into Virtue : and 'tis these I love and honour, and to these I dedicate all my Labours.

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THE  
LIFE  
Of the COUNTESS  
*DE GONDEZ.*

TO HER

Most Serene Highness the PRINCESS  
*de la ROCHE-SUR-YON.*

MADAM,



THE absolute Power that you have over me, has at last prevailed over the natural Indolence of my Temper; and I am now going to obey your Commands, by giving you the History of my Life. I am so sensible of your Generosity, and the sincere Friendship which you are pleased to honour

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me withal, that I am not afraid to relate to you even the Oversight of my Youth, an Age, when Reason is not always the Guide of our Actions, and Passion makes us commit Faults we afterwards condemn, and blush at the Remembrance of. 'Tis my Nature to be sincere, and not vain ; and therefore I shall hide nothing from you of my Infant Follies ; and tho it be not greatly for my Advantage, yet it will doubtless afford you more Diversion than the more serious Part of my History, when Age and Experience had taught me to be more prudent and discreet.

I was but twelve years old when my Mother died : My Father placed me in the Abbey de *St. Antoine*, where he had a Sister who was a Nun, a Lady of great Merit, who loved me tenderly ; and who after I was there made it her chief Study to instruct and instil into me the Principles of Virtue and Piety, which she taught me without that Severity that renders Instruction disagreeable to Youth. My Father gave me the good *Souville* for a Governess, who justly deserved the Esteem and Confidence that he had in her. My Mother, who very well knew the Value of this worthy Servant, had, on her Death-bed, given her the Charge of me, desiring that she would continue to take care of my Education ; and she also, with great Tenderness, commanded me always to hearken to, and follow *Souville's* Advice ; and to remember, that I must learn now, in my Youth, from such as she, those good Principles and Maxims that must guide and

and govern all my Actions when I was grown up, and entered upon the Stage of Life, to make me happy or miserable.

My Father came often to the Convent to see me, and had long Conversations with me : My Aunt and Governess gave me great Commendations, and assured him I had good Sense, and would soon be fit to appear in the World to my advantage ; and when I was Eighteen, my Father, who design'd to marry me advantageously, thought fit to take me from their Care and shew me to the World.

I no sooner appeared abroad, and at Court, but I was taken much notice of, and several Matches were proposed for me to my Father, who loving me most passionately was extreme difficult in the choice of a Husband for me ; and having a great Fortune to give me, he was resolved not to be too hasty to dispose of me and that, so that some Months past after I left the Convent before any thing of consequence happened to engage my Affections : But one Day, being at Mass, I saw a young Gentleman whose Person and Air was altogether agreeable ; his Mein spoke him a Man of Quality more than his Habit, which was extremely rich and magnificent. It was, Madam, the young Marquis *de Monfrand* : He looked upon me very earnestly. The Chevalier *de Druilli*, at the same Instant, bowed to me : On which the Marquis immediately joined him, and ask'd him who I was ? 'Tis *Mademoiselle de Brionsel*, said he, loud enough for me to hear him, *What ! did you never see her before ? Ah ! said Monfrand, how beautiful*

tiful She is ! Her Air is so noble and modest that it is easy to guess what She is : I have heard her spoke of before, much to her advantage ; but I did not imagine that She had half so many Charms as I now see in her, and I wish that it prove not a great Misfortune for me that I have this Day seen her.

I could not forbear blushing at this Discourse, which I heard because he stood very near me. Speak lower, said the Chevalier de Druilli, of Madam de Brionsel's Charms ; see, you have made her blush. Thus their Discourse ended : But for some Days I could scarce go any where but Monfrand followed me.

One Morning my Governess Souville said to me, Madam, don't you perceive that the Marquis de Monfrand follows you every where, and may I take the Liberty to ask you what you think of him ? Why I find him very handsome, said I, and he has a very agreeable Face ; that is all that I can say of him ; and I believe he knows it well enough : But why do you ask me this Question Souville ? said I. 'Tis, Madam, said she, because I know that he has really some thoughts of you, and that his Quality and Fortune make him a very good Match for you ; and if he should happen to be your Husband, I would fain have him to be such a one as you can like. I should run a great Hazard of being unhappy, said I, if such a thing should be hastily concluded upon ; and I should never forgive my self the having any Inclination for a Person whom I have no more knowledge of, than

by knowing his Person, and not his Sense and Humour.

Some Days after this Discourse, the Marquis got his Uncle the Mareschal *de* — to present him to my Father. *Monfrand* was rich, young, handsome, and witty, and my Father did not doubt but I should like him, and easily agree to the Proposal ; and whilst I had only had a flight View of him, and no particular Conversation, I liked him very well ; but so soon as I found my self concerned to look into his Character and Humour, which I carefully studied, I grew to dislike him, and to his Misfortune, not without Reason, as I shall leave you, Madam, to be Judge of ; for I shall give you his true Character for my own Justification.

*First*, The Marquis was very full of himself, extremely proud of his great Birth and Fortune, and the great Interest his Family had in the King, with whom they were indeed very much in Favour. These Topicks were the constant Subjects of his Discourse ; and he had not made me above three or four Visits, but he had made me perfectly acquainted with the Genealogy of his whole Family, and the Situation and Form of all his Castles and Seats ; to this he joined, in all his Conversations, an Account of his warlike Achievements, and all with such an Assurance, such a Tone of his Voice, and Gestures, as shewed that he doubted not but I did admire and credit all he said ; and he praised me in the same manner as he did himself, looking upon our Union as a thing to be depended upon ;

on ; and gave me to understand, that I ought to set a great Value upon him ; because my Father had, as he said, a great Esteem for him. When there was a great deal of Company in my Apartment, he engrossed the whole Conversation to himself ; for he knew every thing, and was always acquainted with what was done in the King's, Prince's, and Ministers of States Closets. And when the Ladies of the greatest Quality were mention'd, he generally darted out some Reflexion or slighting Words amongst his Praises of them : Nay, he did not spare even those whom he would have the World believe had honoured him with their Friendship and Esteem. This ungenerous Treatment of others, and his conceited manner of deciding all Disputes, and judging every Body's Actions, made me greatly dislike him.

And I one Day said to *Souville* : Before the Marquis *de Monfrand* courted me, you asked, If I liked him ? And I must now ask you, If you now think as well of him as I did then ? and, Whether you believe that I find him to my Mind ? *I must own, Madam*, said she, that *I perceive some Defects in the Marquis's Behaviour* ; *nay, some things a little ridiculous* ; but *a Lady of your good Sense may easily, and by Sweetness, cure him of these little Defects which at present displease you*. If all Men, answered *I*, resemble the Marquis *de Monfrand*, I shall never make one my Choice ; and if my Father chooses him for me, I shall be very unhappy. But *Souville*, continued *I*, how comes it to pass that I don't perceive any Vanity or Pride

Pride in my Brother ? is it because I am his Sister, that he does not think it worth his while to give himself such Airs, or does Love blind me, that I see not his Faults ? *Alas ! Madam, said Souville, how happy should I think you, if Fortune would give you a Husband like my Lord the Count de Mondelis, your noble Brother ! But if you take him for a Pattern you will be very difficult in your Choice, and long before you find his Equal.*

Some time passed, before the Marquis, who came every Day to my Father's, took the Liberty to say to me, one Day when we were without Company, with that Air of Assurance which never left him : *Well, Mademoiselle, do you wait the Commands of a Father to let me know that you approve my Love, and his Choice ? No, continued he, that blushing Modesty can't hinder me from reading in your Soul, that you approve the Flame that burns in mine : Madam, it is so ardent, and so pure, that that alone renders me worthy of you, tho I had no other Merit to plead for me ; and without Vanity I may venture to say, That I have Monsieur de Brionsel's Consent. Tell me then, my Charmer, if I have yours ? A Maid of good Birth, said I, who knows her Duty, is always obedient, and waits her Father's Commands in the Choice of a Husband, tho perhaps she disapproves him in herself : I shall receive my Father's with Submission, and reserve no Right or Power over myself, more than to demonstrate to him, That, if he loves me, neither Interest nor Ambition ought to be the Motives of his disposing of*

me, without my Inclinations join. *I must own*, replied *Monfrand*, *that I did not expect such a cold Answer, Madam*; 'tis even altogether unlike your self, and I could almost suspect that you only dissemble, to make a Trial of my Love. I was almost astonished at this surprizing Proof of *Monfrand's* Vanity; so I left him without so much as vouchsafing him an Answer; and whispered to *Souville*, That I saw I was like to be very miserable if my Father did not have pity on me.

My Father was a Man who was free from Pride, and abhorred it in others; and I observed with Concern, that the Marquis behaved himself with great Caution before him; but it was easy to perceive the Violence he did himself: By which I judged, that if he married me our Humours would never agree. I found that I was very happy single, and therefore resolved to do all I could, not to change my Condition till such time as I could find a Husband like my Brother and Father. Howsoever, my Father pressed me to think of marrying: He proposed the Marquis as a very advantageous Match for me, and one he liked; and I durst not tell him what I thought of a Man whom I knew better than he, notwithstanding the little Experience I had in the World, for I thought that he would be displeased that I had so nicely examined his Humour; for even the best of Fathers are not willing their Children should judge for themselves, nor pretend to be wiser than their Parents, or let them know that they may be deceived as well as younger Persons.

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The best Friend my Father had, and who best merited that Name, was the Count DE GONDEZ; and to him I resolved to disclose my Mind, for which I soon found an Opportunity. And this was what I said to him :

My Lord, the Love and Esteem which my Father has for you, and the Goodness which you have always shewn to me, has made me resolve to ask your Protection and Interest with him, for my self. *You ask my Protection, Madam!* said he very much surprized : *Your Father doats upon you; and you have a greater Ascendant over him than all his Friends and Family put together.* 'Tis his Affection for me, my Lord, said I, that I at this Juncture fear : 'Tis that which makes him regard the Marquis de Monfrand as an advantageous Match for me ; his great Birth, vast Fortune, and the great Dignities which his Family possesses in the Kingdom, flatters his ambitious Designs of advancing me : And for these Reasons he approves of the Pretensions and Courtship that he makes to me, and I tremble for fear, lest he should command me to give him my Hand and Consent. *And from whence, Madam, said the Count, does your dislike to the Marquis proceed? He is young, well made, nobly born, and in a Condition to support the Dignity of his Ancestors.* Alas ! my Lord, said I, what a loss am I at to answer you, and yet I must do it : I ought perhaps to confide in my Father's Judgment in the Choice of a Husband for me ; but being persuaded that the Happiness of married Persons does chiefly consist in the Agreement of

their Humours, and not in their Titles and Fortunes, I have taken the Liberty to take a nice Observation of the Marquis's, ever since he began to have Thoughts of me. And without Partiality or any Prejudice, I find something so disagreeable in all his ways, that I believe we were not made for one another.

*Ah ! Madam, cried the Count, how happy is Monsieur de Bronsel to have such a Daughter ! What, is it possible, that at your Age, a gay young Man, with all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune, and one who has gained your Family's Approbation, cannot prevail ; but you must dive into his Humour, and study to know the Qualifications of his Soul ; not regarding what seduces the greatest part of your Sex, a fine Outside, and a great Fortune ? And is it only the Charms of good Sense and Virtue that can gain your Approbation and Love ? How much do I now admire you ! I will this Moment go to Monsieur de Brionsel, and do as you desire.* So he left me to go to my Father, and I remained in some Uneasiness till his Return, which was not long ; for the next Morning he came to me with a very pleasant Air, and said, *Madam, the Count de Brionsel, will not constrain you to do any thing ; hoping that your Dislike for Monfrand does not proceed from any Preference which you give to some other Person, which you keep a Secret from him.* And he does not disapprove the Care that you have taken to examine into the Marquis's Character and Humour : *Nay, he permits you, said he, smiling, to do the same when he proposes another*

other Lover to you ; your penetrating Judgment must be useful in such a Case, and he will consult you before he resolves on any thing. I thanked Monsieur DE GONDEZ in such Terms as shewed my Gratitude ; nay, I even embraced this worthy Lord with transport, for I had always such a regard for him as came very near what I had for my own Father. He appeared charm'd with my Sentiments, and testify'd the Esteem that he had for me in Terms full of Respect and Affection.

After this I perceived, with Pleasure, that the Marquis *de Monfrand* came seldomer than usual, and was more serious and reserved than before ; by which I guess'd, that my Father had given the Mareschal his Uncle to understand, That he had laid aside, for the present, all Thoughts of marrying me ; and that *Monfrand's* Pride made him behave himself in this manner, to seem to slight me, that he might conceal his being refused ; at which I was very well pleased, and thanked him in my Soul ; and I now thought him more agreeable than before : I took up my usual Gaiety, and spent most of my time at home with Monsieur DE GONDEZ, whose Company I liked, and strove to please and divert him. But it was not long ere my Father surprized me, by coming into my Chamber one Morning, and speaking to me after this manner : *My dear Child, the Commission with which you charged the Count DE GONDEZ, in relation to Monfrand, has thrown both you and me into a Difficulty which we might have both avoided had you spoke to me your self.*

*Not*

Not that I blame the Step you made in so doing, because you could not foresee the Consequence it would produce : At Monsieur **DE GONDEZ**'s Age one is not so apt to fall in love with a fine Face, or a taking Mein ; but Age does not binder us from falling in love with, and admiring these rare Qualities which some Women possess, such as good Sense and Prudence, Virtue and sound Judgment, which the Count **DE GONDEZ** had not discovered in you, had you not made him the Confidant of your Thoughts ; but the Conversation he had then with you, makes him believe that you are a Maid endowed with a good Understanding. He spoke to me of you with some Emotion, and has since told me, above twenty times, that you have made him regret his being old and feeble. In fine, my Child, I have since observed him, and he looks on you in a different manner from what he did before : Believe me, he is a Man so scrupulous, that he will not mention his Design to me till such time as he has discovered his Sentiments to you ; and if he should court you, What Answer will you give him ? I do not think so advantageously of my self, Sir, said I, as to believe that I should draw the Count **DE GONDEZ**'s Affection from his Nephew the Count **de Disenteuil**, who engrosses all his Love, and you know, Sir, that he is talking perpetually of his Merit, and looks upon him as his Son : No, Sir, this faithful Friend respects me only for your sake. You are deceived Child, said my Father, he will forget his Nephew for you ; and, if I am not

not deceived, he will soon speak it to me : What Answer would you have me give him if he does ? I would not fall out with a Friend whose Friendship I have possess'd these thirty Years, neither would I constrain you to do any thing against your Inclination : I know very well that his Age is no ways agreeable to yours. Sir, said I, I can assure you, that if the Count DE GONDEZ had been presented to me upon the same Account as Monsieur de Monfrand, I had never desired any Body to have persuaded you off from so honourable an Alliance, which I should have agreed to without the least Repugnance. You have set me at ease, my Child, said my Father embracing me, I may perhaps be mistaken, and that we shall discover in the Sequel ; but I am charmed to find you so well disposed, and from this Hour I shall esteem you as much as I before loved you.

What my Father told me, made me more attentive to all Monsieur DE GONDEZ's Actions, who took all Opportunities to give me Marks of his Esteem, and of the Satisfaction that he took in being near me. To be brief, he one Day told me, That he had accepted, with pleasure, of the Commission that I had given him relating to Monfrand, to my Father ; but that now he was charged with one to me of greater consequence, and more nice, so that he was afraid to offend me if he executed it. I assured him that his Fears were ill grounded ; and that his Diffidence in me was an Injury. He was silent for some time,

The LIFE of the  
time, looking timorously upon me ; but at last  
he spoke to me in these Words :

*Madam, there is a Man in the World who  
is as much in love with the Beauties of your  
Mind, as Monfrand was with those of your  
Face and Person. This Man is as nobly  
born, and has some Reputation in the World,  
but he has acquired it by a long Course of  
Years ; and 'tis his Age that makes him fear  
that a Declaration of Love, tho' the most re-  
spectful that Man can conceive, will not be  
well received by you : He is sensible that you  
only can make him happy ; but he is appre-  
hensive that he cannot make you so. Monsieur  
de Brionsel is ignorant of this Lover's Sen-  
timents, who dares not discover them himself,  
and therefore has chosen me for to speak his  
Thoughts : Tell me then, Madam, what I am  
to do in this Affair. My Lord, said I, I  
have already told you the Qualities that I  
wish for in a Husband : I was at first deceived  
in Monfrand, and I may perhaps be so in an-  
other. Your Friendship for me I can confide  
in, you are not preoccupy'd by any Passion,  
and I will be governed by your Advice ; if  
this Unknown be worthy your Esteem, he must  
be possess'd of some of those shining Qualities  
which all France admires in you, and that is  
enough to please me ; and you may act as  
you think fit, without fearing that I shall dis-  
avow whatever you do in disposing of me.*

Here my Confusion redoubled. *Madam,*  
said he, *after the great Confidence you have  
reposed in me, how shall I dare to tell you,  
that it is I my self who adore you ? I am  
more*

more fortunate than I thought for, *said I*, to find in this Unknown the Man in the World for whom I have the greatest Esteem. Go, my Lord, and speak boldly to my Father, you shall find no Opposition to his Commands from me, and I shall be sorry if he refuses you. Monsieur DE GONDEZ was so transported that he could return me no Answer but a profound Bow, and he went immediately into my Father's Apartment, and some Moments after they returned together. My Father embraced me tenderly, saying, *That he was extremely overjoy'd to know, from a Person whom he could not but credit, that I should obey with pleasure the Command he was going to lay upon me, to look upon Monsieur DE GONDEZ as a Man who was to be my Husband.*

Monfrand's Extravagancies had given me such an ill Opinion of young Men, that I was much pleased that my Father had not then made use of his Authority in the same manner as he did now, to oblige me to a Marriage which I dreaded; but as it was uncertain whether he would always permit me to have the same Ascendant over him on the like Occasion, I was resolved to avoid all farther Trouble, and to marry a Man in years, who, notwithstanding his Age, was a Man of great Merit, great Birth and Fortune, and very well qualified to make a Woman happy.

Our Marriage was soon solemnized with great Pomp and Magnificence, as became my Father and Husband. The Count *de Disen-  
teuil* came Post from his Regiment, to be pre-  
sent

sent at this Ceremony ; his Presence embras'd me extremely, and I was sensible of the Injury I might do him in point of Fortune ; and I feared that the seeming loss of the great Fortune he expected from his Uncle, would oblige him to look upon me with dislike ; and tho he gave us several magnificent Treats on this Occasion, yet I imagined that it was only to disguise the secret discontent of his Mind ; but I knew him not.

Monsieur *DE GONDEZ* was above three-score Years old, and had above sixty Thousand Livres a-year, that is three Thousand Pounds Sterling, when I married him ; and he had been one of the handsomest Gentlemen in *France*, and had the greatest Air of any Nobleman in the Court : Joined with this, he was of a sweet obliging Temper and a pleasant Humour, a thing very rare in a Man of his age. The Wounds he had received at the Battle of *Hochstet*, had obliged him to quit his Post of Lieutenant-General, which he then had attained to, and was one of the oldest in the Army ; but this unlucky Accident stopt him in his Career to Greatness, and hinder'd him from being a Mareschal of *France*. I married him without any Repugnance, but, alas ! my Heart preserved its Liberty ; I respected, but had no Passion for him ; yet, I believed, that Duty and Reason were Bars strong enough to secure me from all Attempts against my Virtue.

I had no love for a Husband who loved me infinitely ; but I esteemed him highly, and had

had a lively Sense of all the obliging things he did to engage my Affection, and above all with the great Confidence he had in me ; for tho there was so vast a disproportion in our Years, yet it gave him no Disquiet. He found in me Virtue unaffected, which an excellent Education had render'd firm : My Conduct and Care to behave my self in all Companies, made him intirely satisfied and easy, which I requited with the most tender Friendship.

The Countess *de Venneville* was my particular Friend ; our Friendship began in our Infancy, for we had spent some Years together in the Convent *de St. Antoine*, and we were both of an Age ; and for six Months past we were more firmly united, by the Passion which my Brother had conceived for her. She had been a Widow but fifteen Months, and I ardently desired that she should love my Brother so much, as to give him her Heart and Hand ; but she had a horrible Aversion to Matrimony, for she had had an ill-natured Husband, passionate and jealous ; which had occasioned her to make serious Reflexions on her Change of Condition, and the Sweets of Liberty.

One Day, when I was reasoning with her on this Subject, she told me, *That there was hardly ever so just a Sympathy between any two Persons Humours, who married and made a Union which only Death could end, as could secure them, or indeed could with Reason give them Cause to hope, that they should be perfectly happy* ; for 'tis a State that

that makes it a Duty to be reciprocally fond of one another ; and that is enough to destroy Affection, or prevent it ; for we have all a certain Love of Freedom in our Hearts, of which we are not sensible till we are put under Restraint, and then it racks and tortures us. This was my Case, said she ; for when I was free, and might do what I pleased, I had no mind for any Thing ; but I had a longing Desire for a hundred Things when I was married and under restraint ; the Duties that we are taught in our Youth, were easy to me to perform, but even Things indifferent, and the common Duties and Rules of Life, would become grievous to me to perform if any Person had a Right to oblige me to it, or should teach them with Severity. You do not reflect, my dear Countess, said I, on what you say ; the Picture that you set before me of our Sex, is a kind of Monster ; sure we are not made with such Imperfections. I do but represent us as we are, said she, 'tis the Nature of Mankind ; nor can I give the Reason why our Nature is such ; 'tis not our Faults, yet 'tis so. But you are too young, and too handsome, said I, to make these Reflexions in favour of Liberty, such Opinions may lead you into Pleasures at the Expence of your Honour and Peace. You are in an Error, said she, for 'tis only Constraint that makes us run that Risk, by creating a Desire in us to revenge our selves of that Slavery which we always look upon as Injustice from our Husbands. Liberty, on the contrary, gives us the Power

to command our Desires by Reflexions, which do not appear severe when we make them our selves, and not others. Thus our Discourse ended.

I had now been married about two Years, and was, as I thought, one of the happiest Women in the World ; but then Fortune began to repent of her Kindness to me, and could no longer permit me to enjoy such Tranquillity. I went one Day to the Countess *de Venneville's*, and there I found the Chevalier *de Fanime*, her Brother ; Nature never form'd a more lovely Man, for he had a fine Person, a noble Air, an ingenuous sprightly Look, an easy Conversation, and a charming Sweetness in his Voice and Behaviour : I had never seen him before, for he was just arrived from *Holland* ; his Regiment had been intirely routed in one of the most bloody Actions in the late War, and he was made a Prisoner after having been dangerously wounded ; and he could not get to be exchanged for above two Years, being hinder'd from it, as I have heard, by several strange Accidents ; so that he owed his Liberty, and Return to *France*, to the Peace of *Utrecht*. The Countess presented him to me, desiring that I would honour him with my Friendship, and she assured me that I should think him worthy of it when he was known to me ; so we pass'd the rest of the Day together, which we concluded with a Supper, where we were very gay ; and it was at this Supper that I observed, that the Chevalier *de Fanime* used very singular Expressions, without appearing

con-

conceited, and made himself heard with more pleasure than other People, who have more solid Sense, and less Vivacity and ready Wit, and tho I was not very learned my self, yet I perceived that the Chevalier was ; and when I came to be more intimate with him, I saw very well, that if he had applied himself more to Learning than to Love, he had been a great Man ; but his Vanity and Inclination for the Fair Sex, had made him prefer the Glory of being beloved, before that of being admired by the Men of Letters. And he had indeed often succeeded in his Amours, which Mankind are proud of, and call Gallantry, instead of Libertinism.

I saw the Chevalier the first time, without the least Apprehensions of his becoming more dear to me than another Man, for I was not used to distrust my Heart on such Occasions. And the second, which was the next Day, Madam *de Venneville* brought him to me, I received him with such Civility as became the Friendship which I had for his Sister, and he asked leave to visit me often, and said, *That he should be too much a Gainer by my Acquaintance not to desire it with the greatest Ardour.*

Some Days after, I went to the Opera with the Countess his Sister, and Mademoiselle *de Fussy* ; at the second Act the Chevalier came into the Box to us. His Sister had doubtless inform'd him, that I was not fond of being praised, and particularly as to my Person, and therefore he only flatter'd me, as to my Wit ; and talk'd much of the Friendship Madam

Madam de Venneville had for me, *Which, says he, is the best Proof of her having good Judgment and Understanding.* During three Months that I saw the Chevalier almost every Day, I was deceived ; and took all the polite Affiduity and extreme Respect which he shew'd towards me, to be only the Effects of good Nature and good Breeding, and chiefly owing to the intire Friendship between his Sister and me : Yet I saw very well, that he grew more pensive and less gay in Conversation ; but I so little apprehended the Reason of it, that I often rallied him on that Subject, and put him to Confusion, without discovering the Cause.

One Day, as I was at the Play with the Countess, Madam de Fussy, and my Brother, the Chevalier came to us : The second Scene of *Monimia* and *Xiphares*, seem'd to touch him, so that he fetched a deep Sigh in saying, *What if they were under some Constraint, could they be wretched ? No, they loved.* This Discourse movingly pronounced by the Chevalier, caused such an Emotion in my Soul, as I had never felt before ; but I attributed it to nothing but the tragick Scene that was acting before me, and the Compassion I had for *Monimia* and *Xiphares*. Alas ! how dangerous it is for us to put too much Confidence in our own Sense, and trust our selves with the Government of our Hearts ; for all who do so, do sooner or later become Victims to their own Folly ; and when Misfortunes have waked them from that Lethargy into which their want of Precaution has lull'd them,

them, they see with Shame that they were Fools ; and what they thought an innocent Pleasure, proves a strong Passion, which has seiz'd them at unawares.

Madam *de Venneville* was one day at my House along with Madam *de Fussy* and the Chevalier : And my Brother proposed to us to go to *Auteuil*, where he had a very fine House ; the Chevalier joined with him in favour of the Design, as being for his own Purpose ; for the Friendship between my Brother and him, proceeded less from the Acquaintance they had contracted at the Academy where they had learned their Exercises together, and serving together in the Army, than from the particular Views which they both had. At this time the Chevalier's were indeed more mysterious than my Brother's : But for *Mondelis*, he was so in love with Madam *de Venneville*, that altho he had doubtless some knowledge of the Chevalier's Designs on me, yet he had such Confidence in my Vertue, and so loved her, that he was extremely complaisant to him, and hoped that he would do him some considerable Service with her : We accepted my Brother's Offer, and fix'd the next Day for our Journey.

We accordingly went to *Auteuil* the next Morning, where we were conducted into a great Parlour, the Windows of which look'd into the Garden, in which were concealed, at the farther end of an Elm-Walk, a good many excellent Musicians, who playing in a fine Symphony, the agreeable Sound reached our Ears at our entring the Room. I

was a great Lover of Musick, and was very attentive to it : Which the Chevalier observing, told me, *Madam, the Count de Monde lis does not keep Musicians here to make you thoughtful and silent, in a Company that covets your Conversation.* I own, *said I, that I am fond of Musick, and, above all others, those soft Airs which melt the Soul, and cause a sweet Melancholy, and I can't forgive you the awaking me from out of it just now.* At this Instant *Madam de Venneville* asked me, *How I liked this Country Concert ?* The Reproaches that are made me, *said I, for my too great Attention to it, is a sufficient Proof of the Pleasure I take in hearing of it ; but I am not very well pleased with you and the Chevalier, for your having disturbed me.* A Minute afterwards I perceived the Chevalier very thoughtful, and I was pleased to take my Revenge. *Ha, ha, said I, my Lord, you then take the same Liberty that you disapprove in others : You are thoughtful too.* *Tis true, Madam, said he, but the Object of my Thoughts is not the Musick ; and if I dared to explain them, you would be a Judge that I have most Excuse, and that the Object of my Thoughts is far more deserving of all my Attention, than yours.* He had not time to say any more, because notice was given that Supper was on the Table.

Our Treat was more delicate then splendid : *Madam de Jussy* was gay and charming, the Countess's Beauty and Wit shone, and our Chevaliers seemed to strive to excel one another in Gallantries ; and tho each strove to please

please one in particular, yet it was unperceived, and all they spake was equally agreeable to the whole Company.

My Brother had a fine Voice, and sang with Skill ; the Countess desired him, when Supper was near ended, to sing a Song. He immediately obey'd, forgetting that he was still at Table, and sung a very tender Love-song ; and Madam *de Fussy*, after hearing it with great Attention, told him : *Monsieur de Mondelis, pray, after this dismal Ditty, sing us a merry one ; for this was only to please your self and your Mistress.* We could not forbear smiling at my Brother's Disorder at this unexpected Jest ; but the Chevalier presently took up the Words : *What, says he to the lovely Maid, must Love be always the Subject of your Railleries ? Take care, lest you know its Power too well in the End.* I am, said she, indeed a Stranger to it, and design to continue so ; nor have I any Idea of that foolish Passion but what the Sight of a few Tragedies, and the reading of some foolish Romances have given me. That Idea, said my Brother, who had recovered his Confusion, is sufficient to convince you that 'tis a Passion worthy to reign in all Hearts, since the greatest Monarchs have yielded to its Power : *An honourable Flame makes the Hero fight and conquer ; and all the greatest Actions that have been done in the World, have been for Love's Cause, and all Mankind are his Vassals.* You plead his Cause well, said Madam *de Fussy*, my good Lord ; but I have seen so many Extravagancies committed by Heroes

Heroes and Heroines, such Follies, such sighing and whining, such Mischiefs, so much Blood spilt, such Ruin, and perhaps but an imaginary Happiness purchased in the End, after a thousand Sufferings to obtain it, that for my part I am Love's mortal Foe, and despise all Pleasures that are bought with Pain.

Ah ! Madam, said the Countess, you are now too severe : Love has perhaps such Charms and Pleasures in store as excel all others ; and if this Passion is sometimes attended with Misfortunes and Troubles, 'tis thro' the Imprudence of the Lovers themselves, and not the Passion, that is to be blamed ; for Love, guided by Reason and Virtue, is the noblest of all Passions. 'Tis enough, said Madam de Fussy, that you acknowledge that there is so great a Hazard in loving, to make my Argument hold good, that it is far better to avoid it ; and especially for me, because I have not a great Stock of Sense to guard me from the Dangers of that Passion, and my Soul is not able to support great Shocks ; besides, I am a mortal Enemy to Sadness. They say indeed, there are great Pleasures in Love, and I am glad for their sakes who desire to taste of them ; but I cannot comprehend those whimsical Unions of Souls, and transporting Felicities which Lovers talk of. If I am not altogether of Madam de Fussy's Opinion, said I, yet my Thoughts of Love are something like her's. Ah ! Madam, cried the Chevalier, looking upon me in a manner that gave me to understand his Thoughts, 'tis enough, and too much, that there is one Heretick already in the Company :

*The LIFE of the  
pany : Let not the Friendship that you have  
for this dangerous Person, the Vivacity of her  
Wit, and, if I may dare to speak the Word,  
the subtile Shifts she makes use of to support  
a bad Cause, blind your Judgment. No,  
Madam, Love is the only Passion that can fix  
and warm the Soul ; Life without Love is a  
Lethargy ; and when one is so blest as to be  
lively touched with that noble Passion, no  
Difficulty can affright us ; we brave the  
Danger, and —— If Madam de Fussy,  
said I, interrupting him, runs into one Ex-  
treme, you, my Lord, fall into the other : I  
believe there is some Truth, and some Fals-  
hood, in both your Notions of that Passion ;  
but I believe it will be difficult to bring you  
to agree at present, and make you of one  
Opinion ; but that is what I shan't at this time  
undertake to do. The Conversation grew  
warm, and very pleasant ; each Party support-  
ing their Opinion in such a manner as shew'd  
their Wit, but did not exceed the Rules of  
Good-breeding, or displease.*

At last the Chevalier, in rising from the  
Table, let fall a Letter out of his Pocket ;  
and I had immediately a secret Desire, which  
I thought proceeded purely from Curiosity, and  
not Love, to take it up, which I did unper-  
ceived ; and as I took it I saw it was a Woman's  
Hand, which made me the better pleased to  
rob the Chevalier of it. So soon as I was  
got home, I opened and read it, and it con-  
tained these Words.

## The LETTER.

DEplmont has just informed me, that you desire a Reconciliation with me: You cannot choose a time more proper, for I am so sick that I keep my Bed, and hope to obtain my Cure of Heaven by pardoning my worst Enemies. Make then your Advantage of this favourable Disposition that I am now in to repent of my own Faults, and forgive others theirs. Adieu.

Can you believe, Madam, this Letter troubled me extremely? I read it over several times, striving to discover who wrote it. My Concern and Curiosity augmented, and made me but too sensible, that the Chevalier was become the Enemy of that Tranquillity which had been, till now, the chief Happiness of my Life. Ah, Madam! how ashamed was I to find my own Weakness! My Thoughts were all in Disorder, I trembled when I reflected on the Danger I was fallen into, and knew not what to resolve upon. The wisest Course I could take was, to avoid seeing the Chevalier any more; but that was almost an Impossibility, considering he was the Countess's Brother, and she the dearest of my Friends, and the Lady with whom my Brother was in Love, and Madam *de Fussy* was very intimate with us all; so that I could not in good Manners break Friendship with either of them, or absent my self from their Company. And thus I reasoned with my self, and

found Excuses to continue the dangerous Converse ; when, alas ! had I summoned my Reason to aid me, I should have surmounted my own Weakness, and triumph'd over my Passions. I knew that my Duty, which incessantly call'd upon me to remember the Gratitude which I owed to a virtuous Husband who adored me, obliged me to redouble my Care, and stand upon my Guard against all Attempts of the Chevalier, and my own Inclinations : And to confirm my self in this Resolution, I pass'd some Days without seeing any Company, or going abroad ; nor would I so much as see the List of Visitors from my *Swiss*, for fear of seeing the Chevalier's Name in it. And, I confess, that my Vanity to find that I could command my self so far, was such, that I fancied my self superior to other Women, and in part repaid the Violence I did my self in depriving my Eyes of the Pleasure of seeing a Man whose Idea I could not banish from my Soul.

The fourth Day of my Retirement, my Brother enter'd my Chamber, and made me Reproaches on Madam *de Venneville*'s Account, because she had not seen me so long, and propos'd my going to her. It was in vain that I made Excuses ; it was not possible for me to resist his Importunities : And tho I mortally fear'd the Sight of the Chevalier ; yet I trembled, least he should perceive that I avoided him. Thus, full of confused Thoughts, I went to the Countess's.

I was no sooner there, but the Chevalier came in, and told me with some Disorder in his

his Face, *That he had been once a Day, for four Days following, at my House, to see me, without being permitted that Favour.* If I had not been indisposed, said I, coldly, I should not have been denied to any Body, and I had certainly received Madam de Ven-neville's Brother as usual. *You then respect me only as her Brother, Madam,* said he, looking passionately upon me, and *I am indebted to the Friendship you have for her for any Favour that you shall grant to an unhappy Wretch.* At this Moment, word was brought that the Baroness de Valat was below: This Lady was about five and thirty; she was not handsome, but she had what excelled Beauty; her Countenance shew'd much Sense, and was very taking; her Mein and Behaviour was extremely agreeable, and every Look and Motion was inviting, and full of Gallantry; yet she had the Art of disguising her Amours with an innocent Air, which shew'd she had a great deal of Wit and Cunning. The Che-valier was much embarrass'd at the Sight of her, and, I believe, observed that she look'd very coldly, and with a studied Mein. The Countess received her with much Friendship, and complained that she saw her so seldom. *I have been sick,* said the Baroness. *There is no Sign of it,* said the Countess, *for you look as well as ever; and I find you more charming than when I last saw you.* You have more Complaisance than Sincerity, said the Baroness, and I can't forgive you; tho I should pardon a Man that should say as much, nay, perhaps have the Weakness to believe him; for there

are Men in the World whom Nature has formed, in her Anger, to deceive us, and to persuade us out of our Reason. Here she looked upon the Chevalier. *A propos, my Lord,* said she, talking of deceiving, you were the Occasion of a Falling-out between Deplmont and me the other Day : He told me something as from you, that doubtless you never thought of saying to him, at least, I have reason to think so. What has he then said for me, said he, a little confused ? Why do you ask me, said she, you know it I perceive by that Question. I do, Madam, said he ; I was this time in the Wrong. Yes, said she, and so I believe you are very often. At which Words she forced a Smile. The Chevalier blushed. And it happen'd very fortunately for him that word was brought, that his Chaise was ready ; so he took leave, and left us immediately, telling his Sister he was going to *Versailles*, where he designed to stay five or six Days. The Chevalier's Disorder, and the Baroness's Discourse, plainly discovered what I wanted to know ; and I no longer doubted but that it was she who writ the Letter that I had found at *Autevil*. And my Curiosity being now satisfied, the inward Trouble of my Soul was increased.

The Baroness de *Valat* staid a good while with the Countess after the Chevalier was gone, her agreeable Conversation and charming Wit, made the Time pass very pleasantly ; and I felt in my self, in spight of my Resolutions, a secret Uneasiness to find that she was so capable of pleasing ; altho I could find by her Dis-

Discourse, that the Chevalier made her no grateful Returns. When she was gone, I said to the Countess, in a jesting manner: Madam, if I am not deceived, the Chevalier and the Baroness are very well acquainted. *And of a long standing too*, said she: *The Baroness did not disdain my Brother's Addresses*, before he was made Prisoners in Holland; and *I believe that she is much enraged to see how little notice he takes of the Advances that she makes to draw him to her again*. He may, said I, without disparaging his Judgment, yield to love so fine a Woman. *She well deserves to be liked, that's very true*, said the Countess; *but the Baroness has a great Fault, for a Man of my Brother's Temper; she has pleased him heretofore*. That is to say, said I, he did not love her without Returns: I perceive the Chevalier is very fortunate. The Countess only smiled, and turned the Discourse, which it was not my Busines to pursue any farther, being sufficiently inform'd of what I wanted to know.

The next Day the Countess paid me a Visit, and Madam *de Jussy* was there. At seven in the Evening we went to the *Tuilleries* with my Brother: In the third Walk I saw the Chevalier coming to us. I ask'd if he had not gone to *Versailles*? *I am just arrived from thence*, Madam, said he, and then whispered to me, *I carry about me a certain Inquietude which makes me restless wherever I am*; and 'tis only when I am with you (after having sought for you elsewhere) that this Inquietude gives place to a certain kind of Transport

that Words can't express.— At these Words I looked upon him with so severe an Air, that he seemed daunted, and said, with a trembling Voice : *Ab, Madam ! how does that cruel Look awe my Soul, and makes me fear that I am born to be the most miserable of all Manhインド. Say, rather, said I, the most daring and unwise.* So I said no more but turned to *Madam de Fussy* : But the Chevalier's Discourse caused such a Disorder in my Soul that I thought unpardonable, and I was more angry with my self than with him. What he said to me ought to have displeased me, and yet I was sensible, with Shame, that my Sentiments were quite different. At last I returned home, full of the most racking Thoughts imaginable, and retiring to my Closet alone, thus expostulated with my self : *What ! said I, the Chevalier has the Insolence to tell me that he loves me, and I am not able to resent it as I ought ; my reason contradicts the Frailty of my Soul, and who but my self can betray me ? No, I will be faithful to my Vows, and strictly observe my Duty : Yes, I will avoid the Chevalier ; nay, I will do more, I will treat him with the utmost Rigor and Disdain, such as his criminal Desires do merit.* My Soul was in this violent Disorder when a Letter was brought me from Monsieur ~~de~~ *Gondez*, which informed me, That he and the Count *de Disenteuil*, who was come from *Flanders*, would be at home in two Days ; Monsieur *de Disenteuil* having joined him at *Gondez* three Months before. I felt a Joy that I am not able to express to you at this

News :

News: My Husband comes, *said I*, to aid me in the Conquest of my Weakness ; his Presence, his Tenderness, the Respect that I have for him, and the Esteem that he has for me, shall supply the Place of Love in my sick Soul, and work my Cure ; and I will never live to merit his Hate, or abuse the Confidence he reposes in me.

Monsieur DE GONDEZ came ; he had been six Months absent, and I received him with great Joy, and that tender Friendship which always charm'd him ; yet I was in the utmost Confusion in my own Thoughts. The Count *de Disenteuil* had not seen me since my Marriage, and thought me now more lovely and charming than before, so that, against his Will, he fell violently in love with me.

The Count *de Disenteuil*, Madam, was, you know, esteemed a very handsome Gentleman, by every Body ; but he was not altogether so beautiful a Man as the Chevalier : His Features were not so regular, and yet the noble Air and Ingenuity of his Look and Mein was such, as made a large amends, and I never met with any Person who equall'd him in good Sense and Judgment ; nay, he was witty and smart in Conversation, had a great Stock of Knowledge without Vanity, was both a good Scholar and a fine Gentleman ; his Action, Accent, Voice, and manner of speaking were fine, just and agreeable ; he writ in the greatest Perfection both in Verse and Prose, and nothing escaped his Penetration ; Sincerity and Truth were his inseparable Companions, for his Soul disdained a Falshood, and his

Heart and Tongue always went together; which made him look'd upon to be not only one of the most complete Gentlemen of the Age, but one of the most honourable, honest Men, that ever lived; as the Sequel of this History will convince you he was, by his Conduct with me, in which his great Discretion, Wisdom, and Generosity, was conspicuous to the whole World. He owned that he was born a Satyrist, but that he seldom made use of that Talent; Discretion convincing him how dangerous it was to censure and expose other People's Faults and Vices, whilst we have Failings of our own. For this the World greatly esteemed him, and neither Envy nor Malice durst attack him, because his Character and Courage were well known; for he had done such brave Actions in the Army, that he was advanced in a very short time from an Aid-de-Camp, to be a Brigadier in the Horse.

Some Days after Monsieur *D E G O N D E Z*'s Arrival, he went to see Madam *de Venneville*, and there saw the Chevalier *de Fanime*, who forgot nothing that would gain his Friendship, and engage my Husband to esteem him; and he succeeded according to his Wish.

The next Day, as Monsieur *D E G O N D E Z* and I were together in my Apartment, word was brought us, that Madam *de Venneville* and her Brother were come to visit us. The Confidence my Husband repos'd in me, made him not to perceive the Disorder I was in when the Chevalier approached me. Good Heavens! what terrible Apprehensions of Sin has an innocent Soul! and how it shakes at

the least Slip ! I now look'd on the Chevalier as a mortal Enemy to my Virtue and Fame, and to Monsieur D E G O N D E Z's Repose.

During a whole Month, I avoided him with so great Care that he could never get a moment's Time to speak one Word to me in private ; but his languishing Glances and discontented Looks, spoke eloquently for him. I now saw Madam *de Venneville* seldomer than before, and I went no more to visit her without Monsieur D E G O N D E Z ; who going thither one day alone, Madam *de Fussy* proposed to the Company, to go and pass some Days at a fine House of hers at *St. Maurs*. They all accepted of the Offer, and my Husband promised to make me go with them, and told me so at night when he came home. This his Confidence in me distracted me, and I wished that he should rather distrust me, and fear the Chevalier ; and that he would not trust longer to my Virtue, nor regard my past Conduct as a Security for the future : And to avoid going to *St. Maurs*, I would have made a Pretext of my Father's being a little indisposed, but it was so slight an Illness that Monsieur D E G O N D E Z would not take that for an Excuse, to hinder me from going to pass three or four Days in the Country. *You must come, my Dear*, said he, *I will promise that you shall be highly diverted, for my Nephew Disenteuil shall go with us, who never spoils good Company, but is a very agreeable Companion ; and the Chevalier de Fanime will also be there, and he will greatly contribute to our Pleasure ; such a select Company must render*

I was obliged to yield, and we set out the next Morning for to go to *St. Maurs*. Now I saw a secret Satisfaction to appear in the Chevalier's Face : The first Day was spent in walking, and agreeable Conversation of general Things, and *Disenteuil* neglected no Opportunity to make me divine, that he loved me almost to Distraction.

The next Day we met together in the great Hall, in which were Avenues to all the Apartments in the House, and we soon miss'd *Disenteuil*, who was not there ; so he was called for, but could not be found : At last a Lacquey told us, that he was gone towards a little Wood, the Walks of which were made in the Form of a Star, and it was situate at the farther end of a large Parterre : Thither we all went to look for him : Madam *de Fussy* first descried him sitting on a Bank, his Back being towards us ; so she stole gently to him, and surprized him writing in a Table-book, which she snatch'd from over his Shoulder, and ran strait to us with it. *Disenteuil* run after her, crying, *Thieves, Thieves : Stop her.* *Ah !* said the Countess, *we are all of a Gang : The Table-book is a lawful Prize, it shall be look'd into ; and after that we will determine what shall be done with it.* So she took it out of Madam *de Fussy*'s Hand, and read aloud the Verses following.

Avoid this happy Place all you who fear  
To wear Love's festering Chains, nor venture  
near ;  
For here are Nymphs with killing Eyes and  
Tongues,  
More dangerous than the Syrens tuneful Songs.

Here Beauty, Wit, and every Grace does shine,  
Pleasure and Sports ; this Place is all divine.  
The dying Lovers strive the Nymph to gain,  
Whilst Venus, left in Cyprus, does complain.

Love smiles his Mother's unjust Grief to see,  
Laughs at her jealous Rage, and longs to be  
With bright Clemena, and her matchless Train,  
Flies thro' the yielding Air, and gains the  
Plain.

Hies to the Grove, does there the Nymph descry,  
The lovely Fair who does his Power defy ;  
Then strait his Arrow aims, Clemena, at you,  
Do you not fear what the wrong'd God can do ?

You smile secure ; but will it long be so ?  
Love is an Oracle, and answers, No :  
The happy Moment he will surely find,  
When to the suppliant Swain you will be kind.

Hope not, bright Fair, to 'scape his conquer-  
ing Dart :  
I did resist, and he has pierc'd my Heart ;  
Like you, alas ! Ifondly braved his Power,  
And now, his Captive must your Charms adore.

All the Company praised the Count's gallant Invention, and Madam *de Venneville* observed all the Beauties in the Fancy and Poetry, and more than once mentioned the pretty Turn of Thought which *Disenteuil* made use of to discover the Sentiments of his Heart ; and added, that whoever the Person was who was the Object of his Vows, she could not be displeased, since he used so much Circumspection in declaring himself. I gave my Opinion, That the Verses were in the general very good ; but, that I believed they were not designed to any Lady in particular tho he concluded them to one, to beautify the Fancy ; so that every Lady in the Company was obliged to give him Thanks, and fancy herself to be *Clemena*. The Count, at these Words, gave me a Look more sufficient than a thousand Words, to let me know that it was me that was the *Clemena* : This much embarrass'd me ; but, by good Luck, observing that Madam *de Fussy* had not spoke one Word, I turned to her and said : Well, lovely Mute, give your Opinion on the Count's Verses. She studied for a Minute, and then sung the Verses following, to an old Tune.

*N*either the God of Love appears,  
Nor his victorious Arms, our Fears  
Are vain : Bright Nymphs, no Danger's near.  
To speak his amours Pain  
Disenteuil Darts does feign,  
To fill our Hearts with fear,  
In hopes our Love to gain.

Altho Madam *de Fussy* did not sing with Skill, yet she had a very fine Voice, and sung with a very good Grace. But I reproached her, that her Verses did insinuate that *Disen-  
teuil* was really in love, contrary to my Opinion : You are too credulous, Madam, said I, to believe a Chevalier, on his Word, as to his being in love. *'Tis a thing of Course and Gal-  
lantry ; but if I judge right*, said she, *his Clemena is one of us*. Perhaps your self, said I, and then you have saved him a great deal of trouble in discovering your Thoughts of him : I hope they are favourable, for the Count merits it. *Don't rally me on his Ac-  
count*, said she, *if he pays his Address to me, I assure you that I shall not make so great a Secret of it as you would do in the same Case*. And with very good reason, said I, for I — Yes, you, said she, interrupting me, have rea-  
son not to give ear to a Lover, because you are married ; yet your Beauty and Wit will con-  
quer Hearts, which your Virtue must refuse. I wished I had been silent, finding how she pursued the Discourse, all Eyes being turned upon me, especially the Count's and the Che-  
valier's ; so I turned the Conversation. In the Evening we walk'd into the Duke's Gardens, and without my perceiving it, I found my self alone with the Chevalier, and he soon saw my Confusion. Why, Madam, said he, do you seem so uneasy at my good Fortune, which I owe only to Chance ? and why am I so unhappy as to live to see that you would deprive me of this bles'd Opportunity ? For he saw that I hasted to rejoin the Company. Ah ! Madam, said he,

he, what do you fear from a Man who adores you with all the respect which you inspire in all that see you? nay, I would rather die than displease you. Your Indifference, nay, your Scorn, nor all the Pains you take to punish me for a Crime of which you only are the innocent Cause, the Flame that you have kindled in my Soul with those bright Eyes, shall never make me cease to love you: Ah! who can gaze upon that beauteous Face and keep their Liberty? — How great is my Surprize, said I, interrupting him to stay his Transport, to see that you dare to talk thus to me of Love; to me, who think it a Crime to have but only heard you mention it; and yet I shall not answer you with such Severity, as you deserve; but that I may never be exposed to hear you on that unpleasant Subject any more, be assured, that I will henceforth fly you, and expose myself no more to be insulted. Ah! Madam, said he, can it be a Crime to adore you? All Mankind is then guilty of it: Punish me rather with your Indifference or Scorn, so that I may but see you; such Treatment will make me desperate and drive me to despair. My Duty obliges me to it, said I, I will avoid you, that I may forget that you have so offended me. That Forgetfulness, said he, will be soon converted into Hate: Ah miserable Wretch that I am! No, said I, I had rather forget, than hate you; and I would forget, in order to forgive the Fault you have this Day committed. At this Instant I heard some body near us, and turning of my Head perceived it to be the Count de Disenteuil; and I fancied that

that he examined my Face, to know the Cause of that Disorder which I was unable to hide : He also looked on the Chevalier with some kind of Discontent. This was the last Misfortune that could befall me, to think that *Disenteuil* should imagine that I was capable of approving a Passion in the Chevalier which it was easy to discover by the Disorder that appeared too visibly in his Face. This I feared would be a sufficient Encouragement to authorize the same Passion in him, and give him leave to take the same Freedom in declaring his Thoughts to me. All this augmented my Trouble so, that we all looked upon one another, and kept a profound Silence till we reach'd the Company ; who had left the Garden, and were in the great Parlour. Madam *de Fussy*, so soon as we entered the Room, proposed a Game at Ombre, but what had pass'd in the Garden had so disorder'd me, that I found my self indisposed, and fell into a Swoon : On which I was carried and laid upon a Bed in the next Room, and they sat down to play. After I was brought to my self, by proper Remedies being given me, and on my reviving, I desired to be left to take a little Repose. About an Hour after, I saw the Chevalier come gently to the Bed-side. *How greatly am I to be pitied, Madam,* said he, *to always feel the Stings of Love by some Misfortune ? Ah ! will you condemn me to never taste one Moment's Joy ? must I be so miserable as not to hope that you will at last shew some Compassion to my Sufferings ? Cease to persecute me any farther, said I, if*

one

one pardons the first Fault, the second irritates: Here are Persons near whose Penetration may discover your Weakness, and perhaps think, that I approve of the Pains you take to get these Opportunities of speaking to me alone; and if such a thing happens, be assured that I shall hate you, and I have already told you I have no desire to do that. The Chevalier was going to answer, when I heard a Noise, it was *Disentueil*, at which the Chevalier went out by him without saying one word. *Disentueil* coming to the Bed-side, said with a low Voice, *The Chevalier de Farnime is very happy, Madam, to have persuaded you that he is the Person most concerned at your Indisposition: And must I be so very unhappy?* I believe, said I, that every body here is so much my Friend as to have some Concern for any thing that befalls me. At these Words I rose from off the Bed, for fear of hearing his Answer, and gave him my Hand, trying to go into the Room to the Company.

The next day we returned to *Paris*, and I went home full of concern, my Soul being much agitated with what had happened to me at *St. Maurs*; my Reason, which strongly opposed the Sentiments of my Heart, calmed my Passion, and made me resolve to avoid the Chevalier, and to take all the Measures that were possible to avoid the Importunities of *Disentueil*.

I remained some Days without either going abroad, or receiving any Visits at home, and I was so pensive and melancholy, that Monsieur

sieur D E GONDEZ was much alarm'd at it, and began to fear I would fall sick. *Disentueil* never left me: Oh ! how useful had he been to me to effect my Cure and aid me, even against my own Weakness, had he not loved ! His Conversation had diverted me, his Wisdom and Judgment, in which I could confide, had shewed me my own Folly ; nay, perhaps I had made him the Confidant of my Weakness in such a manner as would not have put me to the Blush, and his wise Counsels might have calmed the Tumults of my Soul ; for, I must do him justice, no Person was more capable of advising : He was perfectly acquainted with the World, had studied Mankind, and could easily discover all the Weakness and Sentiments of their Souls ; and he had so well studied mine, that he very well knew what my Thoughts were of his Passion for me ; and if I had revealed my Soul to him, he would have taught me how to govern and behave my self in order to surmount that foolish Passion that was like to prove fatal to me : But this his own fond Affection made him altogether unfit for.

Monsieur D E GONDEZ was obliged to go with my Brother to *Versailles*, where they staid a Fortnight ; all which time I never saw either Madam *de Venneville* nor the Chevalier : But *Disentueil*, who staid behind at *Paris*, and lodged at his Uncle's, had Opportunities of seeing me every Day and Hour ; and he soon perceived that I took care to avoid all Occasions of being alone with him, and told me one day : *What have I done to you,*

you, Madam, that I have the Misfortune to see you always employ'd in finding out Means to avoid being alone with me ? Have you already discovered that I adore you ? and do you thus punish me, even before I have dared to tell you that I love you ? Alas ! the Severity I discern at this Moment in your Look, does but too well inform me that I am doomed to be the most miserable of all Mankind. Since my Eyes, said I, have so well inform'd you of my Thoughts, I shall say no more ; but leave them also to instruct you how much I disapproye your Passion. At these Words I left him in the utmost despair.

So soon as Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z** was returned from *Versailles*, I engaged him to go to a Country-Seat which he had about fifteen Leagues from *Paris* : It was about the End of the Autumn, and a very fine Season. I left *Paris* without seeing *Madam de Venneville*, to whom I sent Excuses by *Souville* ; and *Disenteuil* staid behind at *Paris* for some Affairs of his Uncle's : He seemed much troubled that he could not go along with us ; but I was extremely pleased to think that I should be now at Liberty, and under no Restraint. But he did not let me long enjoy this Satisfaction, for he came to us in eight Days, having finished Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z**'s Affairs to his great Satisfaction, and he received his Nephew with much Joy and Affection.

Two Days after *Disenteuil* arrived, I heard a Noise of a Coach and Horses in the Court before the Castle : But how great was my Surprize when I saw the Chevalier, *Madam de*

de Venneville, Madam de Fussy, and my Brother, enter the House ! What, said I to my self, must I be always expos'd to the Persecutions of a Man whose Love I dread to hear of ? and must I find the Chevalier wherever I go ? *Disenteuil* observed my Concern, and I could read a secret Discontent in his Face, as he did in mine : However, he saved me the Trouble of avoiding the Chevalier, for he took great care that he should never speak to me alone, and never left me during the Chevalier's Stay with us. My Reason approved of his Importunity in this Case, which saved me from Conversations which were dangerous for me to hold.

The third Day after this Company arrived, I desired my Brother to persuade Madam de Venneville to go back to *Paris*, pretending I did not care for so much Company. My Brother seemed a little surprized, for he had before perceived something of the Chevalier's Passion for me, and said to me : *Why? would you have the Countess and me be the Victims of that Passion which I believe Fanime has for you? What does it concern you whether he loves you or not? his respectful Behaviour to you, and silence, leaves you at Liberty to continue seemingly ignorant.* I blushi'd at this Discourse, but recovering my self as well as I was able, I answer'd, You ought to be more concerned for my Honour, and to have more Respect for Monsieur DE GONDEZ, who is so good a Husband to me, than to look on the Chevalier's Conduct towards me, supposing he does love me, as a thing indifferent ; and I

would not increase his Passion by affecting to be ignorant of it, and seeming blind to all he will do to convince me of it, in case I take no notice, or shew no dislike: Men are naturally vain, and often build their Hopes upon the most innocent Fictions; and so soon as a Woman of Sense perceives that a Man has such a Design upon her she ought to check it, or else she becomes criminal herself; and a virtuous Woman is afraid even of herself in such a Case, and will not trust her Virtue to such a Trial.

I perceived that *Disenteuil* was pleased to see the Chevalier's Uneasiness, and Impatience to get an Opportunity to speak to me alone, which he could not hide from his Rival, who deprived him of that Satisfaction; and it was a Source of Pleasure to him, I plainly saw, to torment the Chevalier in this manner. At length the Day came when this Company (whom I then thought troublesome) were to go, and the Chevalier found means to get a Moment's time to step up to me, whilst I was tying up some Knots of Ribbon; and opening my Work-Basket, under pretence of looking on my Work, he, in shutting of it, dropt this Letter into it.

#### The LETTER.

**T**O pass four Days with you without finding one happy Minute to speak to you alone, and to suffer the most cruel Anxiety that ever Despair occasioned without daring to shew it, is such a Pain that Words can't express.

express. The Respect which I bear you equaling my Love, constrained me to keep silence ; but if Heaven has inspired your Soul with the least favourable Sentiments for me, you are not ignorant of my Sufferings ; and my Silence has pleaded more for me than the most eloquent Declaration of my Pains. But, alas ! you are deaf to my Complaints, and blind to Love ; and I must go from hence with a full Assurance of being the most unhappy Man on Earth : Nay, I fear that you will scarce condescend to read this Letter thro'. Alas ! what Grief, what Despair can equal mine ? Ah ! cruel Tyrant ! pity and forgive the wretched —

I had supported the Chevalier's Presence without much Emotion, but this Letter, which I had not the Resolution to refuse the reading of, quite melted me in the first Moments of my Anger against my self for reading it. I went to tear this fatal Epistle, but a fond Curiosity led me on to read it over again. The just Idea which I had of my Duty presented it self before me with the greatest Severity, yet I could not conquer my own Weakness, which I was no longer able to disguise, but felt the bitterest Grief, such as too well convinced me how dear the Chevalier was to me, and was all the Fruits of my serious Reflexions.

I staid a Month longer in this Place, in a continual Agitation of Thought, being never a whole Hour in the same situation of Mind ; and I was so deeply melancholy, that nothing could

could dissipate it, which too well informed me that I was no longer to expect Relief from Time, for the fatal Disease increased hourly; nor ever hope to regain that Tranquillity of Mind which I had before enjoy'd, and lost insensibly: Fatal Effect of the fond Passion that had gain'd the Empire of my Soul ! Alas ! I no longer laboured to forget the Chevalier, the only Man whom I had cause to fear ; now my whole Study was how to avoid any private Conversation with *Disenteuil*, a Person much less formidable than the Chevalier. I was continually with Monsieur *de Gondez*, or lock'd up in my Closet with *Souville*. Alas ! how unhappy am I, *said I to her very often*, *Disenteuil* loves me, I fly him, and so am deprived by this Restraint of the agreeable Conversation and Friendship of a Man whom I so much esteem. Before the fatal Discovery of his Passion, I was charmed to be where he was ; his Wit, his sound Reasoning, quick Judgment, and engaging Discourse, made the Hours seem too short, and passed the Time pleasantly ; but now he seems quite changed, and I behold that Change with Grief, not daring to expose my self, to give him an Opportunity to speak his Thoughts, for fear of being obliged to impose that harsh Command which Duty demands, *That he should see my Face no more.*

One Day Monsieur *de Gondez* went to a Gentleman's in the Neighbourhood, and *Disenteuil* did not bear him company, under the specious Pretence of not leaving me alone, so that this Day I could not avoid him. Now,  
at

at last, Madam, said he, you cannot this day refuse to afford me your Conversation, and to cast your Eyes upon me, tho it be without Compassion, and perhaps with Anger. If you have nothing to say to me, said I, that is contrary to your Duty to speak, and mine to hear, you will find no Anger in my Looks ; and I esteem you so much, as to desire not to know what sort of Pity you would have me shew to you. No, Madam, said he, you are not ignorant ; you know that I adore you, I tell you so with trembling : My Life depends on yours, and all the Happiness I can take in it consists in loving you, tho you overwhelm me with Cruelty and Scorn. 'Tis not in my Power, said I, to take from you that poisonous Pleasure ; but it, at least, depends on me to shew you on all Occasions, how much I am offended at your Sentiments ; and I believe that the respect which you owe to an Uncle, to whom you are so very dear, is sufficient to put a Stop to that unlawful Passion ; but lest you should forget your Duty, my future Conduct shall always remind you of it. Ah ! Madam, cried *Disenteuil*, how rigorously you punish me for having found you to be the most charming of all Women, and the only one of all the Sex who are capable of inspiring so respectful a Passion as that which I bear to you. This Conversation was too disagreeable to me to continue it, so I quited *Disenteuil* so suddenly that he dared not follow me.

Monsieur DE GONDEZ, his Nephew, and I, returned to Paris : But I did not go to see Madam de Venneville, I only desired my Bro-

ther to tell her, that I had some particular Reasons which hinder'd me from visiting her, as heretofore ; but that she might be assured I had the same Friendship and Esteem for her, tho I was constrained not to see her so often as I wished to do. About fourteen Days pass'd thus, and then the Countess came one Morning to pay me a Visit, and entring my Chamber said to me, *My Dear, I come to make my Complaint of you to your self : You are the most unjust of all Women, you make my Brother the most unhappy of all Mankind, and you seem to renounce that tender Friendship which has always been between you and me from our Infancy on his Account ; altho my Brother's only Crime is, that he adores you ; and mine is, that I am his Sister : You punish him, because he loves you and has dared to tell you so, with flying him in all places ; and to avoid him only, you break the Bonds of that tender Union which has made us so dear to one another from our Childhood.* My Disorder was so great at the sight of the Countess, that I was not able to make her one word of Answer. I really loved her sincerely, and it cost me as much Pain to debar my self the sight of her as of her Brother : Nay, the more because she was his Sister ; in effect, what did I not suffer in avoiding them both ! The Countess, surprized at my Silence, told me : *Well, I find there is a Necessity of your being delivered from this troublesome Amour which shocks your Virtue : My Brother shall condemn himself to keep an eternal Silence, and his Soul shall so well conceal the racking Secret,*

Secret, that neither his Tongue nor Eyes shall reveal it to you, — And seeing that I still continued to make no Answer : And why would you punish him, says she, for a Crime that gives you no farther trouble ? And why would you make me the Victim of an unjust Rigor which there is no cause for ? Permit me to speak to you with the Freedom of a Friend : What will be thought of your absenting your self thus from me ? And how will you blind Monsieur DE GONDEZ's Eyes ? What will you say to your Father and Brother, who will doubtless ask what Crime I have committed ? In fine, How will you justify me to the World, in which you are so highly esteemed ? It will doubtless be believed, that I have done something that has rendred me unworthy of your Friendship ; so that all my Friends will think me unworthy of theirs. The Countess pronounced these last Words in so touching a manner that she melted my Soul, and I catched her in my Arms, saying, Well, my dear Friend, I will live with you as heretofore ; but if the Chevalier de Fanime does not perform what you have promised me, do not complain any more of my Conduct towards him ; for I shall consult only my Duty. I accept the Conditions of this Treaty, said she, and I find you so very reasonable that I will spend the whole Day with you, and not think I can do too much to shew how pleased I am to see that you will grant something in consideration of our Friendship. In this Moment Monsieur DE GONDEZ, Disenteuil, and my Brother, entred the Room : Disenteuil seem'd

Surprized to see Madam *de Venneville*; he had observed how I flew the Chevalier, and how I neglected his Sister; which was a Consolation to him in his Misfortunes, and doubtless gave him Strength to support the Hardships of that Silence which he had kept ever since our Return to *Paris*.

Monsieur *de Gondéz* loved Madam *de Venneville* extremely, and very much desired that she should marry my Brother, and I wish'd the same thing, but saw little hopes of it. My Brother engaged her and me to go and see *Ino* and *Melicerte*, a new Tragedy which had gained a great Reputation. About half an Hour before it was time to go, one of my Servants came into my Closet, where I was gone for to reach something, and gave me a Letter. I ask'd from whence it came? He answer'd, *That the Swiss had just received it, and gave it to him to bring me.* I opened it, without imagining who it came from, and found it contained these Words :

**D**O not bestow all your Thoughts and Pity on the Misfortunes of *Ino* and *Melicerte*, for my Condition is a thousand times more deplorable than theirs, and my Sufferings greater than those which the Poet has represented them to suffer in his Tragedy. The most racking Jealousy and Despair is but part of the Ills which I am to expect by adoring you. No Glimpse of Hope appears to clear my tortured Soul, and yet I must love on, such is my cruel Fate; nor will I ere repine. Doom'd to eternal Silence, I must see a hated Rival smile, and

and not dare to tell Clemene *she's unkind*. If in the reading of this Letter you do not divine who 'tis that wrote it, you are the most unjust of all Women ; and if you do not pity me, at least, you must be the most cruel of your Sex, and I the most unfortunate of mine.

I cannot describe to you the Trouble that this Letter threw me into ; for I knew presently that it was *Disenteuil's* writing, and doubted not but that he had discover'd the Chevalier's Love to me ; and I trembled for fear, lest he should believe that I gave the least Encouragement to him. At this Instant I called to mind what he had said to me at *St. Maurs*, when he found the Chevalier in the Chamber into which I had been carried in the swooning Fit, into which I had fallen when I came from the Gardens ; and the Innocence of my own Conduct could not, I thought, secure me from the offensive Constructions *Disenteuil* seem'd to make of my Behaviour towards the Chevalier, as his Letter hinted ; and I foresaw how difficult it would be for me to undeceive a Man who look'd on all my Actions with jealous Eyes : And this was my greatest Grief. I was in these Agitations of Soul, when Madam *de Venneville* came into my Closet : She asked me presently, *What was the Cause of my being in the Disorder which she saw that I was in?* I told her, That I had just learned something that touched me to the Soul, and then, embracing her, desired that she would not ask me any farther Questions, for I would not in-

form her of *Disenteuil's Love*; 'twas enough that she knew of the Chevalier's, and there was no need to render him jealous also, therefore Prudence obliged me to be silent; for it is dangerous for two Men to know one another to be Rivals, and every Woman that loves her Fame ought to fear it.

We found the Chevalier was waiting in the Box that was taken for us at the Play-house: He approached me trembling, and I received him with a very cold Air, for I thought him the Cause, and therefore guilty of *Disenteuil's Boldness and Suspicions of me*; and I was indeed in a violent Disorder, which was visible in my Face, but he did not dare to ask what ail'd me, or even to cast his Eyes upon me. *Disenteuil* was on the Stage till the fifth Act; then he came to the Box to me, and asked me in a low Voice, *If I had bestowed all my Pity on Ino and Melicete?* I always bestow my Pity, said I, speaking aloud, on the Unfortunate; but I know how to refuse it to those who foolishly plunge themselves into Ills, and are Victims to their own Folly. I pronounced these Words so sternly that I dashed him, and he made me no Answer. The Chevalier was near enough to me to hear what I said: And this Discourse made him also tremble. My Brother, to distract me more, asked him to come home with us to Supper, saying, *Won't you come along with my Sister, and sup with us?* *I am ready to do whatever she pleases,* said he, *and wait her Commands.* I could not avoid then to tell him, it was in his own Choice:

Choice: So we went home together, and supped.

After Supper we went into my Apartment, and the Tragedy we had seen was the Subject of our Conversation, and the Countess and I spoke our Sentiments freely of the Piece in general, but the Chevalier thought fit to enter into Particulars, and praised the Scene where *Melicerte* asked with such Concern to see that Slave again whom he had so much liked at his first arrival. *Disenteuil*, who had not as yet spoke a word, said to the Chevalier, *That he was very much surprized to see that he approved of so slight an Incident in the Play; and that Melicerte's Concern was not well enough represented nor express'd, to move the Passions; but doubtless, said he, you had your Thoughts otherways employ'd, and did not observe that Scene as you ought to have done, where Melicerte declares his Passion to the Princess, and that other where he takes his leave of her, without knowing whether she approves his Flame or no: These Passages are such, continued he, that make a general Impression on all Minds, and deserve our notice.* But this Place alone, said the Chevalier, was liked by other People as well as me, and why don't you approve of it? I am not obliged to speak my Reasons, said *Disenteuil*, why I like or dislike; but I always judge deliberately, and consider well an Object in every part, before I make a Judgment; and when I am well convinced of its Worth, and find it deserves Esteem, I value it, and give my Opinion without fear, tho in Contradiction

to the rest of the World : And for Example, supposing that I were in love, and that I had a Friend who did not know the Object of my Love, I would draw my Mistress's Picture in such lively Colours, so near resembling, that perhaps he would become my Rival without ever seeing her, so perfectt and so true an Idea I should have of her, and so well I should have studied her ; nay, I would defy any Man to be my Rival, and I not discover it. This last Sentence, and the whole Discourse, so oddly brought in, made the Chevalier blush. *Disenteuil* perceived it, and genteely turned the Discourse, concluding with these words, address'd to the Chevalier : *My Lord*, said he, *believe me*, if you would give a Judgment of Melicerte, go and see it without Company, when no Person is present that may engage your Attention ; if I had not seen it before to-day, I had not understood the Faults and Beauties of it more than you do ; but I own that I saw it the first day it was play'd, and that I observed it with the utmost nicety. I very well understood what *Disenteuil* meant by this Discourse tho the Company did not, and could not but admire the gallant manner in which he touched his Rival, without exposing me, a manner which no Man in the World excelled him in, and was indeed peculiar to him.

The next day Monsieur de GONDEZ and his Nephew went to *Versailles* ; I being left alone, went into a Closet which was at the farther end of the Gardens, and sat down to reflect on my own unhappy Condition. I read

read *Disenteuil's Letter* over and over ; the Tenderness each Line contained, and the Liberty he took to interpret the Chevalier's Assiduity towards me, moved both my Pity and Anger. Doubtless, *said I to my self*, he has discovered the Chevalier's Love and discerned my Weakness, what Course must I take to deal with a Man so quick-fighted ? for if he continues to give me fresh Marks of his Passion, and I treat him with rigor, what he would before have thought Virtue, he will construe to be only the Effects of an unjust Preference which I give to the other ; but can I blame him for so doing ? No, I deserve it : How criminal am I ! A Woman of my fair Character, and married to so deserving a Husband, and cannot resist and conquer so base a Weakness, so baneful a Passion : Alas ! do I not merit Contempt almost as much as if I had committed the last Crime, and yielded to be false to my Marriage-Vows ? At these words, which my Reason dictated, the Tears streamed down my Face, and I found ease in giving Vent to my Sorrows. Whilst I was in this Condition I saw the Chevalier enter, my Servant having told him that I had taken a walk that way. The Disorder he saw me in made him stand silent, and the Sight of him augmented my Trouble, and we were both motionless for some time. The Chevalier, not advancing nearer, stood with his Eyes cast down, to give me time to recover my self : At length he told me, with a trembling Voice, *Both good Manners and Respect, Madam, oblige me to retire ; but, alas !*

the Condition in which I find you do not suffer me to leave you to your self ; what Mis-  
fortune has befallen you, that should require such cruel Marks of a true Sorrow ? Don't be concerned, said I, nothing's the matter ; our weak Sex do easily pass from one Extreme to another ; strong Reason does not dwell in our weak Minds ; a Trifle, a Nothing does sometimes produce strange Changes in our Humours, and we weep, and laugh, without being able to give good Reasons why. No, Madam, he replied with a more elevated Voice, drawing near to me, you are not of the Number of those foolish Women who weep for Trifles, a Lap-dog or a Squirrel : No, I believe, since you are pleased to tell me so, that no domestick Accident or Loss troubles you ; but there are Sorrows of another Nature, which are more wounding, because they are more concealed ; and the Source of these is in the Heart. I am unacquainted with these sorts of Grief, said I : But let us break off a Discourse which will soon grow more melancholy and unpleasant than the Resverie in which you surprized me, and let us lay aside your Heart and other People's. Ah ! Madam, cried the Chevalier, can you know the Condition mine is in (for sure you can't be ignorant) and not believe that my Curiosity to penetrate into your secret Thoughts must be extreme ? You forget, said I, that you have already offended me by your Temerity, and will do more, at this Instant, if you mention such a thing ; your Curiosity I altogether disapprove. By that you increase it, Madam, said he, and I cannot

cannot hide from you what my Suspicions are of those precious Tears. Hold, said I, interrupting him, you are too bold ; you doubtless believe that a Woman of my Age, and so greatly placed in the World, cannot be insensible of Love, and finding no just Reason to flatter your self that you are the Object of it, tho your vain Opinion of your self as being Man, might persuade you to it, you try to gain the Secret, tho perhaps to your Mortification, by supposing that I favour some other : No, my Lord, I shall ever be firm to my Duty. You have declared you love me, that is enough to oblige me to see you no more : I will neither hear, nor remember your Crime, but punish your Temerity with Indifference only. I looked upon him at this instant, and found him so pale, and so penetrated with Grief, that I could not forbear to try to comfort him with owning the Constraint I put upon my self to treat him so cruelly ; but just as I was going to speak, my Brother, by a lucky Chance came to us and prevented me ; so I went up to him to avoid the Chevalier's Answer. My Brother told me, *That he came to look for me to go to Madam de Venneville's, who expected me with Madam de Jussy.* No, Brother, said I, I shall not go to Madam de Venneville's : Tell that Lady from me, that I will never see her more ; and that she must not expect any farther Complaisance from my Friendship : My Lord, the Chevalier here, will give her my Reasons for it, he knows them best : Go, Brother, go, said I, return to your Ladies, and take the Chevalier along with

with you, to save me the ill Manners of leaving him alone ; because I am going abroad.

What I had just now suffer'd by hiding my Sentiments from the Chevalier, made me too sensible of my own Weakness ; and I found that I was not able to overcome it but by flying him, and I then took the cruel Resolution to do it. It was the Beginning of the Spring, and I persuaded Monsieur *de Gondez* to go to his Estate in *Bretagne*, where I had never been, and I seemed very desirous to see *Gondez*, whose Situation I had heard so much praised, as the finest in that Province. In fine, I brought him to resolve upon going, and I desired him to make a Secret of our Journey, because I would avoid the Trouble of the ceremonious taking of Leave, and Visits of Friends on that Occasion.

But I did not hide it from Madam *de Fussy* ; but only desired her not to mention it to any Body else. The Friendship she had for me made her very much concerned at my leaving her ; and she at first murmur'd at Monsieur *de Gondez* : Sure, said she, he is very much changed that he acts in this manner, to tear you from your Family and Friends, to carry and confine you in the Country, where you will have no Diversion or Pleasure. I could not bear to hear my Husband so censured, and with such Injustice, considering he so little deserved it, and therefore I did vindicate him ; and assured her that it was by my own Choice and Desire, that I went into *Bretagne*. At which she was extremely surprized, and said, *She could not comprehend my meaning,*

ing, that a young Woman as I was, should leave the Court to go and pass my time in Provence, and that for a considerable time too, especially when my Husband did not constrain me to it. Excuse me, said she, looking on me, as much as to say that I was very indiscreet to act so, I cannot forbear to tell you, that I believe there are private Reasons which make you retire from Paris ; and I fear that you sacrifice too much to your Duty, and are too rigid in observing it : Indeed your Virtue is too scrupulous, my dear Countess, and 'tis to that which you make a Sacrifice when you fly us. Your Raillery grows, methinks, too serious, said I, and you really do me a greater Honour than I deserve. I don't jest, said she, for I really believe, that if your Eyes were less killing, you would never go to Gondez ; and a vain Fear has too great an Ascendant over you : But consider that your Friends are to be the Victims of this Notion which you have taken up, of its being a Crime in you to please ? But do you take notice, said I, your self, that you are all this while diverting your self at my Expence, and accusing me of a ridiculous Scruple which has no part, nor is any ways the cause of my Journey to Gondez ? Virtue has its Bounds, and turns to Folly when it exceeds them ; and thus you make me pass for a Fool, and my Virtue for Caprice. No, answer'd she, I, on the contrary, think you too nicely virtuous ; and that you do not put Confidence enough in your own Virtue ; and that drives you from us, to my great Regret, for I know not how to part with you :

you : Alas ! my dear Friend, you are not made fit to live in a lonely Place, deprived of all Society and Diversion, parted from a great many Friends whom your own Prudence has made you make choice of, and whom you will find often the want of : Ah ! how many times will you regret the leaving Paris ? Altho you are not fond of the Noise and Follies of the Town, believe me, we are not more secure, or more Masters of our selves in Retirement than in a Croud. You love to think, and sit alone ; alas ! a thousand Thoughts will croud into your Soul, and perhaps your Virtue will stand a more dangerous Trial by an idle indolent Life, than by an active one. You would then, said I, have me really believe that you are serious with me, and I will therefore answer you so : My Husband is very fond of his Seat at Gondez, I know it, and he is in years, and is every day commending the Air of that Place, and says that he finds it admirable ; his Tenderness for me has made him dissemble, and deny himself the Pleasure that he would have taken in my passing some time with him there ; and therefore my Friendship for him makes me offer to go thither without asking. Stop here, my subtile Reasoner, said she, and say no more, only promise to write often to me. 'Tis from you said I, that I expect to have all the News of Paris ; your Style and manner of Expression will invigorate my Soul, and hinder me from falling into a Lethargy : Continue to love me, and be assured that I shall continually think of, and wish for you ; for tho you do not always

ways judge rightly of my Actions, yet your Conversation is always charming and agreeable to me.

Madam *de Fussy*'s Discourse made me sensible that she was no Stranger to the Chevalier's Passion for me, and I did not doubt it; but that did not trouble me half so much as it would have done if she had discover'd my Thoughts of him; for tho she was esteemed to be a very wise discreet Lady, and I had a great Value for her, I was not willing to put it into her Power to make me blush at a Weakness which I would willingly have concealed even from my self: In fine, I flatter'd my self, that tho she had discover'd the Chevalier's Secret, yet she knew nothing of mine.

I behaved my self for some Days with great Circumspection and Coldness towards *Disentueil*, and his Eyes never met mine (which was very frequently) but they reproached me with my Cruelty, and he gave me to understand by several words which he let fall as by chance, that he would willingly abandon a great Suit of Law which was ready to be decided by the Parliament at *Paris*, to follow me into *Bretagne*, but that, being fearful of prejudicing his own Honour and mine, he dared not venture to do so publick a Deed. I found that he was persuaded that I left *Paris* on the Chevalier's Account, and the Hopes of following me, and the Impossibility which he saw of his Rival's doing so, inspired him with a secret malignant Joy, which seem'd to diminish each Day, as my Depar-

Departure drew nearer, and which at last gave place to the deepest Sadness ; for the Night before I left Paris his Grief broke forth in these words :

*In fine, Madam, you are going from me, and you leave me with the barbarous Satisfaction of knowing that I am not in a Condition to follow you soon, and I shall perhaps see you no more, for I shall be left a Prey to the most killing Griefs that ever Man suffer'd, without granting me the Liberty of complaining. You abuse, said I, the Privilege your Relation to my Husband gives you, of being often with me, by entertaining me thus with your importunate Affection ; and 'tis, at least, a Pleasure to me to think that it will not long be in your Power to trouble me on that Subject. Alas ! cried he, this is the Cause of my Despair ; you go to Gondez for no other Reason but to be delivered from the hated Sight of me, whom you abhor ; yet 'tis not me you fly alone, there is another Cause, and I am not so blest to be the happy Man who gives you Pain ; my Passion inspires you with no other Sentiments but Aversion and Indignation, and I have purchased your Hate only by adoring you : Yet, Madam, the tender Regard that I have for you, does at least merit your Pity. If you would but consider with what Respect and Purity of Intention I love you, for no vicious Thoughts profane my Flame, 'tis pure as vestal Fires, your Virtue is as dear to me as to your self, your Fame your Honour ; nor would I injure either for the World, tho you consented : But you are inclined*

clined to favour one who puts your Virtue to a harder Trial. I must confess that *Disenteuil's* Discourse made me blush, and I was much concerned at this last Reproach, being too sensible what he meant by it, so I gave no Answer but left him.

The next Morning I left *Paris* with *Monsieur DE GONDEZ* and my dear *Souville*, who, poor Creature, saw with extraordinary concern, the extreme Trouble that I was in, and feared that the great Effort I was going to make on my self would cost me too dear. *Disenteuil* bore us company twenty Leagues from *Paris*; and I saw that he perceived in my Face the Disorder my Soul was in, and he had much to do to hide his own; and he told me when we parted, *I go, Madam, to use my utmost Endeavour to merit your Friendship; I am going to try to surmount my Passion, and reduce it to no more but the respectful Esteem which I have naturally for so accomplished a Lady, and so rare a Virtue as you possess.* Your Esteem, said I, is to me as valuable as your Friendship is dear, and I shall be glad to cherish both, provided Love be not mention'd or thought on: Thus we parted.

And I was no sooner arrived in *Bretagne*, but my Brother sent me word that *Disenteuil* endeavoured strenously to make an End of his Law-suit; and this News made me fear that he would soon follow me. But in spight of all the advantageous Offers that he made his Adversary, they came to no Agreement.

Monſieur

Monsieur de GONDEZ was always busied in finding out new Pleasures, such as the Country afforded, to entertain me ; and drew together to our Castle all those whom he thought were good Company proper to divert me, and he was perfectly transported when he saw me a little chearful and merry, and I often forced my self to appear so, when I was really very sad. He had a very fine Equipage for Hunting, the best Horses and Dogs in the Province, and he gave me the Diversion of Setting, Coursing, or Hunting the Stag, every day ; or else Fishing, which I loved as much as I could any thing in the Temper of Mind that I was in at that time.

All the Nobility and Gentry for twenty Leagues round came to visit me, and I was, in respect of that Province, the same thing as a new Comedy at *Paris*, the Subject of every body's Discourse, and it was enough that any body had seen me to entertain a Company : Some praising my Person, others my Wit and Behaviour, others censuring all, or one of them ; nor did my Dress escape their Remarks : What a Confusion did so much Company in a House occasion ! twenty or thirty Guests with their Wives, and Daughters, and Attendants : What out of the way Compliments were made to me ! which neither they that made them, nor those that heard them, at least I, to whom they were address'd, did not understand : What a Multitude of Words, yet nothing fit to be call'd Conversation, were made use of ! yet it is not possible to avoid these Formalities, which a great Fortune and Quality

Quality oblige us to comply with, so I was forced to endure all patiently, finding no other Remedy.

Madam *de Fussy* writ to me very often; the easy, gay Style of her Letters sometimes disipated my Melancholy for some Moments; for she sent me all the News of *Paris*, and related her Story in so artful and diverting a manner, that her Correspondence was a kind of Remedy against that inward Grief which prey'd upon my Heart. But I ill repaid the Pleasure her Letters gave by mine; for the Country could not furnish Matter like *Paris* to divert her with the Relation of; besides, I am sensible that my Style was flat, and too plainly shew'd the Temper of my Mind.

I had been four whole Months at *Gondez*, when *Disenteuil* arriv'd; and as I had flatter'd my self from his last Words when we parted, so I doubted not but he would have conquer'd his Love, and I should possess only his Esteem, so that I was glad of his coming; but alas! how far was he from being cur'd of that unhappy Passion.

One Day as I was walking alone with him, he told me, *See, Madam*, said he, *that I appear before you again, as criminal as ever, the same as you left me at Paris; the Pleasures of that Place, my Reason enlighten'd by yours, my Duty, nay, Despair it self could not cure me; nothing can vanquish that violent Passion which reigns in my Soul, and breaks my Peace, and I am come to Gondez more taken with your Charms than ever, and more your Slave. I foresee all the Ills that*

that I shall draw upon my self in mentioning to you a Love you disapprove of, which tho so innocent and virtuous, does offend your Virtue, which I am but too well acquainted withal, the which I respect; but yet were I to die upon the Spot, I cannot deny my self the melancholy Satisfaction of telling you that I adore you. What! said I, you will not then make one brave Effort to triumph over a Weakness, which can never serve you to any other Purpose but to make you miserable. As your Friend I am touched with your Misfortune; but when I call to mind that I am the Cause of it, my Pity turns to Anger, and I detest all Thoughts of it. Ah! Madam, cry'd he, pierc'd to the very Soul with Grief, can I live and bear you say those Words? Reproach me no more that I love you, what have I not done to try to forget you? and what have I gained by it? My Passion is only grown more violent, the more I think of you, the more I adore you. My Reason confirms my Choice, and tells me, you are only worthy to be lov'd. Well then, said I, fly me, obtain at least of your Reason that Conquest over your self, and let me see you no more till you are worthy all my Friendship and Esteem. What a cruel Remedy do you prescribe me, Madam? said he, no I cannot bear so much as to think of it. See you no more! oh dreadful Thought; no let me still be near you: tho I am so miserable as to find you always cruel and pitiless, the Sight of you will be some Ease to my tortured Soul. Unlesf you endeavour to surmount your Weakness, said I, which I would forget for your

your sake, I shall having nothing to prevent me from showing you the tender, and noble Friendship which I have had for you heretofore.— He kept Silence for some Minutes, and then with a profound Sigh brake forth into these Words : *Well, Madam, I must then sacrifice all to your Pleasure, my Tongue shall no more speak of my Love, or utter my Complaints, tho Death ensue ; nay, I will lay such a Constraint upon all my Actions, that you shall not even perceive my Love, on Condition that you will not banish me your Presence. Let me beg of you to forget that I ever mention'd Love to you, and treat me at least as a Man whom you do not hate. Keep this Promise which you have given me, said I, and you shall find, that the Friendship which I have for you is very sincere. Some Days after this Conversation, I found these Verses upon the Table in my Closet :*

*Silvia, the Promise given I will not break,  
Love gives the dreadful Law, I dare not  
speak :*

*Eternal Silence is my cruel Lot,  
Not Master of my self, I murmur not.  
A wretched Slave, and doubly curst I live,  
Till gentle Death a kind Release shall give,  
And in the Grave I rest, by you forgot.*

I was not displeased at this mark of Tenderness from *Disenteuil* ; for he took up a way of Living with me very reserv'd, and shew'd nothing more but a Readiness and Attention

to

He inform'd his Uncle, that *Calemane* had follow'd him from *Paris*, and would be with us in a few Days. This *Calemane* was a *Gascon*, and a Gentleman of about fifty Years of Age. Monsieur *de Gondéz* had spoken of him to me above an hundred times, as of a Man who had a great deal of Wit, and much Merit, but of a singular Character and Humour : *Disenteuil* told him, that he was coming into the Country, with design to retire to *Vannes*, to end his Days. Monsieur *de Gondéz* was surpriz'd, and could not divine the Reason of his retiring from the World ; he knew *Calemane* was inclin'd to the Study of Philosophy, but he never believ'd that he would lead the Life of a Philosopher, unless it were a voluptuous merry one, and *Vannes* seem'd to be a very unfit Place to furnish him with Pleasures suiting his Taste and Humour. *You will be charm'd*, said he to me, *with his Acquaintance, and I am much deceiv'd if you don't make great account of his Company.* He arriv'd in a few Days after this Discourse, and so the impatient Desire which Monsieur *de Gondéz* had created in me to know him, was soon gratify'd : he presented him to me in a manner which shew'd his Esteem and Friendship for him, I liked his Face and Person very well, and he behav'd himself very courtly, as a Man who perfectly understood the World. He first complimented me highly, and then made one to my Husband, relating to me ; *by which I perceiv'd what Disenteuil had told me*

me of him before, which was, that he made use of some Expressions which were altogether proper to himself, and singular, and that he mixt Gaiety and pleasant Fancies in those very Discourses which were in reality very serious, as to the Subject of them. *You are not like to live at Vannes, said Monsieur DE GONDEZ, whilst I am at Gondez, and I believe you are enough my Friend to stay with us without Regret. Yes, my Lord, said he, I accept the Offer with Pleasure, and came with that Intention.*

Some Days after his Arrival, Monsieur DE GONDEZ desir'd him to give me the Relation of some one of his Adventures in his Youth, and added that he himself had before promis'd me to ask this Favour of him. I join'd my Intreaties with his, telling him, that I promis'd my self a great deal of Pleasure in hearing him relate things which were doubtless very singular, and well worth hearing, and which he would render more agreeable by his witty, lively manner of relating them. *I believe, said he, that a Man ought to be at least a Hero, or a Prince, or Person of great note, whose Life is fill'd with very extraordinary Transactions and great Revolutions, whose Life must be worth your Hearing. As for my own part, I am neither the one nor the other. Oh ! Sir, said I, I am no Lover of Romances, and above all, such Stories as are improbable. I love Reading, but it is such Histories as instruct, and are of Use to improve one's Knowledge and better one's Understanding, the Adventures of a private Person, re-*

lated

lated with Truth and Candour, please me much better then the fabulous Stories of *Cyrus* and *Artaban*, which I never thought worth my reading thro'. *Madam*, said *Calemane*, if you seek either *Instruction* or *Improvement* of *Knowledge* from my *Story*, I fear that you will be disappointed, and that the *Relation* of my *Life* will be of no use to you; for there is nothing worth your *Imitation* in my *Life*, nor am I a *Man* to be imitated. The Count de Disenteuil, less charitable than his Uncle, has already given you some *Account* of me I perceive, and represented me to you as a *merry Man*, who mixes *Folly* and *Mirth* with the most serious things. I forgive him, he is a little like me; the *Country* is a *Place* of *Liberty*, and that shall be my *Excuse*, if I commit any *Blunders* in my *Narrative*. The *Company* to whom I relate my *youthful Flights* are my *Friends*, and *Persons* of such *Worth* and *Goodness*, that they will *pardon* any *Oversights* which I commit in the *Account* that I am going to give of my *Life* and *Conduct*, I shall therefore conceal nothing from your *Knowledge*, nor try your *Patience* any longer, but begin my *Story* with the best *Grace* that I am able.

Cale-

## Calemane's Story of his Life.

I Was born in one of those little Provinces of which the Government of *Guienne* is compos'd. My Father was a private Gentleman, and posseſſ'd of a considerable Fortune; he had a great deal of Wit and Learning, and liv'd very splendidly; he was rather homely than handsom, and marry'd a young Lady of great Birth and Beauty, in his old Age, who sincerely lov'd him, and was very virtuous. The chaste Life which she did lead whilst she was a Wife, and has done since she was a Widow, makes me persuaded that she was of a different Nature from other Women. My Father was very fond of her, and tho he was antient, yet he was, in his Humour and Understanding, a young Man; for he was gay, pleasant, and altogether free from Jealousy, (a rare thing in an old Man) and they were indeed perfectly happy in one another. It was the Pleasure of Heaven, that they should not live long together; for he died in the third Year of their Marriage, and left me, the only Fruit of their Union. When I came to the Age of Manhood, all the World said I resembled both my Father and Mother, and that the Mixture in my Countenace was very agreeable; that I was well shap'd, and a Gentleman fit to appear in the World: but, Madam, fifty Years, and a merry Life which I have led, has mightily chang'd me, and made me such as you see.

My Mother, who had taken up a firm Resolution never to marry again, lov'd me very tenderly, and sent me to *Paris* with a Tutor who pass'd in the Country for a Doctor of Divinity ; that is to say, in the Neighbourhood of the River *Garonne* ; but was esteem'd a Blockhead when he reach'd the *Seine*. He went with me to the College, where I soon grew to be in much Esteem ; my Capacity was prais'd, I was taught the Sciences, and with a little Application I attain'd to a pretty Stock of Learning ; so that in a short time I thought fit to leave my College and return home ; being grown weary of studying, and poring on Books, and desirous to come upon the Stage of the World. And now my Friends were at a Loss how to dispose of me, not being willing that I should lead an indolent Life ; and my Mother was very ambitious to see me rise to be great either in the Church or State. *France* was at this time in a profound Peace, and altho I had given some Proofs to my Fellow-Scholars at the College that I was no Coward, yet I had no Inclination to make a Trade of Fighting, and venture my Head against Cannon-Balls, or to be honour'd with a military Dignity for having lost a Leg, an Eye, or an Arm. I had a Notion that every Man was born rather for himself than his Country ; and I still think that I was in the right. Nor did I love the Gown ; as for the Priesthood, I was no ways inclin'd to a single Life, and Abstinence and Mortification I liked to see other People practise, but could not bring myself to like it. Besides, as I was the Head

of the Family and Heir, my Mother was as desirous that I should marry and get Heirs to our Name and Estate, as I was my self to oblige her. Next, the Study of the Law was propos'd ; but that I altogether disliked, it was too laborious a Study for me : in fine, I liked an idle Life, and fancy'd that I had Estate enough to live happy, without troubling my self at all. So I intreated my Mother to let me stay a little while at *Paris*, to see the Court, and the Diversions which I had been debarr'd from during my Studies : And this she consented to with Pleasure, but in the End repented of.

A Relation of my Mother's, an old Debauchee, yet a Man of Birth, and much esteem'd for his Wit and good Nature, who had liv'd thirty Years in *Paris*, was to take care of me. He was well acquainted with the best sort of Companies, particularly with a great many merry Companions who lov'd the Bottle and the Petticoat as well as himself. He seem'd very fond of me, saying, that he believ'd my Humour and his would agree very well, and that I would be a Man of Pleasure, and love a handsom Girl as well as he had done ; that he had spent his Revenue, and believ'd should end his Estate in Pleasure, so that I should not be much the richer by being his Heir ; but that he would enrich me with the Knowledge of refin'd Pleasures, and teach me to improve the Hours of Life so as not to destroy it by Excess, but to take a moderate Fill of the Joys and Satisfactions which Man is capable of enjoying. Thus this old Fornicator

betray'd my innocent Youth into Folly and Debauchery, to which Boys are generally too much inclin'd, and I was transported to meet with a Man so good-natur'd ; I hug'd him, and follow'd him with Joy wherever he led me, and that was chiefly to see handsom Women ; with whom I was presently taken, and told my *Mentor*, that I found their Conversation very pleasing and agreeable, but very unlike my Mother's, or any of the Ladies who were her Friends ; that they made use of Expressions, and took Freedoms, that I did not know how to understand, nay, such as put me to the blush, tho' not altogether impudent. He laugh'd and told me, that they were Women of another stamp than my Mother and her Acquaintance, and Ladies who kept Company only with Gentlemen, and one another ; and tho', says he, it will not harm us to be seen coming out and in of their Lodgings and Houses, yet it would not be proper for Ladies of good Reputation to be seen in their Company. This was enough to let me know what these fine Ladies were.

Some Days after this Discourse, he carry'd me to a Lady, who was visited by Men of the best Quality, and kept Company with none but Gentlemen of the best sort in all *France* ; and a few of those beautiful young Ladies where my Cousin had before carry'd me to visit. Good Cheer, high Gaming, and the easy, free, enchanting Conversation and Behaviour of this lovely Woman, made her House and Company so much frequented. She was not a perfect Beauty, but she was full

full of Charms ; she was about forty Years of Age, but the Bloom upon her Cheeks, the Fairness of her Skin, and the Neatness and genteel Manner with which she put on her Clothes, hid at least ten Years, and she did not look to be turn'd of thirty. As for her Birth, it was obscure enough, but her Maiden Name was forgotten by an odd Accident ; for she had, as it was said, marry'd when she was very young with a Foreigner, a Man of great Quality, who dying, had left her a great Fortune, and the Title of a Countess ; but so strange a Title, and so little known, that no body thought it worth their while to enter into Dispute with her about it.

My Cousin presented me to her, and told her, *Madam, here is a young Man, my Relation, whom I recommend to your Care. He is just coming into the World ; for he is but nineteen, and a very promising Lad. I am much oblig'd to you, Sir, said the Countess : the Preference you give me, in bringing him to me, will create me Envy ; yet I accept of the Offer, and shall be fond of serving the young Gentleman in any thing that he shall desire : A Pupil profits but little who has a Master whom he does dislike ; but if he likes his Master, he takes Pleasure in learning what he teaches him.* I did not at that time understand her Meaning, and I therefore answer'd her only with Cringe and Thanks ; for tho I am something wiser now I am old *Calemane*, yet I was but foolish when I was young.

I soon got a Habit of visiting this fine Countess, and she always receiv'd me with extraordi-

nary Kindness ; and she us'd none of that Jargon or wanton Expressions which the other Ladies did, but all her Discourse was natural and plain, and very engaging ; so that I hearkned to her with great Pleasure and Attention. The King was at *Fountainebleau* : My Cousin had some Busines there, and carry'd me along with him ; and tho the Court was so very splendid, and that all sorts of Pleasures reign'd there, yet I was quite tir'd by the third Day, and desir'd my Cousin, that he would give me leave to return to *Paris*, and he consented willingly ; easily divining that I wanted the Countess's Company. And he was over-joy'd at it ; for he always said, That young People were very fortunate who fell in love, for the first time, provided that it was with a Woman of Wit, and not extremely young ; for they were the better all their Lives after for having been in so good a School.

I was no sooner got to *Paris*, but I flew to the Countess's. She presently ask'd me if my Cousin was come back ? I told her no. And why did you leave him, said she ? I told her ingenuously, and with a serious Look, that I really was tir'd of the Court. That may be, said she, but however, you need not make a *Boast of it* ; for tho I don't altogether blame you, and you run no risk in telling me your *Thoughts* ; yet you must know, that the generality of the World would not have the same *Indulgence for you*. Madam, said I, I am no way concern'd for what the World thinks of me, so I do nothing that can displease you.

*Cale-*

Calemane, answer'd the Countess, what makes you speak thus to me? have I not often told you, that you must try to gain the World's Esteem in general. When I have gain'd yours, Madam, said I, I have gain'd all that I aim at; that is the chief End of all my Desires. Permit me but to pursue that Desire only. I give you leave, said she, to endeavour to inspire me with a singular Esteem for you; nor do I give you any Advice to the contrary, but am desirous that you should even attain to what you desire in regard to my self, but also to obtain the Esteem of the World, which I would have you possess. I must be your Guide; the Experience which I have acquir'd in the World has taught me, that it is not sufficient for a Man to be endow'd with many noble and excellent Qualifications, to gain the World's Applause, to the Shame of the Age we live in, I speak it: there must be a great deal of artful Management to make a Man esteem'd. 'Tis this that I can teach you, yet do not push your Intrigues too far, lest you should make your self uneasy, by meeting with Disappointments; but study to make your self happy and belov'd.

In fine, the Countess seem'd to love me, and I fansy'd that I lov'd her. We soon discover'd our Thoughts to one another, follow'd those kind Inclinations, and were very happy together, till such time as our Union was broke by means of another Woman, whom I grew to like better. Then I began to feel the Pangs of Jealousy, and all the Pains that Lovers suffer; nay, I committed a thousand

Extravagancies, so that every body told me that I was in love, and that I had all the Symptoms of a real Passion. I simply reply'd, that it was rather the Symptoms of a dangerous Illness ; but they still persisted that it was Love. And if it was so, then I am persuaded that the Countess and I never had that Passion ; yet 'tis certain, we were as happy as if we had, and I have often thought the time we spent together, to be the pleasantest and most happy Part of my Life.

There was great Gaming at the Countess's, and I soon became a Gamester ; and notwithstanding her pretended Generosity, it cost me very dear ; so that at length my Mother being tir'd with sending me Money so frequently as I sent for it, and willing to see whether I had profited by my Education as she expected, order'd me to come home. The Countess persuaded me that I ought to obey her Commands, and assur'd me, that tho' this Separation would cost her very dear, yet she would not for the World that I should neglect my Duty : as for my part, I was charm'd with the Wisdom and Generosity of her Sentiments ; and the Hopes of seeing her soon again, and the Precautions we took to secure a Correspondence of Letters between us, made me quit *Paris* without much Regret.

Being arriv'd in my Province, I found a tender Mother, who liberally answer'd all my Desires. The Inhabitants were indeed very unpolish'd, vain, and much addicted to Scandal ; in that lay all their Wit. And they were so inclin'd to the Love of Wine, that

they

they often fell into Drunkenness; from whence sprung Quarrels and Dissensions, which made me dislike their Company: and I must confess, that I thought my self very unhappy to be forced to live among such sort of People. But my Mother was not willing to let me return to *Paris*, which made me for some time forbear to importune her. There was in our Neighbourhood a Gentleman, who had purchas'd a Marquisate, and was possess'd of one of the beautifullest Wives of any Man in the Kingdom. He had her from *Paris*; and being a Person who was born to be of an uneasy Temper, he was grown jealous of her before he had any Cause to do so, which had quite disoblig'd the Lady, and had, as I really believe, put it into her Head to be even with him, by doing what he fear'd. This Provincial Lord was my Relation at a distance. He had a very fine Estate; but his Castle had very much the Air of a Citadel rather than a Palace. Curiosity, rather than Respect or Good-breeding, made me pay a Visit to this Marquis; who was really so by right, being the Lord of fifteen Parishes.

He receiv'd me very handsomely, and treated me splendidly, carrying me a Hunting; having a fine Equipage for those Diversions both of Dogs and Horses, very well kept. But all this did not content me; I wanted to see his Lady. But I desir'd that Favour in vain; he excus'd my not seeing her, by pretending that she was sick; so that I return'd to *Calemane* without seeing any body but him, and three or four Gentlemen his Dependants.

My Mother, who was a very virtuous prudent Woman, and thought no harm, nor could foresee the Consequences of a thing which was in it self so innocent, being willing to oblige me, told me, on my complaining that I had not seen the Marchioness, that she would go on purpose to pay her a Visit, and take me along with her, that I might have the Pleasure of seeing that fine Lady.

I gladly accepted the Offer, and my Mother went, taking me for to squire her thither. We went strait into the Marchioness's Apartment; the Lustre of her Beauty dazzled me, and I was struck at first sight. Her Conversation shew'd that she had Wit to charm, as well as Eyes to kill. The Marquis her Husband went out of the Room to give some Orders, and gave me an Opportunity to say some of those Gallantries which I had learned in my Commerce with my Countess, and such Compliments as I thought could never be better plac'd than on this Lady, who answer'd them very finely. Her artless Beauty, and a certain languishing Air which her Discontent occasion'd, made her look a thousand times more charming than the Gaiety and affected Looks, and Ornaments of Paint and Dress, which many Ladies use to render themselves agreeable; without which they would sooner gain Admirers. But the sight of so many Graces in this fair Creature, caus'd so great an Emotion in my Soul, that I could not lay my Eye-lids together all the Night.

I had acquir'd a Habit of reasoning in my self on every thing I saw or did, and never wanted

wanted to find an Argument to support me in any Design that I had a mind to go about, whether good or ill; and being quite in love with the Marchioness, I said thus to my self: In the Constraint under which she lives with her Lord, by reason of his whimsical Humour, she cannot but hate him; and a Woman who hates her Husband, is doubtless in a very favourable Disposition to hearken to a Lover, who will be obliging, soft, and tender of her, and of a Character far differing from a cross jealous Husband, whose Treatment must provoke a Wife to take the sweet Revenge Love offers her. I fancy'd also, that there is no Reason for us to think that the *Italian* and *Spanish* Women are different from the Women of other Nations, because they are more ready to ease a Lover's Pain by a ready Compliance; being exasperated against their Husbands, who treat them so rigorously, any Woman will do the same. And from thence I concluded, that every Man who us'd his Wife like a *Spaniard*, tho a *Frenchman*, deserv'd to be punish'd; and that a *French* Woman who was so unfortunate as to meet with a jealous Husband, and kept in a perpetual Captivity, would be so wise as not to disapprove the Conduct of a hardy Lover, who offers to assist her Revenge, whom she would have reason to reject if she enjoy'd her Liberty.

With these kind of Reasonings I spent the Night, and arose in the Morning full of these Ideas. I walked the Gardens and Groves, and search'd every Place, till I at last found a young Country Girl, whom I had seen the

Day before in the Marchioness's Apartment, waiting on her, and enter'd into talk with this Girl, who talked very ignorantly, suitable to her Years. She told me what a melancholy Life her Mistress did lead ; I pity'd her, and she thank'd me with great Ingenuity, in her Lady's Name, and so we parted. About an Hour after, I found the Marchioness in my Mother's Chamber, and she soon gave me to understand, by some Expressions that she let fall, that she was inform'd of the Conversation which I had had with her Maid, the little Peasant in the Garden, whom she call'd her Waiting-Maid. And I judg'd by this, that she had already interpreted my amorous Glances, and not only discover'd, but in some sort approved my Passion. This Presumption, the constant Companion of young People, determin'd me to pursue my Design on this Lady. My Mother and I were to go away the next Day ; so I writ a Letter, in which my Tenderness was livelily express'd, in Expressions which shewed how sensible I was of her unhappy Condition, and how much I pity'd her. The next Morning I returned to the Parterre, where I found *Toinette* ; for that was the Girl's Name who waited on her. I caref'd her, and gave her my Letter to give into her Mistress's own Hand ; and I paid the Postage nobly. She receiv'd the Letter and Money without Ceremony, promising to discharge her Trust faithfully, and so we parted. And the Marchioness before we took leave found the way to let me know, tho in a general Conversation, that she thought Ingratitude the most hateful

hateful of all Vices, and that the Desire of obliging, tho it never came to any Effect, was sufficient to lay an Obligation on a grateful Mind, and inspire it with a lively sense of the Favour.

I return'd to *Calemane* without being able to divine what the Issue would be of what I had done. I was very uneasy, and knew not what course to take, when a Peasant came to me privately, and gave me a Letter from the Marchioness, in which she inform'd me, that in the short time which she had seen me, she perceiv'd that I was not made to live in the bounds of a melancholy Province, to which her evil Fate had confin'd her ; and that she had too much Esteem for me to wish me the like Misfortune ; that I appear'd to her to have some Concern for hers, and that the Constraint under which she liv'd, would, she hop'd, be a just Excuse for the bold step that she was going to make, in asking of a young Man a nocturnal Visit, very hazardous both to her and him ; yet she had no other way but this to acquaint me with her Misfortunes : and that she expected from my Compassion the Assurances which she would then mention to me ; that the Bearer, the Country Lad who brought this, *Toinette's* Brother, should tell what I must do to procure her the Pleasure of seeing me alone.

This Messenger told me then, as punctually as if he had conned his Lesson all the way, *Sir, you must come in the Dusk of the Evening to a Place within a quarter of a League of our Castle, by the ruin'd House ; there you*

*you must quit the High-Way, and you will soon get to the Close by the Park ; and when you come to the little Door of the Park, of which I have the Key, I will wait for you, and conduct you behind the Pales to the Door of the Backstairs, which lead to my Lady's Apartment, where my Sister will wait for you, to bring you to my Lady.*

This News quite ravish'd me. And what Raptures was I in, to think that I should be at Liberty and alone with a Person whose Idea was always before my Eyes ? I sent back the Peasant well rewarded and pleas'd, having fixt the Rendezvous for the next Evening ; and thinking the time would be very long, I charg'd the Peasant with a Letter, in which, tho' it was but short, I express'd my Sentiments in a manner in which my new-born Passion shone in every Line, and like an Arrow would have pierc'd thro' the brightest Flowers of Rhetorick, and was more expressive than the most artful Epistles. Let your Imaginations furnish the Terms, for I have forgot them ; and I shall be a Gainer if you will put your selves to this trouble, and think my Story better worth if it has gained so much Favour of you. But to proceed : I gave Orders to an old Valet de Chambre, who belong'd to me, to be ready to accompany me the next Day, when I set out much too soon ; for my Impatience was so great, that I mistook four a Clock for six by my Watch. And being got to the Ruins, I found my Mistake, by seeing that it was still broad Day. Here I fretted without, singing, tho' you must know, I always had so bad

a Voice, that I never dared to sing, even when I was alone. Here, Madam, I humm'd this Verse :

*Alas ! I waited long, but still in vain,  
Night was far off, and I in mortal Pain.*

At last I turned out of my way, and rememb'reng that there was a very thick Wood about half a League off, where I had been hunting the wild Boar, I spurred my Horse and went thither, where I dismounted, and hid my self in the thickest Part of it. *Durand*, my old Domestick, who after having spent his Youth in my Father's Service, bred me up ; a Man full of Courage and Probity, but a great Moralizer ; one whom I always gave greater Attention to than to the Doctor to whom my Education was intrusted, of whom I have before given you an Account : *Durand*, I say, having by this means got the Priviledge of tutoring me, which either vex'd or pleas'd me, according to the Humour I was in when he made his Harangues to me, addres'd himself to me on this Occasion.

*Sir, Experienc emakes me judge, that the Disorder which at this time appears in your Face, and the Precautions you take in going thus alone with me and no other Attendant, the Orders you gave me to get our Arms in good order ; all this, I say, makes me judge, that you have some honourable Affair to terminate near this Place, and I think my self very happy in the Choice that you have made of me to attend you. I am ready for all Events ;*

Events ; but, Sir, will you give me leave that I lay before you the Reasons, why it is not fit to go to certain Extremities, unless it be to avoid the Shame of being thought a Coward.—I could not forbear laughing at this ; which surpriz'd, and at the same time a little piqued the good old Man. Go, go, said I, I have no need of thy Valour, which I know thou dost not want ; no body but my self will be concerned in the Adventure I am now upon ; be easy, I need not bid thee be discreet and secret. Then Durand's frowning Looks were converted into a broad Grin, gueffing what I was upon. And Night being come, we mounted our Palfrys, and went to the Park Gate, where I found my Guide waiting. He brought me along to the Back-Stairs, where he committed me to Toinette, and she introduc'd me into her Lady's Closet. *What an Obligation must one have, said the Marchioness, to a Man, who mov'd only by Compassion, runs such a Risque as you do ; for to hide nothing from you, we are both undone if we are discover'd.* Be easy, Madam, said I, all necessary Precautions are taken, banish your Fears, which are needless ; I come to offer all that is in my Power, all that a resolute Man, animated by the most violent Desires to please and serve you, can do ; tell me only in what I can be useful to you. Here the Marchioness was about to relate to me the cruel Treatment of her Husband ; but I dreaded to hear it, and the Moments appear'd too precious to me to be so lost. I gave her to understand, that I knew a great

part

part of her Sufferings ; and added, that we must think only of the Remedy. *The only one I can think on, said she, is to let my Family be inform'd of my Usage.* You know them, they are People who have Interest, and will gain Credit ; but *I can get no News from them, I write to no purpose ; my Letters to them, and theirs to me, are all intercepted.* You are not made, said she, to remain in this barbarous Climate, Paris is the only Place that is fit for a Gentleman of your Merit to reside in. *Go and enjoy the Pleasures that wait you there, and spare some Moments to endeavour to free a Wretch, who puts all her Hopes and Confidence in you.* These last Words were pronounc'd with a most moving Accent, and she let fall some Tears. Ah ! how beautiful did she appear to me at this instant. I promis'd her that I would neglect nothing that could serve her, and that I would go and prepare for my Departure to Paris, altho, in good truth, I resolv'd at that moment to defer my Journey thither ; not being able to think of leaving this lovely Unfortunate so soon. So I told her, that I had some measures to take first with my Mother, which she prov'd of. And now Hope seem'd to give place to Despair, and she dry'd her Tears, and became brisk and lively. Her Wit, and her Imagination brighten'd up ; ah ! what Multitudes of Charms did I discover. My Passion augmented each Moment ; I was heard without Anger, I was even prais'd and thank'd for the Services unperform'd ; and tho we were both in a kind of Disorder, yet it diminish'd

minish'd not the Pleasure of our Conversation. The Danger we were in was forgotten, till *Toinette* came to give us notice that the Day began to appear. We at first refused to believe her, but our Watches agreed with her Report. The Marchioness did not hide from me the Concern which she had to part with me: My Passion, livelily express'd, had touch'd her Soul, and banish'd Fear. At last I took leave, after having obtain'd, with much Difficulty, leave to see her again, in the same manner, in three Days time; for Fear again play'd its part, and succeeded the Pleasures which had chaced it from her snowy Bosom.

These Midnight Visits continu'd for the space of three Months. Ah! how happy are those fleeting Hours and Days which one passes when one's Soul is continually employ'd in reflecting on the Pleasures past, or in expecting new Enjoyments. So I past my time, till a cursed, yet comic, Accident, which had like to have ended in a sad Catastrophe, ruin'd my Felicity. I went, as usual, down the Back-Stairs, without any Light, from my Mistress, and trod upon something so that I stumbled; on which the thing I trod upon, being alive, fell upon me; and I was ready to fire my Pistol at it, when the Assassin gave me to understand by his Voice, that it was a great Greyhound, which by chance had gone to sleep upon the Stairs. But he was very untractable; for he pursued me even into the Park, where I found my self all of a sudden assailed by at least fifteen other Dogs, whom his Clamour had waked, and who ran to assist their Comrade.

rade. I made good my Retreat, Sword in hand, with the Flat of which I struck them ; for I was not willing to shed any Blood : and sometimes I gave them good Words, yet they accompany'd me all the way to the Park-Gate. There I thought my self deliver'd from sharing *Acteon's* Fate ; but turning my Back to mount my Horse, the traitorous Greyhound, whose Fury I thought was abated, took it in his head to run after me again ; but I saved my self by shutting the Gate upon him. There I found *Durand*, who knew very well by the Noise of the Dogs, that I was surely concerned in this woful Hunting ; the early Hour of the Day and Circumstances confirming him in that Opinion. When I was got upon my Horse I laugh'd at my Adventure ; at which *Durand* was very much surpriz'd ; for he perceiv'd some Blood come from under my Wastecost down my Breeches, on which he stopt me, and began to examine my Posteriors, and saw quickly that a Piece of my Breeches was gone ; and putting his Hand to the Place, discover'd that I wanted a Piece of Flesh there, which doubtless the Greyhound had carry'd off, tho in my Fright I had not felt the Bite. And now I was oblig'd to ride very aukwardly, all on one side of my Saddle, not being able to fit upon the Place aggrieved.

At last I got home, there *Durand* play'd the Surgeon, and plaistered me at the Lower End, yet I laugh'd all the while immoderately ; at which he murmured. And indeed it shew'd my Folly, considering the Danger I had escap'd. But I never had much Brains ; and

and besides, I was then very young. I ought to have reflected that some Domestick might have espy'd me, wak'd by the Barking of the Dogs, and that that had been sufficient to have exposed my dear Marchioness to the greatest Misfortunes. But this never enter'd into my empty Pate, for I rather promis'd my self a great deal of Pleasure in relating to her the diverting Story ; how I had behaved my self, and the Trouble I was put to, to defend my Person against this Troop of ill-bred Animals, who had very basely paid me the Civilities of her Castle ; and I fansy'd that she would laugh with me. Alas ! why is it that Men in the Age when they are capable of pleasing, are so thoughtless and unwise ? And when they come to an Age of reasoning justly, that happy time is past and gone, and there is no more occasion for these Reflections.

The third Day after my Adventure, which was the time prefix'd for my Return to my dear Marchioness, the Country Lad brought me a Letter from her very early in the Morning, which contain'd these Words.

#### L E T T E R.

**H**OW great was my Fright on Wednesday Night, when I saw you in such great Danger, and could not come to your Assistance ; Toinette held me up almost dying in her Arms. And I never reflected on the Danger which my self was in, till such time as I judged, by the Noise ceasing, that yours was past. The next Day I attentively examined my Tyrant's

rant's Face ; but he appear'd the same to me, neither more soft or rude. This Equality of Temper, which has been hitherto my Misfortune, at this time made me more easy, to find he does not yet know that your Pity for an unfortunate Creature, makes you run such great Hazards to console her. But alas ! he may come to know it soon, Fortune will not always be favourable, it is now time that you should go hence, and labour to procure my Deliverance. The Desire of which I had almost laid aside, if it were not for your sake more than my own ; 'tis that revives it in my Soul. And if you hear no News from me, within these six Days come once to take your leave ; for I believe I shall need some time to confirm me in the Design which I have to part with you : and that this time is also necessary for you to bring your self to consent to obey me ; and that it will cost us both some Pain, tho' it is a step so essential to procure our Happiness for the future.

Adieu.

This Letter made such a lively Impression upon my Mind, that I remember the Contents to this Day, and I sent her an Answer which I don't repeat for my own sake ; because a Man ought neither to expose his Follies, or boast of his Wit, and none really write so well as Women in Love-Affairs, they can better explain their Passions, and the soft Sentiments of the Soul ; the Simplicity of Style and Expressions, add a Beauty to the Thought, nay, even the Faults which escape their

their Pens, render their Epistles more elegant than ours ; and the Exactness of Terms, of which we boast, renders ours cold and tiresome. In fine, we are dull insipid Grammarians, whilst the Women are the true Orators. Ah ! said I, what will become of Learning and Philosophy at this rate. *How great a Flatterer are you grown ? come let us have none of these Digressions, Seducer, finish your Story, and gratify our Impatience to see the End of it.*

Well, said he, the six Days being finish'd, which was the time prefix'd, and which past my Thoughts very slowly, without my receiving any counter Orders, I set out with my faithful *Achates* ; and having past the Ruins before-mention'd, we made for the Close, along by the side of a Quick-set-Hedge. The Night was very dark, and I heard two Pistols go off at once, which I was so near, that I was cover'd with the Fire and Smoke. My Horse, who was not us'd to start, gave such a Leap, that he had like to have thrown me, and carry'd me a good way before I could stop him. And *Durand* and I both heard a Voice say, *Ah ! Rascal, you have shot before he was come near enough, and he has escap'd us.* At these Words said *Durand*, *Pray, Sir, let us return and get out of this Ambuscade which is laid for us.* I follow'd his Advice, and we got back to the Ruins ; and there *Durand*, by way of Precaution, made me take a cross Road. My Horse snorted and groan'd, and trembled all over his Body ; and the Moon appearing, I perceiv'd by its feeble Light the Hoof

Hoof of the poor Beast all over bloody. I made *Durand* alight presently, who putting his Hand, soon found that a large Ball had enter'd into the Sole of his fore Foot. 'Tis nothing, said he, but believe me, Sir, let us make haste; for I fear that we shall be followed. Alas, said he, I always foresaw what would be the *Event of your Intrigues*.—Hold your Tongue, Dotard, said I with Anger, this is no fit time for Reflections: I my self saw, alas! but too well into my present Condition, and knew not what Course to take; I was in Love, and trembled more at the Danger my dear *Marchioness* run, than at my own. The Danger threatned by him, whose Vengeance I had just escap'd, in whose Hands she was left. This Thought rack'd my Soul, and I was so unjust, who had done him the first Wrong, that at this instant I thought of nothing but of finding out the surest and shortest way to be reveng'd of him, who I thought to have done me a great Injury. Full of these Cogitations I pursued my way, till I felt my Horse stagger under me; on which I threw my self off, and the poor Beast fell down dead in a Minute after. And we could then discern, that he had received another Wound, a mortal one, near the Saddle-Girth. So I took *Durand*'s Horse, and got home to *Calemane*, where *Durand* arriv'd some Hours after, booted and spurr'd on Foot.

So soon as it was Day, what I foresaw came to pass. The Country People going into the Fields to work, found the Carcass of the Person who had been assassinat'd, that is to say, of

of my Horse. He was known to be mine by all the Place ; and as he was a very fine Beast, every body was much concerned for him, and desirous to know how he came by his End. The Peasants reported this to others, and three or four Gentlemen, my Neighbours, hearing this News, ran to see what was become of me, and offer'd me their Service to be reveng'd of the Assassins, asking with who and where I had been. But I had no need of their Services, and was much embarrass'd to answer their Questions, because I had no mind to make any Discovery of my Amour ; on which they all imagin'd that I had some Quarrel, and so had been out on a point of Honour, in which my Horse had been the Victim. I seem'd to deny this but faintly, and so left them to think what they pleased. My Mother, who was at this time at one of my Aunt's, to drink the Waters, four or five Leagues distant from *Calemane*, writ to me to come to her. I obey'd, and she ask'd me in a very serious manner, Who it was that I had had a Difference withal ? and commanded me not to dissemble with her, that she might take proper Measures to prevent farther Mischief. I assured her that I had no Quarrel at all, and that an accidental Shot, which had doubtless been discharg'd at random, and in the dark, had occasion'd all the Danger that I had run. She knew that I was a Man of Integrity, and therefore she was satisfy'd with what I told her, and said, *Then I am easy, and desire to know no more. Pray, Son, endeavour to be more prudent, and don't keep such*

such late Hours for the future : leave the Country, and get more Experience and Wit, if it be possible, by seeing the World ; for *I* fear that your Folly will cause you some Vexations ; and *I* lay my Commands upon you to go hence for Paris to morrow Morning. I obey'd, and return'd to Paris the next Day ; where I was more tired during the first fifteen Days, than I had been at Fountainebleau after I was first got acquainted with the Countess. Nor did I fail to visit that good Lady ; but I now found her, as I thought, much older, tho it was not but seven or eight Months that she had been out of my Sight. She receiv'd me in no other manner but as a Friend, not with any Affection as a Lover ; and I quickly saw, that the good Creature had not been idle no more than I, during my Absence. 'Tis true, she had already taught me how to behave my self, and succeed in the Affairs of the World : And she was since teaching a young Ecclesiastick, a Man of Quality and very handsome ; the most sure and shortest way to attain at least to be an Abbot ; for she was a Woman that understood every thing. And I thank'd Heaven to find her so piously employ'd ; and I saw her but seldom, from time to time, like a Gamester who looks out for fresh Company, by visiting his old Haunts in hopes to meet strange Faces.

Yet I was perpetually uneasy to know what was become of my dear Marchioness, til at last my little Country Mercury arrived with a great Packet of Letters, which the Marchioness did not dare trust to be sent by the Post.

There was in it a Letter of Commendation for me to an Uncle of hers, who was an old President : and I trembled like her, when I found by her Letter to me, that her Husband, after I left the Country, had treated her more civilly. And this sudden Change seem'd to me, as well as to her, a politick Design in him to cover his Resentments, and no good Presage to her.

I carry'd the Letter to the President, who did not read it before me. He received me with a very cold Gravity, and talk'd to me of nothing but the Marquis, and his Niece's good Fortune in having marry'd a Man of so great Merit. And I neither contradicted, nor applauded what he said ; for I perceived that he was prepossest with a good Opinion of my Adversary.

I soon after learned that the Marquis, to avoid the Suspicions that I must naturally have of him from my Adventure, had been to pay a Visit to my Mother, and appeared to be concerned at the Accident which had befallen me, as a good Friend and Relation ; nay, he really thought to blind Peoples Eyes, by taking his Wife out of that cruel Restraint, under which all the Province knew that he had so long kept her, and giving her her Liberty, at least in appearance. And she seeing that her Husband continu'd to look pleased, and kindly upon her, at last gave some Credit to him, and lay'd aside all her Fears ; nay, I believe that she even forgot the Circumstances of my Adventure, and payed with obliging Complaisance the gentle Treatment he gave her. This

Com-

Complaisance render'd her more beautiful in her Husband's Eyes, and insensibly stifled all his jealous Suspicions, and cured him of a Malady with which he had been so long tormented. In fine, the good Lord persuaded himself, that he had only dreamed, and that he could not but be much to blame to have suspected so charming a Wife. A singular and uncommon Re-union of a Husband and Wife! whereas without me, perhaps, Discord had always reign'd between them. The true Causes of our Actions, which appear noble, and are reputed such, ought not to be too nicely examin'd into; nay, it is even good that Men should be ignorant of the Circumstances that attend them. Unhappy are the too clear-sighted, whose Curiosity does often bring Confusion to themselves, by discovering Truths which were better hid from them for their own Sakes. Our Marquis was wiser, he pry'd no farther into our Amour, but grew easy, and loved his Wife. And I learned from good Hands this good News, and that they were now a happy Couple, and that I was forgot. This Change of my Mistress, the Pleasures of Conversation, the Diversions *Paris* afforded, and Time, restor'd my Soul to its former Freedom, and I grew easy. This put me into a Condition to give my self up to all the different Pleasures that presented.

Here *Calemane* stopp'd, and did not seem much dispos'd to proceed any farther: and when one knows Persons to be naturally complaisant, one should the less intrude on their

good Natures, so we seem'd contented, and much pleased with his Story, as our Attention to it show'd ; tho indeed the pleasant Manner of his relating it was more diverting than the Adventures recounted. We thank'd him, and told him he should not get quit for this, we could not part with him so young ; and that the Beginning of his Life made us very desirous to know the Sequel, but that we would reserve it for another time. Ay, said he, for ever, if you will take my Counsel ; for you will hear nothing but a heap of Adventures without any Coherence, Voyages into Italy, Germany, and England, whither my roving Disposition, rather than Business or Curiosity, led me ; for my Inconstancy in my Projects, my Eagerness after Knowledge, the careful Search that I made after learned Men, and my little Application to profit by their Acquaintance when I had found them. In fine, this Humour of being independent, which made me neglect to court the Favour of the Great, who were so blind as to think better of me than I deserved, and willing to do me good, has occasioned me to pass a Life full of Crosses ; in which I never offended the Phantom Honour, but spent the Fortune which should have serv'd for my Support, and have no other Comfort left, but only that Providence did not so far abandon me, but that I have yet enough remaining to live without Dependance, and Master of my self. Well, well, said I, we must have the Particulars of your Life, not this Summary ; take your time, but let us have the whole Story. I know very well, said he, but one way

to satisfy you, and get my self rid of your Importunities, and that is, to let Dubois, my Man, who in his single Person contains all my Domesticks, tell my Story. 'Tis a Lad whose Merit ought to be known, and he is the Peasant who brought me Messages from my dear Marchioness, and has lived with me this five and twenty Years, having been successively, first my Footman, next my Valet de Chambre, and lastly my Master; for he is a second Durand, only with this Difference, that Durand said always no, when I had a mind to do anything, and this always says yes; yet I do nothing but what he pleases. 'Tis pity that he does not belong to some great Person, he had been prompt, subtle, industrious, bold, insinuating, and not over scrupulous; great Qualifications to make his Fortune by. He knows all my Secrets, but is very secret, and I will give him leave to relate all my Follies to you in Publick; for which he will grumble at me in private. We all laugh'd at this whimsical Proposal of Calemane's, and resolv'd to draw from him by Bits what he would not give us all in one Piece.

This was *Calemane's Story*, which diverted us, and I wish that it may your Highness. You shall find him very active in the Sequel of my Story, where I shall have occasion to make mention of him very frequently. And I am sure you will like him; for you will find him moderate, gay, and ingenious, not disowning the Flights and Follies of his Youth, tho his Modesty and good Breeding makes him conceal what was criminal, and unfit to

My Husband had caused my Picture to be drawn at full length, and sent it down to *Gondez*; he had been so complaisant to let a little Dog, whom I extremely loved, be drawn likewise, lying on my Knees. This Picture was hung up in a large Closet, in Monsieur *DE GONDEZ*'s Apartment. I one Day found *Disenteuil* with his Eyes so fix'd upon it, that he did not perceive that I was by him. Well, said I, what do you find there to disapprove of, for nothing can escape your just Censure? Nothing, Madam, said he, as to the Painting, but a great deal as to the Resemblance. Does it not then resemble me, said I? The Features, said he, are yours, but the Graces are wanting that adorn that Face: and alas! what Painter could represent them. Oh! Count, said I, the Picture excels me; but you have forgot my Dog, my little *Lutin*, whose Merit you are no Stranger to. Pray let me have a Compliment for him, because I love him, and let it be in Verse; 'tis what I claim from your Muse. *Disenteuil* immediately spake these Lines.

*Ab, happy Lutin, who dost lie,  
 Where sighing Lovers wish to die;  
 Clemene's Darling, whilst in vain  
 The injur'd Lover does complain.  
 Rival'd by thee, sure thou art Jove,  
 And thus transform'd hast gain'd her Love.*

You

You are very gallant, said I to the Count, to make a Heathen God of my Dog, and a Courtezan of me ; but as 'tis an apparent Fiction I forgive it. But I dare say Argiliere would not like to put these Verses to my Picture, in praise of my Dog ; he loves Flattery, and would rather praise me. I want nothing, said Disenteuil, but the Use of Painting, to draw your Picture far better than he. The Ideas that I have of you in my Soul, are more just and perfect, more lively than his, whose Mind is filled with a thousand other Fancies ; but all my Thoughts are centred in you, your Image is ever before my Eyes. Monsieur de Gondez luckily enter'd the Closet as he spake these Words, and hinder'd him from proceeding, of which I was glad. I repeated to him the Verses his Nephew had made on my Dog, with which he was much pleased ; for so he was with every thing his dear Nephew did.

If the Count had had his Thoughts more at liberty, he had every Day such agreeable Whimseys ; for he had a mighty Genius for Poetry. But his Soul was too much tormented by his Love, so that he was pensive, and often regarded not what passed in Conversation, and I was in the same Condition. The Count sought all that he was able to dissipate these Thoughts, and cure me ; being no ways pleased with my Melancholy, nor was I with his. The mutual Esteem and Complaisance that we had for one another, did sometimes prevail so in both our Souls, that our Passions seem'd vanquish'd. But alas ! we were soon

convinc'd of the contrary, and found that we in vain resisted, and that Almighty Love did lead our Reason captive.

An Affair which Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z** had at *Vannes*, obliged him to go thither for some Days; and he carry'd the Count along with him, and left me *Calemane*, with whose Company I own that I was not tired; for we walk'd out every Evening, in the Walks that led from the Castle to the Road, till one Evening when I perceiv'd three Gentlemen a Horseback, who came directly towards us. It was the Count *de Fanime*, who was come to meet the Estates of *Bretagne*, with Monsieur and Madam the Dutches **D**—, pretending that he could not come within six Leagues of my House without paying me a Visit. I receiv'd him with a very civil, yet a very cold Air, at which he seem'd much embarrass'd. I had them conducted into an Apartment, and a little after Supper was served. During Supper all the Discourse was about Madam *de Venueville*, Madam *de Fussy*, and my Brother; and the Chevalier told us all the News from *Paris*, and let fall several Words which gave me to understand, that he was still the same in respect of me; but I said nothing that could let him know that I understood him. And *Calemane*, cunning as he was, did not understand the Meaning neither of the Chevalier's Words, nor the Reservedness of my Conduct towards him. Supper being ended, I pretended to be taken with a great Pain in my Head, on purpose to retire to my Chamber, where I long'd to be; for the unexpected Ar-  
rival

rival of the Man whom I avoided, caused so great an Emotion in my Soul, that I could scarce conceal it ; and I was much afraid it would be perceived. Tho I never cast my Eyes towards the Chevalier but when Civility constrain'd me to it, yet I found in him every Grace and Charm that had before seduc'd my Heart against my Wlil, and I wanted to deliver my self from the Constraint that I was under. I called to mind what it had cost me to hide my Weakness from him, when he surprized me in the Garden, the Disorder into which he had now thrown me, and the Diffidence I had Reason to have of my self : All this, I say, made me to look on him at *Gondez* with trembling, and I wished that he would be gone thence immediately. I spent the Night in these Agitations of Mind, and after a great Contest imposed that difficult Task upon my self, to let him speak to me in private, that I might complain to him of his imprudent Visit, and oblige him not only to withdraw himself from all Places where I was, but likewise never to make any more steps which might let me know that he was not perfectly cured of a Passion which so highly offended me. With this Design I rose in the Morning mnch earlier than usual, and caused all the Windows to be set open of my Apartment ; which was on the Ground Floor, even with a large Parterre, where the Fountains of Water play'd and cooled the Air, giving a delicious Freshnes to this side of the Caitle. The Chevalier, more diligent than I was, was walking there before I rose ; and perceiving

that I was stirring, drew near to the Window, and seeing me there, pass'd by, making only a profound Reverence ; so I sent *Souville* to tell him, that I was ready to see him. *Shall I be then so happy, Madam,* said he, as he enter'd the Room where I was, *to find that you do not condemn my Temerity in coming to look for you in your Retirement ? and is it Truth that I see you thus alone ! Oh, Madam, — — —* Say no more, said I, interrupting him, the same Reasons that made me forbid you to entertain me with your Love at *Paris*, makes me find fault here with the bold step you have now taken. I neither ought, nor will conceal my Thoughts of it from you, 'tis a great Injury you do me ; in a word, you are altogether indifferent to me, or else you are too dear ; if you are the first, your persevering thus in loving me must be very unpleasing, and you can do nothing that can claim any Return ; if you are dear to me, I ought to look on you as an Enemy to my Glory, and one whom I ought always to avoid. And if I am in this Condition, and you should come to know it, you will not be the happier ; my Reason will make me sacrifice you to my Duty, in so rigorous a manner, that neither my Words, Voice, Looks, or any the least mark of Tenderness shall disclose my Folly. *What, Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, can your Duty oblige you to find fault with so respectful a Passion as mine is for you ? And can it be a Crime only to see me at *Gondez* ? If I am indifferent to you, cannot you suffer me out of Pity ? and if I am so bless'd not to be*

be so, why do you drive me away with so much Cruelty? Ah, Madam, can you be insensible of the Grief it gives me. If, said I, to mitigate that Grief, and render it supportable, it will suffice that I tell you, that I do not see you without Pity, I consent that you shall leave me with this Consolation; but remember, that on this Condition I injoin you to go hence this Day, and your Obedience shall be a Proof of the Tenderness which you have for me, and the only thing in which you can oblige me: In fine, Merit by this Compliance, that I may think of you without doing Injury to my Duty, or the Sentiments of Esteem which I have for you. Well, Madam, said the Chevalier, well, I must then go; my Submission, and the Respect I show to your Commands, oblige me to it. 'Tis enough, I know you too well to reply, or hope to obtain any Favour; neither my Love, nor the Despair I am in to leave you, can prevail upon you to mitigate the cruel Command which you have given. Adieu, Madam; remember only that I am the most wretched, the most amorous, and the most submissive of your Slaves, and the most to be pitied of all Mankind. The Grief which the Chevalier's Departure caused in my Heart, was the more violent because I hid it, and it almost overwhelm'd me: his Grief also appear'd to be extreme.

When I found my self alone with Souville, and the Chevalier had left me, I said to her, the Tears streaming down my Face, Alas! dost thou comprehend the dreadful State of

Mind in which the Chevalier has left me? What Efforts have I not used over my Soul to speak those cruel Words, and drive him from me? and what a Sacrifice has he made to me in obeying? How satisfy'd am I with the Respect he has shew'd, which I find equal to his Love; but alas! what will this his Submission cost my Heart? I find my self more weak than ever. This transitory Sight of him, has destroy'd all the Resolutions I had made in eight Months Reflection; ah! why did he come in my View, and appear so charming, so tender, so submissive? and here I wept anew. Two Days after he left Gondez, his Valet de Chambre came to present his Respects to me, and finding me alone, gave me a Letter from his Master, which was to this Effect.

## The LETTER.

Madam,

THE positive manner in which you were pleas'd to command me to leave Gondez, makes me fear that you think me still too near here at Rennes; therefore I will go hence, with the melancholy Thought, that I have no other way left to avoid becoming hateful to you, but by avoiding all Places where you are. Cruel thought! yet I will not murmur. Give me leave only to expostulate: Is this the Recompense of a Love so respectful, which never aimed at any thing more than to be pity'd, and which a Woman of your virtuous Character need never have had the least fear of?

Nor

Nor have I done the least thing contrary to that Respect. But alas, Madam, what am I doing? This is no time to justify a Passion which you disapprove, I shall again disobey your Commands. Ah! how cruel is my Fate, that I must not have the poor Consolation to implore your Compassion; or complain, tho my Sufferings exceed all I can say, or you can imagine? Just Heaven, was ever Man so wretched!

I own, Madam, that I could not retain the Tears which flow'd from my Eyes at the reading of this Letter; it would be a Crime, said I to my self, to show the Grief with which I am seiz'd; but can it be one to lament his Misfortune in private? Cruel *Devoir*, art thou not content? do I not sacrifice to thee the most ardent Passion that ever dwelt in a Heart? is it not enough that I conceal my Weakness? what canst thou lay to my Charge? His Passion for me is violent, but his Respect is extraordinary. He asks no more but my Pity, and I treat him with nothing but Disdain. Here I stopp'd, and a little recovering my Reason, came to my self, ashame'd that I had abandon'd my self to these Thoughts. What then, said I, I love the Chevalier, and dare not resist that fond Passion any longer; nay, I even applaud my own Folly. Is this the way to forget him? can I without blushing think him faultless who causes me to weep, and commit such Oversight as my Duty forbids me once to yield to? Thus I past the Hours when alone in the most cruel Conflicts between Love and Duty.

Monsieur

Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z** and *Disenteuil* arrived some Days after, and I told them that the Chevalier *de Fanime* coming down to the meeting of the States, had made me a Visit. *Disenteuil* appear'd troubled at this News, and I saw in his Face how greatly his Love made him alarm'd at it; for I alone could read his Thoughts in his Eyes. Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z** chid me for not having kept the Chevalier longer, or engaged him to return to *Gondez* before he left the Country. *But I will make your Apology*, said he, *when we go to Rannes, and I shall be overjoy'd to see him.*

Some Months after, an Affair of Consequence oblig'd Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z** to return to *Paris*, and he did all that he was able to persuade me to go thither also; whilst I made use of all the Power that I had over him to prevail with him to leave me at *Gondez*, which I at last obtain'd.

It was now the midst of the Winter, and it was a very cold unpleasant Season. I had a great deal of Tenderness for Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z**, so that I saw him go from me with a sincere Concern: *Disenteuil* bore him Company; and he left me with so profound a Grief, which, tho his Tongue was silent, his Face discover'd. I was truly sensible of his Pain, and my Soul was sincerely touched with Pity; for tho I did not love, yet I esteem'd him highly.

And now I was left alone at *Gondez* with *Calemane*, who was tenderly attached to me; and I fell into so deep a Melancholy, which he only attributed to the solitary way of Life which

which I did lead, that scarce any Woman but my self could have supported it. At last he proposed Reading to me, because he knew that I was a great Lover of it, and he told me that the Subjects we should chuse to read of, would afford us Matter to discourse of, and that this would be an agreeable as well as useful way to pass our time. I accepted the Offer, hoping that this Employment would divert my Thoughts; and indeed this way of Life, with *Calemane*, did me a great Kindness; for it gave occasion for such Conversations, as his Wit render'd agreeable, and were always very instructive and of great use to me: for he was very learned as well as very chearful and complaisant. It was now three Months since Monsieur DE GONDEZ had been at *Paris*, when I received a Letter from my Father, to inform me, that it was now eight Days since my Husband had been sick of a violent Fever. At this News I was struck to the Heart with Grief: Monsieur DE GONDEZ was in Years, and I was in the utmost Fear for his Life; so I delay'd not a Moment, but prepared to set out and take Post to go and assist him with my tender Care and Company: *Calemane* used all his Endeavours to hinder my undertaking such a Journey at so unfit a Seafon of the Year. *Disenteuil* had writ to him that Monsieur DE GONDEZ was at the point of Death: on which this tender Friend, who concealed this from me, fearing that I should not get to *Paris* but only time enough to have the Grief to see Monsieur DE GONDEZ expire, would have hinder'd me.

But

But finding that he could not detain me from flying to his Aid, he desired me to permit him to bear me Company, it being altogether improper that I should be left alone ; and that the Friendship he had for Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z** would not suffer him to abandon me in the unhappy Condition in which I was at this time. I thank'd him for his obliging Care of me, and accepted his Offer of going with me.

So we set out the next Morning at break of Day ; but I had not gone twenty Leagues, when I met *Disenteuil's* Valet de Chambre, who gave me this Letter.

#### The L E T T E R.

**H**OW unpleasant an Office is it for me, Madam, to be obliged to acquaint you with such News, as will give you the greatest Grief possible : We have just lost Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z**. This Misfortune does perhaps fore-run the last that I can be touched withal ; besides, so soon as I have perform'd the last melancholy Devoirs due to his Memory, I will come to you, with no other Design but to mingle my Tears with yours, and to inform you of your own Affairs relating to your Interest, which shall ever be infinitely more dear to me than my own.

I cannot express to you, Madam, to what a degree I was touched with Grief at this sad News. Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z** merited the most tender Regard, and deserved to be lamented

mented with uncommon Grief, by the great Tenderness and Regard which he had always had for me. It was not his fault if I did not love him ; for he wanted neither Good-nature nor Complaisance to gain a Wife's Affection, and make me one of the happiest Women in the World, and I should have been one of the most ungrateful, if I had not sincerely regretted his Loss. *Disenteuil* had at the same time writ another Letter to *Calemane*, and recommended me to him, in Terms full of Friendship to him, and Tenderness for me, to endeavour to calm the Transports of Sorrow which he imagin'd that I should fall into at this News. *Make use*, said he, *my dear Calemane*, *of all your Wit*, and *of the Power which the just Esteem that Madam DE GONDEZ must have for you*, gives you, to hinder her from giving too much way to Grief, and comfort her under a Misfortune which Reason ought to convince her is irremediable, and therefore to be submitted to with such Resignation as becomes a Christian, and a Lady of her Sense. All this, and ten times more, *Calemane* said to me. *The Sense you have of the Loss of your Husband, Madam*, said he, *is very commendable* ; nevertheless, *I must tell you*, *that if you carry it too far you are much to blame*, and it will be thought a great Weakness in a Woman of your Character rather than a Proof of your Affection ; use some Violence on your self to overcome your Grief, which can never recal him to Life whose Loss you lament. *Calemane* thus used all his Efforts to persuade me to come to make use of

of my Reason, and to hide from me how much he was concerned himself at the same time, and how little he enjoy'd this Tranquillity of Mind, which he so exhorted me to attain to ; for he was in reality almost as much afflicted as I was, for the Loss of a Man who was a real and a useful Friend to him. He conducted me back to Gondez, where, on my Arrival, I received a Letter from my Father, who order'd me to come immediately to *Paris*. *Disenteuil* arriv'd in four and twenty Hours after I received this Letter, and found me so cast down, and in such an afflicted Condition as he expected. The Esteem which he had for me, had inform'd him how ill I should support such a Loss. After our mutual Tears had for some time kept us silent, and we had pay'd the just Tribute due to Monsieur *de Gondez's* Memory, he spake to me in these Terms.

Having thus, Madam, said he, pay'd the Debt due to Nature, and the happy Dead, let us now think and act like Christians, and reasonable Creatures. Our Misfortune admits of no Remedy ; that Fortitude of Soul which you have on all other Occasions shewn, must now be used, and your Affliction ought not to binder you from thinking and taking care of your Domestick Affairs. Cast your Eyes then on my dear Uncle's Will, which he put into my Hands when he was dying ; in which you will find the strongest Proofs of his Love for you, and his Friendship for me. At these Words he drew forth the Paper out of his Pocket. Ah ! Count, said I, for Heaven's sake

sake do not let me look once on that dreadful Paper, I will not see what will only renew my Tears, and redouble my Grief. I have no Desire to know what your dear Uncle has left me, since he is lost who was more dear to me than all other things. Well then, *Madam*, said he, *we will defer the Reading of it till you are returned to Paris, and I will put this last Disposition of my Uncle's Will into the Hands of Monsieur the Count de Bronsel, and him I will inform of all that relates to your real Interest; for I am the ablest to acquaint him with Monsieur de GONDEZ's dying Sentiments and Will; and if by chance he who writ the Will has left any thing obscure, 'tis for me to explain and make it clear; which I shall perform with no other View, but to perform my Duty.* No, said I, I shall not trouble you with Explanations, I understand you, and I ought to think of doing my Duty as well as you; you would in vain disguise those generous Sentiments which make you act thus, but I should be sorry that you should become the Victim to that Generosity. But let us talk no more of this Affair, but defer it till another time; and believe that I am so touched with your noble Deportment towards me, that I will never refuse to obey my dear Lord's Commands: and you may be happy if you are content with the Assurance which I now give you, that of all Men living, you are the Person whom I the most esteem, and in whom I place the greatest Confidence. *Disenteuil's Generosity in concealing his Uncle's dying Commands to me, relating to him,*

at

at such a time, his manner of disguising his Passion : All this did not surprize me, tho it redoubled my Admiration ; for I was used to behold this virtuous, wise Man, do things worthy of Praise, and he still furnish'd me with new Occasions to esteem him.

Madam *de Venneville* writ me a condoling Epistle on this melancholy Occasion ; and I found in her Packet, a Letter from the Chevalier *de Fanime*. He had a great deal of Wit, and knew me too well to mention any thing of Love to me, in the Compliment of Condolance which he made me. I writ an Answer to the Countess, and desir'd her in my Letter to return the Chevalier my Thanks, for the Interest he took in what regarded me. I receiv'd also marks of Friendship from the amiable Madam *de Fussy* : her Letter was tender, and capable of mollifying the most piercing Grief.

After having regulated, in some kind, the Affairs which we had in *Bretagne*, we took the Road to *Paris* ; and I forgot nothing that might engage *Calemane* to come along with us ; but all my Efforts, and the Count's, were in vain. *I return to Paris*, said he ? you don't consider that *I am a Man born with a great deal of Vanity and Pride*, who am now neither young, nor rich, and love to speak my Thoughts freely on all Occasions ; and a Man inclined to Pleasure, ought not to come near a City where *Truth* must not be spoken, where *Vice reigns*, where *Age and Poverty* are ridiculed, where *I shall soon repent coming*, and be drawn in to commit some Folly which I

*shall*

shall blush for in secret, tho many People there may applaud me for it. *Disentueil*, like a true and generous Friend, made him very kind Offers to remove these Difficulties; but *Calemane* refused them, and said, *Well then, to let you see that I am willing to be obliged, give me then leave to stay behind at Gondez, and I will wait here your Return, and not go home to Vannes.* This was agreed, and so we left him there.

I soon arriv'd at *Paris*, at my Father's, who was sensibly touched at the sight of me, when he came to embrace me, to find me so alter'd with Grief, and gave me some Days to repose my self, before he talk'd to me about any Business.

So soon as I was come, Madam *de Venneville* came to see me, with the Count her Brother. The Grief which Monsieur D E GONDEZ's Death had given me, had abated the foolish Passion which had troubled me, and I appear'd very sad and cold to the Chevalier; and this render'd him more fearful and cautious in speaking to me in the Sequel, than ever he had been in the time when I look'd on it as a Crime in him to love, or speak to me of his Passion.

So soon as my Father thought that I was in a Condition to hear him, this is what he said to me :

*Daughter, it is fit that I should now acquaint you with Monsieur D E GONDEZ's Sentiments at the time of his Decease, and that you should know his Will and Pleasure at that time. And he has left a Charge with*

*me*

me to tell you his Commands, and to bring you to agree to obey them ; not so much by the Authority of a Father, as by that of being your best and truest Friend ; and I have given my Word to this dear dying Man, in the Presence of the Count de Disenteuil, for you ; which I hope your Respect for me, my dear Child, and the Value you have for your dead Husband, whose Worth was inestimable, will make you ratify, and will prevail with you to condescend to his Request and mine.

When Monsieur de GONDEZ found himself in the last Agonies of Death, he said to me, embracing me, My Lord, and Father, and Friend, I leave you a Daughter, which Heaven was pleased to bestow on me, to make me the happiest of all Mankind ; and how blest should I now think my self, since I can no longer possess her, if I could flatter my self that she and you would both give your Consent to let my Nephew succeed me in her Heart and Bed, and that I might bequeath that Treasure to his Arms. Ah ! what a happy Union of Virtues would there be, and what a Pleasure would it be for me to think in these my last Moments, that those two Persons, who were all that I esteem'd most dear to me in Life, should be join'd and made so blest when I am dead. Their own Interests demand this Union : Madam de GONDEZ will not then lose a Name which I flatter my self that she has born with Pleasure ; Disenteuil will do honour to that Name, by his Probity, his unspotted Character, and a Merit so uncommon, and he only is capable of making her happy.

Then

Then turning to his Nephew, he said to him, My dear Nephew, Madam DE GONDEZ's Virtues are so well known to you, that you cannot be insensible of her Charms, nor displeased at the Request which I make to the Count *de Brionsel*. The Esteem and Friendship which I have always seen you shew for his Daughter, my dear Wife, joined with the Charms of her Person, will not fail in a short time to kindle a tender Passion for her in your Heart, which I believe is at present free from all Pre-engagements. In fine, I flatter my self that you will remember my dying Request, and I must even desire that you will now let me know your Thoughts of this Proposal. Speak *Disenteuil* freely, *said he*, and let nothing hinder you from declaring your Thoughts. 'Tis not with fruitless Tears that you should honour my Memory; I pass without Regret from Life to Death, and leave the World with Joy; fear not to tell your Sentiments. The Count melted into a Flood of Tears, testifying to his Uncle, how sensible he was of all these singular marks of his Bounty and Affection towards him. But if I am, *said he to the dying GONDEZ*, so unfortunate to lose you, I shall have the same Respect that I had for you, for my Lord *de Brionsel* to my dying Hour. And 'tis for you my Lord, *said he*, addressing himself to me, now to declare your Pleasure to my dear Uncle; and I shall think my self but too happy, if your Sentiments agree with his. 'Tis you must declare your Pleasure to Madam DE GONDEZ, and my Uncle's Desires, and that may perhaps prevail with her

her in my favour, since I have not Merit enough to presume to ask so great a Blessing without your Intercession and Interest in her; and were all Womankind set before me to choose, she should be my Choice. *And for my own part, continu'd my Father, my dear Child, I shall not debate one Moment to tell you, that I earnestly desire to see you united with a Man of so great Merit as Disenteuil. I shall not mention the Advantages of his Fortune, nor the great Dignities he may with Reason hope to attain to, his Virtues alone make me regard him as only worthy to possess a Daughter whom I love and esteem above all earthly things.*

When my Father had made an end of speaking, I answer'd him in these Words : Sir, Monsieur **D E G O N D E Z** has too greatly merited my Affection, for me not to regard his last Commands with the greatest Veneration ; and the Submission which I have ever had for yours, will never be alter'd nor diminish'd. But my Lord and Father, I beg that you would consider my present Condition : Can I, in this dismal Dress, think of giving my Hand to a second Husband ? or can I be at my own Disposal, indeed, till I have paid the Debt due to my Husband's Memory, and the time is past which Decency and Duty require me to spend in Mourning for him ? I do not make these Excuses, my Lord, because I am not sensible, or have not a true Value for the Chevalier **Disenteuil**'s great Merit and rare Qualifications. No, my Lord, I had always a sincere Friendship and Esteem for him, founded

on

on the Knowledge which I had in particular of his Humour and rare Principles ; and I am persuaded that he is too generous to make an Advantage of his Uncle's Request in his Favour, and your Consent, to press me to comply with them before Decency, and my own Inclination, makes it fit : Besides, the Tenderness Monsieur DE GONDEZ shew'd for us both on his Death-bed, engages us to shew more than a common Respect for his Memory, and to mourn his Loss a longer time than is customary. On these Words my Father left me, saying only, That he was very well pleased with my Sentiments, having no other Design in what he had said, but to acquaint me with Monsieur DE GONDEZ's, and his own Pleasure on that Subject, that I might not give ear to any other Proposals of Marriage which might be made to me, and desir'd me to look upon the Count *de Disenteuil* for the future, as a Man whom he had chosen from amongst all Mankind, to be my Husband. And at this time being sensibly touch'd with my Husband's Death, I did not so much as reflect that I was now become Mistress of my self ; and might if I pleased, recompense the Chevalier's Passion ; for my Mind was wholly taken up with my Father's Goodness, and *Disenteuil's* Merit. But what a Revolution did my Father's last Words occasion in my Soul ! Now I began to be sensible how disagreeable I found the Authority of a Parent, tho exercised with the greatest gentleness ; and to suspect that *Disenteuil* spurr'd him on to act thus : Nay, I was even ready to murmur against the Author of

my Birth, and to hate the Man whose Value was inestimable. And the tender Sentiments which I had for the Chevalier reviv'd at this instant with greater Force than ever ; so that I forgot both *Disenteuil* and my Father, and thought of nothing but to find out the means to be join'd with the Man I lov'd : and altho I foresaw great Difficulties, yet I flatter'd my self that I should surmount them all. And that Thought restor'd Peace to my Mind, and I took up a Resolution deliberately, to be immovable against all the Attempts which my Father and *Disenteuil* should make to gain me to their Will.

I was in this Disposition of Mind, when I was told that *Disenteuil* was entering the Apartment : At first I had a mind to be deny'd to him, but the need I had of him to manage my Affairs, and the desire that I had to know whether my Father and he acted thus in concert with one another, made me change my Mind ; so he came in, and observing an alteration in my Face, *What, Madam, said he, is the Cause that you seem thus disorder'd ?* I answer'd, that my Father had been saying something to me which had occasion'd it. *What, Madam, said he, can any thing he has said to you concern you thus ? Is there ever any Difference between him and you ? he is so reasonable, and has so great an Affection for you, and you have so much Prudence and Respect for him, that it must be a very strange thing that must cause you to disagree.* This Discourse increased my Suspicions. *But, my Lord, said I, coldly, cannot a Father sometimes*

sometimes be to blame ? and a Daughter, tho one of the most dutiful, may she not be inclined, some time or other, to do something contrary to her Father's liking ? *Madam*, said *Disenteuil*, *I shall tell you my Opinion freely ; and as it is your Interest alone that makes me speak, I shall not speak as to the World in general, but as to your self in particular.*

*A Lady of your Character ought to have a great deal of Condescension to any thing a Father, especially such a one as Monsieur de Brionsel is, desires ; that is to say, in the general : But as to Particulars, the Father ought in his turn to have some Complaisance for such a Daughter ; and the Affection and Esteem he has for her, ought to induce him never to oppose any thing that may be for her good.* I must own that these last Words dissipated all my Suspicions ; for *Disenteuil* had an Air of Candor and Sincerity, which one could not resist to give credit to.

My Brother came in at this instant, which gave an Opportunity to *Disenteuil* to go out of the Room. The heroick Manner in which he had spoke to me, so contrary to his own Interest, had put him to some Pain, and he was glad to see *Mondelis* come, who broke off the Conversation, which perhaps would have lasted longer, and made him more uneasy, if he had said all he had to say on the Subject.

You know, Madam, how dearly I loved my Brother, and I believe you will excuse a Sister who takes the liberty of giving you the Re-

sons why she doats upon a Brother. It was not the Relation that was between us only, nor yet his Person, tho he was extremely handsome ; 'tis true he was not very tall, but he was finely shap'd, and all his Actions were perform'd with a Grace, and perfectly agreeable, and his Face was very taking ; for he was gay, complaisant without Affectation, noble yet not profuse, brave without Ostentation, nice in his Friendships, but sincere, tender, gallant, and had a vast deal of Merit. It was this made me love him, for his Humour was altogether engaging.

During three Months that I had been a Widow, I never asked him any News about his Amour with Madam *de Venneville*, and I believe that he did not dare to mention her to me, because of reminding me of the Chevalier her Brother. But one Day as we were alone together, I kindly reproach'd him with concealing his Affairs and Thoughts from me. *Sure, said I, you have forgot Madam de Venneville, and your Love is cool'd.* No my dear Sister, said he, *I love her as much as ever, but she does not love me ; her Indifference darts thro' her Eyes at every piercing Glance, when they meet mine full of Fire ; and she avoids with the utmost care to have any talk with me in private ; and when I find her alone by any fortunate Accident, and get a Moment's time to speak to her of my Love, tho in the most moving Terms, the cruel Fair bears me with Inquietude and Impatience. In fine, without forbidding me absolutely not to come where she is, I perceive that she omits*

nothing that may take from me all hopes of succeeding, and make me desist. But Brother, said I, you complain that you are not belov'd, without seeming to be jealous of a Rival ; perhaps 'tis only your own capricious Fancy that makes you thus uneasy. I know my own Sex so well, that if a Woman's Heart is not pre-engaged before, it will not long resist the Courtship of an agreeable Lover ; and therefore she must love you, or else you have some happy Rival, who has been beforehand with you. This may be, and yet have escap'd your Penetration, and I wonder that your Love has not occasion'd you to have these Suspicions long since. Is there any body that visits her with Affiduity ? No, answer'd my Brother, and I seek in vain on whom to cast my Suspicions ; I see no Person whom the Countess treats better than me : But for some time past she sees less Company, and I often find her very pensive, and perceive that she puts a Constraint upon her self to appear gay. In fine, she is no more than lively chearful Person that she was, whose pleasant Humour was so diverting to all the World. I am certain then, said I, that Madam de Venneville is in love ; for Love alone is capable of making such Alterations in our Sex. Yes, my dear Brother, you have a Rival, and he is belov'd ; examine well, and you will find him out. You must then assist me, my dear Sister, said he, try to discover the Countess's Thoughts, she will doubtless hide nothing from you ; and do not fear to tell me a Truth which will be of service to me, to drive from my Soul an unfortunate

Madam de Venneville saw me almost every Day, and the Chevalier made an Advantage of our Friendship, and sought for an Opportunity to speak to me without Witnesses ; but I avoided him : What, *said I*, is Monsieur de Gondez no sooner dead, but I expose my self to hear Discourses of Love, and from a Man who I shall perhaps hear with too much Pleasure, and let him see I have been long since pre-engaged in his Favour ? No, I will rather preserve his Esteem, which doubtless a Confession of my Folly would diminish. If he really loves me he will continue constant ; I will receive him civilly, and that's enough ; and I will wait a favourable Opportunity, when I may without injuring my Reputation or Modesty, constrain my self no longer. The Chevalier was always attentive and watchful for fit Opportunities, and found them, and declar'd his Passion ; and tho I was not Mistress enough of my self altogether to conceal my Thoughts from him, yet I made him believe by my Behaviour, that I had not entertain'd any such Thoughts of him, before my Husband's Death. The first thing he did, was to write me this Letter.

**The LETTER.**

Madam,

*Y*OU always do me the Honour to receive and treat me kindly, yet I cannot forbear to complain. My Eyes incessantly inform you, that

that **I** long for a Moment's Conversation with you alone, and you refuse it me. Are you afraid to be informed that **I** love you? or do you punish me for having before dared to tell you so? **I** do not pretend to justify my self as to that Action, **I** own that it was too bold a step for me to speak to you, in the Circumstances which you then were in; tho my Passion was the most violent and respectful that Man's could be, yet **I** condemn my self for it; nor do **I** seek to extenuate my Fault, by saying that it was the Violence of my Love that forced me to it, even against my Will. But now that Love is no longer a Crime, and if the Declaration of my Love offended you then, it ought not to do so now; Respect may still constrain me to bide it from the World, but only Death can extinguish it in my Breast. In your Eyes and Looks **I** shall endeavour to read the Answer of this Letter; but alas! now **I** fear to meet with nothing but Disdain there, the unfortunate Effect of all **I** have yet done to gain your Pity. Oh, bide at least that cruel Thought, and let Compassion soften the killing Darts your Eyes dispense, and do not drive me headlong to Despair; my Life depends upon your Goodness, and if you doom me to eternal Silence **I** will obey; and can you charge me now with being too ambitious, or blame me if **I** choose to die thus at your Feet? for nothing but your Compassion can prevent my doing so, or save your fond Admirer.

The Discourse my Father had made to me on Disenteuil's Account, had, as **I** told you

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before, revived my Love for the Chevalier ; and I must confess that this Letter so touch'd my Soul, that I easily yielded to favour him with less Scruple, and it confirm'd me in the Design which I had of not constraining my self any longer, since the Chevalier was as worthy of my Love, and as good a Match as *Disenteuil* ; but when I reflected on my dead Husband's Commands, my Father's Authority, and *Disenteuil*'s Merit and noble Depottment towards me, I was greatly embarrass'd, and all those pleasing Ideas of my boasted Freedom vanish'd. Alas ! thought I, how dare I disobey my dead Lord's Commands ; how disobedient must I show my self to my Father, and how ungrateful to *Disenteuil* ? These Thoughts rack'd my Soul, and yet render'd my Passion for the Chevalier more violent. And whilst I was in this Condition, an Accident befel the Chevalier, which I shall here relate to your Highness.

From the time that I had been a Widow I had lived at my Father's, and Madam *de Venneville* and the Chevalier lived together in the same Street : The Chevalier had supp'd in the Neighbourhood one Night, and was going home a-foot, when he was attack'd by three Men ; but he drew his Sword and made a vigorous Defence. At the same instant *Disenteuil* coming from my Father's in his Coach, saw by the Light of the Flambeaux the Chevalier thus engag'd with three Men, and generously threw himself out of his Coach, and ran to his Assistance. But he did not get up to him soon enough to prevent his being wounded

wounded quite thro' the Body with one of the Assassins Swords; so that he fell down, and they had doubtless killed him quite, but for *Disenteuil*, who seeing him fall, thought of nothing but of helping him, without troubling himself to pursue the Murderers: So he caused him to be immediately carry'd to his Sister's, Madam *de Venneville's*, whilst one of his Footmen ran for a Surgeon, who on probing his Wound, found it to be very dangerous. *Disenteuil* stay'd with him till ten the next Morning, busy in comforting Madam *de Venneville*, who was so afflicted, that she deserv'd to be pity'd. The Chevalier remain'd all this while insensible, and when he came to himself he was so weak and faint, that he seem'd scarce alive.

And now the Count believing that he had sufficiently show'd his Friendship to the Brother and Sister, came to my Father's, and I was alone in my Apartment, when he enter'd with the same Air as he used to speak to me; but he told me nothing of the Chevalier's Adventure, whom he had so generously succour'd, that he might have thought it for his own Honour to have mention'd it, but his Modesty and Discretion hinder'd him. So he spared to tell me this sad News, and would not be a witness of the Trouble it would give me.

But some Hours after my Brother inform'd me of the Condition the Chevalier was in, and how the Count had saved him; as also of the great Affliction Madam *de Venneville* was in. But he lessen'd the Danger the

Count was in, yet I felt at this melancholy Relation, so violent an Agitation in my Soul, that all my Senses were in disorder, and I had much ado to conceal from my Brother the great Concern that I had for the Chevalier, nor can I express to you, Madam, the Condition I was in ; but if your Soul has been sensible of that noble Passion mine felt, you will at this Instant imagine all mine suffer'd that cruel Hour ; but if you have been so fortunate to escape Love's Darts, 'tis but in vain that I should try to make you comprehend what I suffer'd on this occasion. At last recovering from the Disorder into which my Grief had thrown me at the first hearing this News, I sent to Madam *de Venneville*'s, to know if I could see her ; and she sent me back word that I might, and that she had too much need of Consolation to refuse my Company, of which she was so desirous. So I went to her immediately : the Condition I found her in would have drawn Tears from my Eyes, if her Brother's would have permitted me to shed any for any other Person but himself. But what did I become when I learned that there was scarce any hopes of his Life ! and with what a Death-like Agony was I seiz'd ! Ah ! Madam, what Torture did my Soul feel when Madam *de Venneville* told me that he had not spoke one Word, but only pronounced my Name ; and asked if I knew of the Accident that had befallen him, and if I was concern'd at it ? Yes, said I, in a tender Tone, I am indeed, and I wish to Heaven that the Concern I have for him could be of any use

to save him. Then I asked what was Peoples Opinion of these Assassins, and what she thought of this unfortunate Accident. The Countess told me, that it was certainly Thieves that had attack'd her Brother ; for she knew of no Enemies that he had. And then she told me all the particular Circumstances of this Adventure, and I was sensible of all the Generosity *Disenteuil* had shown on this occasion ; but so much Merit seem'd a Burden laid on me, and his concealing it so handsomly from me, was a secret Reproach to me of my own Weakness ; and I could scarce pardon him, that he let me see that he was so well acquainted with my Thoughts, by acting in so disadvantageous a manner for himself, and so nobly by his Rival.

These Ideas filled my Mind, whilst Madam *de Venneville* spoke of *Disenteuil* with all the Warmth and Vivacity that show'd to what a degree she was sensible of all the shining Qualities which he possessed. At this instant he enter'd the Room, and I reproached him that he had not told me of the Chevalier's Misfortune, in whose Danger he had shared so great a part, and in so generous a manner, that he might have with Reason spoke of it. *I know, Madam, said he, that you are so much Madam de Venneyville's Friend, that you must be highly concern'd at every thing that relates to her ; and therefore I could have wished that this bad News might have been kept a Secret from you, and I did not think fit to tell it you. As for the slight Service which I did the Chevalier, it neither deserves your Praise,*

*nor*

*nor Madam de Venneville's Thanks; for any honest Man, to whom the Chevalier had been a perfect Stranger, had done as much, and perhaps with more Success.* Concluding these Words *Disenfeuil* left us, and went into the Chamber to see his wounded Friend.

I pass'd all the Day with the Countess; and before I left her, I would be satisfy'd particularly of the Condition her Brother was now in; so she went into his Chamber, and came back and told me, that he seem'd to be pretty quiet, and in a Slumber. Then I bid her good-night, and went home with my Heart full of Grief; and I could not think of the Chevalier's Danger, without being in the utmost Fright and Distraction, so that your Highness may easily judge what a dreadful Night I past. So soon as it was Day, I sent *Souville* to the Countess, who told her that her Brother had past the Night pretty well, and that the Surgeon having dress'd his Wound again, did believe it was not mortal: a piece of News that put me into a Condition to support my Trouble better, and to hide it.

So soon as I had dined, I went to Madam *de Venneville's*, and told her, taking her tenderly in my Arms, Well then, my dear Countess, there is now some Hopes of the Chevalier's Life. *Alas!* said she, *those Hopes are very slight; for his Wound is so considerable, that I dare not to flatter my self too much, yet he does not seem to fear the Death that threatens him; but he fears that he shall not see you again before he dies.* Come let us go, my dear Countess, said I, and rid him of that

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Fear which may hurt him. At these Words I gave her my Hand, and we went into the Chevalier's Room.

But alas ! how great was my Grief, when I saw the Chevalier, whom I thought dying. *Ab ! how happy am I to see you*, said the Chevalier with a faint Voice, *and to assure you before I die, that I adore you !* There is no need to use Words, *said I*, to convince me of that at this time ; you must prove it to me by the Care that you take to preserve your Life. Repose is what you want, to help you out of the weak Condition you are now in : And if the Interest that I have in your Recovery can set your Soul at ease, I do then tell you, that it is not only Pity that causes the Trouble which I am now in to see you in this Condition, but something more. *Ab, Madam, cry'd the Chevalier, how precious do you now render Life to me, and how sorry should I be to lose it, since you permit me to believe that you value it ?* Respect it then, *said I*, affectionately, in keeping Silence, and not wasting your Spirits by talking, that you may preserve it, and I will sit by you, with this dear Sister of yours ; but if you talk, we will leave you alone. After having stay'd a great while by him, I took leave of him, saying, *Adieu my Lord, I leave you with Regret, and I wish that it was permitted me to stay with you, but I will see you every Day till you are well : So I did not give him leave to answer me, but went directly home.* And now the Chevalier's Wound healed as well as could be desir'd, tho it was a very dreadful

dreadful one ; and I went to see him every Day, and *Disenteuil* did the same, and my Brother scarce ever left him. But some Days after the Chevalier's Adventure, I found the Countess all alone in her Closet ; and she told me that her Brother was asleep : and altho she had often entertain'd me with the great Obligation her Brother had to *Disenteuil*, yet she again renew'd the Discourse, praising the Count's Generosity, and professing what a grateful Sense she had of it. And then she took occasion to enlarge her Discourse on *Disenteuil*'s great Merit and Bravery, which she set forth in so lively a manner, that I could not forbear to tell her, smiling, I almost believe that *Disenteuil* is my Brother's Rival. The Countess blush'd at this Discourse, and I saw her Disorder ; and having a Desire to make an Advantage of it, the better to discover her Sentiments, I added, My Brother, indeed, complains that he is not belov'd, and now I perceive that 'tis not Indifference that stops his way to your Heart, but Love, which doubtless has pre-engag'd your Affections in favour of some other. But tell me, my dear Friend, *said I*, the Truth ; my Friendship for you merits that you should trust me with this Secret ; and the Esteem you owe to my Brother, demands it of you ; nor ought you to encourage him to feed a Passion in his Breast, since you are not in a Condition to reward and gratify it. The Countess, after having fetched a deep Sigh, said to me, *Well then, I must I find at last discover the Secret of my Soul to you, nor can I longer bide it.*

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Do you remember, said she, the three Days that we pass'd together at St. Maure, at Madam de Jussy's, about two Years ago this Autumn, and how charming and agreeably the Count de Disenteuil entertain'd us all with his Wit and Behaviour ? But alas ! how dear has the Pleasure I took in his Company cast me ? What then, said I, you really love Disenteuil ? Yes, said she, I do indeed passionately, and with the greatest Violence ; yet I have ever kept it a Secret, nor have I need to blush for the Choice that I have made ; nay, my utmost Ambition is answer'd in him. But I blush when I reflect that I love, without being beloved again ; for alas ! Disenteuil loves not me, he is used to see me every Day, but sees me without Concern ; nay, perhaps, without so much as regarding any thing I do or say. You injure Disenteuil, said I, more than your self, in supposing him so stupid, and senseless of your Merit, and torment your self with vain Chimera's. 'Tis impossible but he must love you ; you are so young and beautiful, that you need not doubt of gaining his Affection : Disenteuil has too much Sense and Judgment not to discern your Merit, and his own Interest in being yours. But doubtless he has no Hopes of your loving him ; and 'tis now your Interest to give him some Intimation of your liking him, that he may divine that his Addresses will be well receiv'd, and then you will discover his Thoughts. Make use of this favourable Opportunity, when under the pretence of Gratitude for the Service he has done your Brother, you may

treat him with more Kindness and Freedom than heretofore. No, cry'd the Countess, I will not for the World have him know my Weakness; for if he knew it, I should have less Hopes than ever. Men love the Pains and Difficulties of gaining us, nor value an easy Conquest; to yield too soon, is the certain way to be despised. This is a Truth which I am so well convinced of, that I would if possible discover the Sentiments of his Heart, and know whether I have any Rival, before he discovers mine. The Confidence I have reposed in you, my dear Countess, said she, does it not deserve a like Return from you? Tell me then, for you see the Count every Day, and are no doubt perfectly acquainted with his most secret Thoughts, Is he pre-engag'd? and must I never hope to gain him? Oh! name the happy fair one, that I may exert my Reason, and not doat longer to my Ruin. And if I should inform you of a Rival, said I, what would you do? I would vanquish my Weakness, said she, and triumph over my Folly. How foolish are you, my Friend, said I, to think that you could cease to love *Disenteuil*, because he loved another? On the contrary, you would rather love him more eagerly, and it would feed your Flame, and nourish it with Poison, to let you know that *Disenteuil* is in love. 'Tis true you would gain an Object for your Hatred in a Rival, but that Hate would only serve to stir up Affection for him, to increase your Torment. As I was speaking these Words, *Disenteuil* enter'd the Room, and the Countess shew'd

so much Concern in her Face, that he thought the Chevalier had been worse, and asked her of his Welfare, in a very obliging Manner, and told her in a very friendly way, that one must be more moderate in one's Concern for Friends and Relations, when one has a great deal of good Sense, such as she was known to be Mistress of. My Brother came in at this instant, and asked us why we were not with the Chevalier, who was awake? So we went to him, and *Disenteuil* placed himself just over against me, and I observed that he examin'd my Looks as he was used to do, all the while that I stay'd at the Countess's.

When I came home, I reflected on the Confession that the Countess had made to me of her Love to the Count; and it gave me some Pain, for fear she should discover that I was the Object of *Disenteuil*'s Affection, and that she would be angry that I had conceal'd that Secret from her. I also feared that his Love to me would be an invicible Qbstacle to her Desires. This last Reflection did not proceed from any Vanity in me, for I render'd Justice to the Countess's Charms; but I knew *Disenteuil* so well, that I was sure that neither Time, nor the seeming Impossibility of obtaining me, and succeeding in his Design to marry me, could ever alter him; and I loved him with so pure and tender a Friendship, that I could not wish that he should do so base a thing, as to become false to his Vows, and shew himself inconstant. I did not doubt but that Madam *de Venneville* had every Qualification which could make a Man happy: and that Thought

Thought gave me some Hopes of her succeeding. But then *Disenteuil*'s Coldness towards her, and constant Temper, and the Countess's Pride and Vanity, made me again doubtful. Give them, *said I to my self*, frequent Opportunities of seeing one another, Madam *de Venneville*'s Beauty and Wit may perhaps in the end make some Impression upon *Disenteuil*; and the sight of him, being so belov'd by her, may make her lay aside her Pride, which at present hinders her from letting him see how much she loves him. I likewise resolved to trust Madam *de Jussy* with my Design, and to get to give *Disenteuil* notice of the favourable Sentiments which the Countess had for him. There was none but my Brother, for whom I was concerned, and that embarrass'd me in this Design; for to him I was indeed no Friend in pursuing it. And I was in this false to him; for his Passion was made the Victim to gratify mine. 'Tis true he was not beloved, no more was not the Countess by *Disenteuil*, and the Despite which she might in time have conceived on his rejecting her Love, might have turn'd to my Brother's Advantage. On all this I made many Reflections, and at last chose to say nothing of Madam *de Venneville*'s Passion for the Count to my Brother, but I resolv'd to use all my Endeavours to cure him of his Love for her.

Madam *de Jussy* came the next Day to see me; she came then from *St. Maure*, and knew nothing of the Accident which had befallen the Chevalier. I acquainted her with

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it; and tho I had a very great Esteem for her, yet it put me to some Pain to disclose my Thoughts to her; but the want that I had of her Assistance, overcame my Scruples; and in fine, I discover'd all the Secrets of my Soul to her, and hid nothing from her but the Uneasiness which I had suffer'd on the Chevalier's Account, during Monsieur DE GONDEZ's Lifetime. After I had own'd my own Weakness, I mention'd the Countess's for *Disenteuil*, nor did I hide from her the Inquietude I labour'd under, nor all my whole Designs. And when I had sufficiently instructed her in all that was necessary for my purpose, we went together to Madam *de Venneville's*, whom we found alone; and Madam *de Jussy* testify'd to her in a very friendly manner, her Concern for the Misfortune that had befallen the Chevalier. And the Countess told her that he owed his Life to *Disenteuil*, and she said a great deal about him, enough to convince Madam *de Jussy* that she was indeed passionately in love with him.

It was now twelve Days since the Chevalier was wounded, and he began to be much better; and when his Sister and I came into his Chamber, we found him holding a Picture in a Gold Case, in his Hand. The Case I immediately knew to have been mine; for I had given it to his Sister a great while before. The first thing he did was to try to hide it from me; but I asked why he would not let me see it, and if he did not esteem me enough to trust me with a sight of it. His Concern redoubled my Curiosity; so I took the Picture

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out of his Hand, which was shut, nor did he make any Resistance. I opened the Case easily, knowing before the Secret to do it; but my Surprize was very great, when I found that it was my own Picture that was in it, in the room of another which was only the Painter's Fancy, which was in it when I gave it to the Countess. The Chevalier, who saw my Surprize, said to me, *Madam, I know your Goodness so well, that you will spare the Reproaches which the Liberty I have taken might otherwise merit, 'twas Love embolden'd me. Alas ! this Picture, which I have obtain'd without your leave, has been all my Consolation, and given me the Strength to support your Absence. Ah ! Madam, said he passionately, do not be so cruel as to take it from me ; for if you do, I shall die with Grief ; give it me back, and add to the Pleasure which I have taken in receiving it from the Hands of Fortune, that which I shall be sensible of at present in receiving it from yours. It would not be generous in me, said I, in the Condition you are now in, to chide you, and less to take it from you ; take it then, and keep it for my sake.* The Chevalier, transported with Joy, took my Hand, which held the Picture to him, and kiss'd it passionately. I took it gently from him, and continu'd my Discourse in these Words : *Nor do I, said I, give you back your Picture because it is yours by right, but I put it into your Hands as a Pledge of the Sentiments which I have for you, and which I now dare*

to

to own without blushing. *Good Heavens,* cry'd he, *this alone is enough to compensate for all the Ills which I have suffered in my whole Life past.* *Ah! Madam, look but upon me,* said he, *feeing that my Eyes were cast down, look but upon mine, and you will there see that Passion shine which glows in my Breast.* *Say, are you then at last sensible of my Love, and am I so bless'd as to have touch'd your Heart?* and whilst I complain'd of your Cruelty, it was perhaps only Duty and Honour that occasion'd you to treat me so rigorously; say—Hold, my Lord, said I, interrupting him, be assured my Heart never knew what it was to err from my Duty. Your Passion always merited my Pity, and I could never deny you that; but now things are chang'd, and your Perseverance has so far gained my Love, that I no longer hide it from you; but you must now merit my Affection by concealing the Secret from all the rest of the World, and our Loves must be a Mystery; for you must consider, that I depend upon a Father whom I love and honour, and one whose Consent I do not expect to gain easily, to give you my Hand. You know him well, and tho' he loves me, yet he is very absolute; and I have always been very obedient to him, nor shall I ever fail in my Respect to him; yet do not be alarmed to find me thus disposed; for I have still such a Dependence on his Affection, that I hope to gain him in the end. I fear that he will at first make some Objections

tions as to your Fortune, tho' he can't to your Quality and Person, and not think it great enough for me ; you must therefore trust to Time and my Conduct, to surmount these Obstacles. *Ah, how happy am I,* cry'd the Chevalier in a Rapture, *to hear this from your Mouth ; my good Fortune exceeds all that I ever dared to wish.* Prescribe to me, Madam, the Conduct you would have me keep, and be assured, that it shall be my whole Study to obey, and to give you continual Proofs of the Affection and tender REGARD which I have for you.

We pass'd the rest of the Day without Constraint, or being importuned with any Visitor : and the Countess's Presence did no ways hinder the Liberty with which we entertain'd one another. And this was the first Moment of my Life, in which I had tasted the Pleasure of looking upon, loving, and talking freely to the Man I loved, and showing to him without Scruple or Reserve, that my Tenderness for him equalled that which he had for me ; and I believed his as pure and sincere as mine was. Ah ! happy Moments, which filled my Soul with a secret Joy and Satisfaction, which I had never felt before. And now my Resolutions were all confirm'd, to surmount all the Difficulties that could possibly arise to oppose that supreme Felicity which I fancy'd my self going to possess.

But I fear your Highness is almost tired with reading my Story, which is not yet far advanced,

advanced, and it is time that you should rest. But the Chevalier's Adventure having doubtless awaken'd your Desires to know the Conclusion of it, I must therefore beg leave to tell you, that you shall have a farther Account of us in my next Letter, where you will find him perfectly cur'd of his Wound, but not me of my Folly, till the Conclusion of my Story. *I am,*

*Your Highness's*

*Devoted Servant, &c.*

*The End of the First Part.*



THE



THE  
 LIFE  
 Of the COUNTESS  
 DE GONDEZ.

---

P A R T II.

---

TO HER  
 Most Serene Highness the PRINCESS  
*de la ROCHE-SUR-YON.*

MADAM,



OUR Highness does press me in  
 too obliging a manner, to give  
 you the Sequel of my Story, for  
 me to defer it a Moment longer.  
 I write with no other Design but  
 to amuse you, and without being nice or  
 exact in the Style, or observing any Regula-  
 tity

rity in relating my Adventures ; nor can I promise that this last Part shall excel the first ; but all this I know, that your Highness will excuse, and consider that as I write no Romance, but that Truth is my Guide ; and the Friendship you have been pleas'd to honour me withal (which makes you concern'd to know my Adventures) the Motive to excite me to use my Pen on this Subject. These Reasons, I am confident, will prevail with you to pass by my Errors, and esteem, yet more, an Author who writes only to divert you, and in obedience to your Commands.

I had always a very tender Friendship for Madam *de Fussy*, and I shall leave it to your Highness to judge by her Description whether she did not merit it. Her Person was completely handsome, she was admirably shap'd, had a very brisk and lively Air, was perfectly genteel, and free and easy in her Deportment ; and tho her Features were not regular, yet the Sense that shone in her Eyes, and the Agreeableness of her Look, made her charming. Her Sense and Judgment were sound and extensive, she was quick of Apprehension, very pleasant in Conversation, understood Raillery, yet never gave Offence ; her Conversation enliven'd all Companies, and inspir'd Mirth and Gaiety. She had acquir'd a great deal of Knowledge by Reading, and was learned above her Sex ; yet that did not render her rash in deciding Disputes, or conceited. She was noble, sincere, and generous ; in fine, she was just in all her Actions, and virtuous to the highest Degree. This, Ma-

*The Life of the*  
dam, is Madam *de Fussy*'s true Character and Description; but she was born to so small a Fortune, as did not suit the Nobility of her Birth. At the Death of her Father she was but seven Years of Age; but her Mother, who was a Lady of great Merit, took care of her Education, which was her only Pleasure, and a very laudable one too; for she was a Lady who was always indispos'd, and hardly ever went abroad: But she gave her Daughter, whose Inclination and Humour she had study'd, all reasonable Liberty, and at twenty Years old, she was in a manner Mistress of her self, and appear'd at Court and all publick Places; and her Behaviour answer'd her Mother's Expectations, and gave her no Uneasiness; but this tender Mother had the Pleasure to see that her Daughter was esteem'd, and belov'd by all the best Companies. And now a Brother of old Madam *de Fussy*'s, an old Batchelor, died, and left his Niece a great Estate. She was then at the Age of two and twenty, and now she was a very rich Fortune; but that made no Alteration in her, she was humble and free as before, modest and good-natur'd, and this gain'd her the Favour and Good-will of all that knew her; and she was courted by several, who were very advantageous Matches for her; but her Wisdom surpriz'd every body, in getting rid of all these mercenary Lovers without affronting any of them, saying only, that she was not inclin'd to marry, and that she would take time to consider of their Offers; and thus she continu'd single to the time of the Chevalier's Illness,

ness, and some time after. When the Chevalier's Health was so well recover'd, that I was out of pain for him, I went to see this lovely Maid, and found her just ready to go and pay a Visit to Madam *de Venneville*; she would have deferr'd it till another time, but I told her we would together; and accordingly we went, and found her alone with *Disenteuil*. My Brother came in at the same Instant, and we went all together into the Chevalier's Apartment, who was amusing himself with the History of *Britannicus*. *The unfortunate End of that Prince*, said Madam *de Venneville*, ought to make every body shake that has any good Nature. *Why, Madam*, said *Disenteuil*, *the Days of Nero are past?* That's true, said the Countess, and we live in an Age when those kind of *Obstacles* which oppos'd *Britannicus's* and *Julia's Love* are not in vogue; but it is rare now to find that happy *Sympathy* of *Humours*, and that entire *Affection* which united these illustrious, tho' unfortunate *Lovers*. Persons like you, Madam, said *Disenteuil*, will always find such *Constancy* in any *Lover* whom you shall please to honour with your *Love*, tho' you imagine it so rare to be found. Oh, very well, said Madam *de Venneville*, my Lord, I find you are very gallant. Come let us lay aside this *Sympathy* and *Union* of *Lovers*, and let me ask you a *Question* seriously, tell me, Is it not a great *Misfortune* for a Person to fall in love with one whose *Heart* is pre-engaged to another? Yes, Madam, said *Disenteuil* hastily, 'tis the greatest of all *Misfortunes*, when one comes to know

it ; and when one finds one's self in this unhappy Circumstance, there is nothing else to be done but to suffer with Patience, and keep silence ; for neither the Persuasions, nor the Actions of the unhappy Victim, can ever prevail to gain the Object belov'd, whose Affections are pre engag'd to another ; unless the Person preferr'd, labours to work the Cure, by rejecting their suit, or at least treating the unhappy Lover very ill ; otherwise they must never hope to be happy. But, reply'd the Countess, if one is not positively certain, that the Person one loves is pre-engaged, what ought one to do ? Get Satisfaction, by taking all ways possible to discover the Truth as soon as one can, said Disenteuil, nothing is more easy, Love gives us many ways to get quickly out of an Uncertainty of this kind, in which we had better for our own Ease sometimes to remain ; tho a Man cannot be contented to do so, but is too curious and restless to know his Doom. We all prov'd of Disenteuil's Sentiments, and the Countess assur'd him, that she would not forget to take his Advice, if she ever found her self in that Condition, but that she would take a prudent Care to avoid it. Is it not too late, my dear Countess ? said Madam de Fussy, you seem to speak with some sort of Concern, methinks, as if it will not be long e're you may have occasion to be inform'd of such an unpleasant Truth : If so, you have my Pity before-hand. The Pride you take in turning all our Discourses of Love into Ridicule, said the Countess, makes me, and all of us, rather

ther suspect, that you are in love your self with some Person who is pre-engaged, and that makes you speak so like an Enemy to that troublesome Passion. Come, come, we are not so easy to be imposed upon as you think for, tho your Gaiety and pleasant Humour does so well disguise it. But we will take care henceforward to watch you more narrowly, and then we shall soon, I doubt not, make the Discovery. No, no, said Madam de Fussy, blushing, I defy you all; for the Count de Disenteuil has just now told us, that only a Lover, or a jealous Rival, can unravel Secrets of this kind; and since I have neither a Lover, nor a Rival, in all this Company, I am sure not to be found out, tho I had such a Secret in my Breast; and the Glory of making such a Discovery must be reserv'd for other Persons. But I am pretty close in keeping Secrets, and I shall be sure never to discover my own, till I cannot support the Pain of keeping it. But to prevent that Trouble to my self and others, I will endeavour to keep out of the Snare. Vanity and Pride, said the Countess, how well they become you; believe me, we are every one in the Snare already, and far in trap'd, I dare answer: 'Tis the Fate of all the World, let us despise it as we please. They all laugh'd, and so the Conversation which touch'd us all too nearly was finish'd.

Some Days after, Madam de Fussy came to see me, and we call'd to mind what had past at the Countess's in the Chevalier's Chamber, and we agreed that Madam de

*Venneville's Discourse, tho nicely worded, had very well discover'd the state of her Heart, and confirm'd us in our Opinion of her Love to Disenteuil ; who coming into the Room, Madam de Fussy took occasion to speak of the Countess, praising her Beauty and Wit ; and addressing her self to the Count, she said, I believe, my Lord, the Countess will not easily forget the great Service you did the Count her Brother : I perceive that she has a great Sense of the Obligation, and a very tender one too. I know, Madam, said Disenteuil, that nothing can escape your Penetration, if you please to make use of your Judgment ; but I also know that you love to take advantage, to rally your Friends sometimes, and pretend to have made Discoveries when you have made none, and speaking only what you think, will at that Instant divert the Company. This is I suppose your Design at present, and I desire that you would pursue the Jest ; for I am pleased to be the Subject of your Wit. Now 'tis you that rally, reply'd Madam de Fussy ; as for my part, I speak seriously, and I do believe that the Chevalier de Fanime has found you to be a very generous Friend, and his Sister finds you very agreeable, and that with a little Pains you may obtain the Honour of her Affection. A Continuation of your Pleasantry, said Disenteuil. Come, my Lord, said Madam de Fussy, this would serve your turn, I an't in jest, the Countess is really in love with you, and you have, I am sure, discover'd it ; and your making so great a Mystery of it, persuades me,*

that

that you will not neglect so rich a Conquest. Madam, said Disenteuil, I have not the Vanity to think, that I can inspire Love where I am my self insensible of that Passion, because my Heart has been long since penetrated with the most ardent Passion; and I have us'd all my utmost Efforts to please, but all in vain; nay, I have not been able so much as to gain the Favour to be heard, and I have been forced to lay a Constraint on all my Actions, on condition to preserve the dangerous Pleasure of only seeing the Object I adore: And this has made me sensible how little I am worth, and that I am not of the number of those happy Men, who can without long Addresses, and tedious Courtship, fire the fair one's Heart, and be belov'd. Oh, sy, Madam de Jussy, said I, you are to blame to examine the Count so curiously; sure you don't think to bring him to a Confession of what passes in his Soul. Sure you ought to know the Count better; for he is the most secret and discreet of all Men living; make what Reflections you will on his Conduct, rally him as you please, but don't imagine ever to get any light into his Thoughts. I very well understood what the Count meant, and was willing to turn the Discourse, being sensible that it would only embarrass me, and that he only meant to let me understand, that he was always the same with regard to me; and I desir'd at least that it might be permitted me to doubt, but he took care that I should not flatter my self long with that; for

having found me the next Day alone, he spoke to me after this manner.

Madam, my Silence I find grows too dangerous for me to continue it longer ; for I fear that you will be at last persuaded by it, that the Sentiments which I dared to acquaint you with at a time when you disapproved of them, are no longer the same as then. But, Madam, believe me, I am no ways alter'd, I love you as passionately as ever ; and I have been silent only to convince you that I do so, even since it is permitted me to let you see that I love, without offending you ; nor did I pretend, by being thus silent my self, to do more, but convince you, that you have no need to consider that my Lord your Father has a tender Regard for me ; for 'tis to you, Madam, to whom the Choice is left of a Husband ; but can you doubt, that if I am so blest as to be yours, that I shall not think my self the happiest Man alive ? And the only Misfortune I dread, and which perhaps I shall not be able to survive, is to see another have that Honour. And if I am destin'd to this Misfortune, believe me, Madam, I will so well conceal my Grief, that you shall not so much as have the least Knowledge of it, lest it should dash your Joys ; and as a Recompence for this Sacrifice which I shall make you, I ask no more, but that you will believe when I am dead, that the thrice happy Mortal, whom you have made supremely happy, was not more worthy your Choice, neither for the Sincerity or Violence of his Passion, nor yet for his intire Obedience to your Will,

than

than the miserable Disenteuil. Now I was extremely at a loss how to give an Answer to this Discourse, when Madam de Venneville came to my Relief; and the Count did not stay any longer than just what Civility required, and had no sooner left the Room, but the Countess said to me, *I see it is done, my Misfortune is most certain, Disenteuil is in love; I can no longer doubt it, I have the Proof of it.* What Proof have you, said I? Oh, said she, I'll tell you: Being tormented with the Uncertainty, whether Disenteuil was in love or not, I was resolv'd to be satisfy'd, and that from himself; and my Pride being too great to expose my self in Person, I thought of this Expedient: Some Days ago, I sent a little Box to his House, in which I had put up a Knot for his Sword, and this Letter.

## The LETTER.

IF you are in love, you hide that Passion with too much Art and Caution: If you are still indifferent to all our Sex, you commit a Fault in not regarding her who is not so for you. Do you not see any Object worthy to touch your Soul? no one, whose obliging manner of Behaviour towards you seems to prevent your Wishes, and can inspire you with the Desire of making Returns. One who is perhaps too nearly concern'd, desires to be inform'd of what passes in your Heart, and to know if your Affections are not pre-engag'd; and if they are not, desires that

you would wear this Knot upon your Sword, and do not leave it off till you are inform'd who sent it. This Complaisance, which will show that you are free, will embolden the Person to tell you what you ought to have before perceiv'd, if your Senses did not seem lost in a Lethargy, for some Cause which she is at present ignorant of, but very much desires to discover.

Ab, my dear Friend, said she, what Shame, what Grief for me, Disenteuil did not take so much notice of the Letter, as to put on the Knot for one Day. He surely loves, and he loves with such nicety, that he certainly thinks it would be a Crime if he had only wore this Ribbon for a Day, out of pure Curiosity or Gallantry. Thus I have no more Hopes left, I have a Rival, and your Discretion does make you conceal her from me. Ab, how cruel are you to keep me thus in Pain, yet I think that I can guess who she is; 'tis certainly Madam de Jussy, yes, 'tis she, whom the Count adores. Ab, how blest is she to be thus belov'd by that accomplished Man! Tell me, my dear Countess, say, is it not she, is she not my Rival? He may, perhaps, said I, love Madam de Jussy; but I never perceiv'd it, or he may perhaps have his Thoughts taken up with some body else; for he is so discreet and prudent, that it is impossible to discover his Thoughts. No, said she, he can bide nothing from you, you surely know his Secret, and can if you please tell me who it is. Ab, how can you refuse me this poor Consolation, to

inform me who this charming Idol is, to whom he sacrifices me, and all the World. Alas ! does not the despairing Condition you now see me in move your Pity ? and yet you are silent, and I cannot obtain so small a Favour from your Friendship. Just as I was puzzling my Brains for an Answer, Madam de Fussy by good luck, came into the Room, and her Presence redoubled the Disorder the Countess was in, who took her leave presently, finding that she was not enough Mistress of her self to hide her Rage and Concern at the sight of her imaginary Rival. *What is the matter with Madam de Venneville, said Madam de Fussy, She seems to look disorder'd, and she could scarce look upon me ? am I fallen out with her, without knowing any thing of the Matter ?* Yes, said I ; and then I told her the Countess's Mistake, and all that she had said to me ; I also told her what had past between Disenteuil and me alone, and she found all his proceeding very generous, as well as I. But now, said I, by what I have already seen of the Countess, I am certain that she will try all ways to discover whether you are really her Rival or not, and that she will soon be disabus'd ; and I tremble lest her Jealousy should fall upon me. *I really admire you, said Madam de Fussy ; Love has render'd your Heart very kind to your Friends. I perceive that you are delighted that Madam de Venneville takes me for her Rival, and that you like better that she should hate me than you. But truly it does not please me ; for this Hatred will occasion a Breach in our little*

little Society, and I will not be the Victim, since I do not merit to be so. 'Tis you she ought to hate, and if you please she may hate you, and not me I thank you. Come, come, said I, no jesting, or I shall grow angry ; your Gaiety makes you always turn the most serious things into Ridicule. Pray let me prevail with you to continue for some time her Rival ; for I have occasion to continue her in that Error, to prevent my being hinder'd in my other Designs ; for if she discovers that 'tis me whom *Disenteuil* loves, she will reproach me for not having own'd it to her, and Love will make her look upon me as her mortal Enemy, and she will imagine that I cannot be altogether indifferent for a Man whom she loves, and fansies to have so much Merit ; and then my Brother, when he discovers that *Disenteuil* is his Rival in her, will grow to oppose the Chevalier, and join with the Count and my Father. And the Chevalier himself, animated by his Sister against *Disenteuil*, will grow jealous, fearing such a Rival, and prest by her Demand such a Proof of my Love from me, as the Respect which I have for the Count, and that which I owe to my Father, forbids me to grant to him : Then his Love, alarm'd by my Refusal, will perhaps engage him to take some step, which may ruin my Happiness entirely. Your Reasons are too strong, and too serious, said Madam de *Fussy*, for me to make a Fest of any longer ; and Pity has gain'd me to grant your Request, and I now consent to remain the Countess's imaginary Rival, and

and to be the Object of her Jealousy, and I like better that she should hate me than you ; but by the Method she takes, I fear she is too vigilant for me to have that Honour long, and that she will soon discover that it is you who are her Rival. I believe that your Highness will find this Discourse something tedious, and therefore I shall proceed to what follow'd.

Six Months being past since the Chevalier was wounded, during which time I had seen him almost every Day ; so that my Tenderness for him was no longer a Secret to him, and his seem'd to be even redoubled for me. His Impatience to see me at my own home was so great, because I slacken'd my Visits to him, that it brought him to me, altho he was yet very weak ; and he found me alone, so that he had an Opportunity of entertaining me with his Passion.

After having heard him with Attention for some time, without making him any Answer but with my Eyes, I told him, My Lord, Ambition has perhaps hitherto been the most powerful Motive to continue your Passion for me ; or it may be the unfortunate Action which has befallen you, has abated your Affection, and upon a more mature Consideration you may change, and your Vanity being satisfy'd with my owning my Weakness in loving you, which nothing but the unhappy Condition I saw you in could have made me confess. You may be willing to quit me for a new Mistress ; be ingenious, and do not make me unhappy. *Ah, Madam,* said he, *what Words are these ? Are*

*all*

all my aspiring Hopes to be thus dash'd with so cruel a Thought, and am I so wretched, that you are capable of but suspecting that I should ever cease to adore you, and only you : What Woman in the World could be so vain as to imagine, or dare to credit any Vows, or Oaths that I could make her of my Love, if I should once prove false to you ? Alas, how many are the Chains that tie me fast to you ? how vast is my respect, my esteem for you ? and how well am I acquainted with your Humour, Virtue, Wit, and Constancy ? These are the Charms that gain'd, and still augment my Love ; these fix'd the Flame, the never-dying Fire your Eyes have kindled in my Soul : 'tis these that I admire, and these secure my Constancy. If these alone, said I, secure you mine, your Love is indeed uncommon ; Virtue and Constancy, are things Men seldom think of ; 'tis the Beauties of the Face, and not the Mind, that generally gains your frail Sex : but since 'tis so, my Lord, and that these are the noble, honest Motives of your Love, I will believe you are sincere, and therefore trust you with my secret Thoughts, confessing that I really love you : My Brother entering the Room as I spake these Words, prevented him from answering, and me from saying more ; but by his Looks I read that he was highly pleased to find I loved him so sincerely ; and we continued for some time mutually happy, and content with one another, without meeting with any thing to make us uneasy ; for my Father said nothing to me about marrying, nor did he in the least

least suspect the Chevalier and me of any Love to one another. And thus we passed whole Days full of sweet Conversation, and the fleeting Moments brought new Pleasures with them, and I flatter'd my self, that Time and *Disenteuil's* Generosity, of which I had had such Proofs, would in the end procure my Happiness. I had still hid from my Brother Madam *de Venneville's* Passion for *Disenteuil*, for I would not inform him of a thing that might make him act contrary to my own Interest: And thus I found by my own Experience how feeble the ties of Friendship are, in comparison of the strong bonds of Love, and how that imperious Passion makes us break thro' all to gain our wild Desires.

But Madam *de Venneville* was soon disabused of her Suspicions of Madam *de Jussy*, and I saw that she was more impatient than ever to discover who the Person was that *Disenteuil* was in love withal; and at last she succeeded, nay, she came to know Monsieur *de Gondez's* dying Commands to me, as also my Father's Resolution to dispose of me to *Disenteuil*, being positive that I should obey the Will of my deceased Lord; and from this Moment the Countess made it her whole Employment to cross *Disenteuil's* Designs, and to be more desirous than ever to see me married to her Brother; and Love and Jealousy taught her the way to find out means to put things into such a Condition, as to quite discourage the Count, and force my Father to give his Consent in favour of the Chevalier; tho it was not the making her Brother's Fortune

tune that made her so zealous, but it was to gratify her own Passion : and tho it was very difficult for her to gain her Ends, without doing an Injury to her Reputation, yet she laid aside all Considerations, and pursued her Design without respecting any thing. And the first step she made in her wicked, politick Design, was to hide from me what she had learn'd, and to say nothing of it to her Brother ; but in a Conversation which she had with me, she endeavour'd to be assur'd of my Sentiments as to the Chevalier, and I did not scruple to declare to her that he might depend upon my marrying of him. My Brother's Fortune, *said she*, is not answerable to yours, and if Monsieur *de Brionsel* looks on your Choice without any Indulgence, he will surely disapprove it ; besides, he has perhaps some other Views than you have. I will, *said I*, continue firm against all his Threats and Persuasions, and wait till Time and my respectful Behaviour towards him, has melted his Soul, and soften'd his Severity. Alas, I greatly fear, *said the Countess*, that the great Respect that you have for my Lord your Father, and the absolute Power he has over you, will in the end ruin all my Brother's Hopes, for you have not yet made one step to level the way, and prepare against the Difficulties you foresee : what do you mean, my dear Countess, *said she*, will you give time to the Count *de Brionsel* to strengthen his Engagements with another ? and are you yet of an Age that subjects you to his Will ? No, consider you are now a Widow, and lay aside your Fears of a Father.

'Tis

"Tis true, *said I*, I fear my Father almost as much as I love him, and I agree that I shall be extremely embarrass'd how to discover to him my Sentiments for the Chevalier; and I shall be very much to be pity'd if he disapproves my Choice with rigor, and 'tis this Apprehension makes me delay to acquaint him with my Design. I see very well, *said the Countess*, that you must be assisted, to rid you of this Timorousness, and that somebody must represent to Monsieur *de Brionsel* that you are sensible of my Brother's Love; and 'tis fit for *Mondelis* to break the Ice, or *Disentueil*, who is as dear to your Father as if he were his own Son. Ah, my dear Friend, *said I*, what would you do? for Heaven's sake don't be so hasty, let us wait at least till the time of my Mourning is past, which is not yet near; some favourable Opportunities may arrive before that to gain my Father, I will watch for them, nay I will make use of every Occasion— You, *said the Countess*, if one should let you alone, would not be one step farther advanced in six Months than you are now; you ought to blush, not for your loving, but at your own Weakness in fearing to discover it. Alas, my dear Countess, *said I*, consider with your self, if we are so hasty to declare my Passion, *Disentueil* and my Father may suspect me of having had a secret Intelligence with the Chevalier in the time when my Duty made it a Crime; and I should die with Grief if these two Persons whose Esteem I so highly prize, should think ill of me: Heaven is my witness that I love the Chevalier sincerely

cerely and passionately, and that I wish for no other Happiness but to be his Wife ; but yet I am Mistress enough of my Heart to renounce that Happiness, if I must buy it with the Loss of my Fame, and I think so advantageously of my Lord your Brother, as to believe that he would consent to part with me, rather than to injure my Character. Ah, *said the Countess*, how little do you love him, and how far off is he from all Hopes of being happy ? If he loves me, *said I*, he is happy now, in being certain that nothing can alter my Love : 'tis true, we have reason to tremble, when we consider how resolute a Man my Father is, but his Tenderness for me is extreme, and that will gain him in the end to grant my Desire.

Madam *de Venneville* easily apprehended by this Discourse, that I had not the Courage, at least that it would be a long time first, before I should dare to speak to my Father of the Chevalier ; nay she even fear'd that I should not be able to resist his Commands : and the Esteem which she knew that I had for *Disenteuil*, which I never disguised, very much alarmed her, and her Jealousy growing more violent, your Highness shall bear what followed, and was the Consequences of it.

My Brother was one Morning at *Disenteuil's*, and he found upon the Table in his Closet the Sword-Knot she had sent him some time before ; my Brother liked it, and the Count bid him take it since he seem'd to fancy it, which he did not : Madam *de Venneville* was in my Chamber when my Brother enter'd with

with the fatal Knot on his Sword ; the Countess presently knew it, Is this, my Lord, *said she*, a Knot of your own choosing, or is it a Mistress's Present ? No, Madam, *said he*, 'tis *Disenteuil's* Present. I immediately discovered Spite and Rage painted to the life in her Face, and she gave me a furious Look, which I innocently took as a Mark of the Friendship she had for me, in giving me to understand her Thoughts ; but I was much deceived, and *Disenteuil's* Imprudence in thus slighting a Mistress's Favours, tho unknown, had like to have cost me dear ; for I believe that this last mortifying Stroke determin'd the Countess to do what she afterwards acted, for she was enraged to see the Count part with her Present to the first Comer ; and what inflamed her more, was, that she fansy'd that he did it on purpose to please me ; and this fill'd her with a secret Desire of Revenge, which she could not satisfy but by Treachery : and to justify her self in her own Thoughts, she certainly believed me false to her, which Jealousy induced her to conclude ; and the Secret that I had always made to her of the Count's Passion, seem'd to her a Crime ; nay, her jealous Suspicions extended yet farther, for she did not think that *Disenteuil* had courted me so long without Returns, and she had too much opinion of his Merit : in fine, forgetting the ingenuous manner in which I had declared my Thoughts of the Chevalier to her, she fansy'd that I dissembled ; and I believe, had she not had these base Thoughts of me, she had not hated me the less, for she adored *Disenteuil*, and

and 'twas Crime sufficient in me that he loved me : On this she resolved to take ways and means to prevent all she fear'd, and therefore did what follows.

I have told your Highness that I surprized the Chevalier in his Illness, holding my Picture in his hand, but I did not tell you how he came by it. Before I went into *Britany*, I had had the Complaisance for Monsieur *de Gondez*, to let my Picture be drawn by the famous *Argiliere*, and the Chevalier having heard that it was drawing, went to the Painter's with an Artist who painted in Miniature, and under the Pretext of seeing and admiring *Argiliere's* Works, got his own Painter to draw a Copy of my Picture by his looking upon it ; and he succeeded so well that it was very like me : The Chevalier knew that I had won a Gold Picture-Case at a Lottery, with a Picture in it, the Fashion and Workmanship of which Case was very curious and singular ; and that Madam *de Venneville* having much admired it, and particularly for an Invention that was in it to hide a Picture in the Lid, which could not be opened by any Person who had not the Secret ; and that on her praising it I had made her a Present of this Case, he ask'd her for it, and she willingly gave it to him ; into this Case he put my Picture, and wore it about him : Now both my Father and *Disenteuil* knew the Case, but neither of them knew that I had given it to the Countess.

So she desir'd her Brother to trust her with the Case and Picture, and the Chevalier, who had no Suspicions of his Sister's Design, gave it to her ; and she came directly to me, to look for *Disenteuil*, who was sitting in my Apartment with me, but she found an opportunity to tell him that she desired that he would come to her at ten a-clock the next Morning, because she had something of moment to discover to him that particularly concern'd him : *Disenteuil* promised her to come, and immediately left us ; and she did not stay long with me afterwards, but taking her leave, went strait into my Father's Apartment ; My Lord, *said she*, coming up to him, I come to ask you if you will do me the Favour to come to-morrow at three a-clock to my House, where I will acquaint you with some very serious Business that I have to communicate to you alone. My Father told her very civilly that he would not fail to wait of her. *Disenteuil* went according to her Desire the next Morning, and this is what she said to him. ' My Lord, what I have to say to you, concerns Madam D E G O N D E Z's Happiness greatly ; but first let me ask you, if you can command your own Inclinations, enough to sacrifice them to make her happy ? ' What can I do, Madam, *answer'd Disenteuil*, that can contribute to Madam D E G O N D E Z's Happiness, and cost me my own ? for my part I cannot comprehend ; but her Interest is so dear to me, that it is almost impossible but I should with Joy even prevent her Wishes, in every thing that can make appear how intirely

ly I am attach'd to her Will. You will be doubtless surprized, *said the Countess*, at what I am going to say to you ; but that you may hearken to what I am going to reveal to you with more Attention, and to convince you that you may confide in what I say, and answer without reserve, I do tell you that Madam **DE GONDEZ** has trusted me with the Secret of your Love for her, and the last Commands of her Husband, and also her Father's in relation to her marrying of you : yet notwithstanding all these just Pretensions and Advantages which give you a right to her, would you constrain her to it against her own liking. I constrain Madam **DE GONDEZ** in any thing, *cry'd the Count*, Heaven forbid ! My Lord **de Brionsel** may do me the Honour to think of me for a Son-in-law, and my Uncle might prudently foresee before his Death that such a Union would be very proper and suitable to us both ; but sure Madam **DE GONDEZ** cannot say that she ever saw me make any use of these favourable Dispositions of her dead Lord, or her Father's, to obtain her : No, she is too just, and ought to know me better than to imagine that I shall ever make use of any Authority to force her Consent ; no, Madam, it must be that Lady's own Inclination that shall prevail with her to make me happy, and no Force ; for the more she merits to be loved, so much the more is it essential to our mutual Happiness that she should love the Person who is so bless'd as to possess her. Well then, my Lord, *said the Countess*, you must know that her Happiness depends upon your laying aside

aside all Pretensions to her, this is an Effort worthy your Generosity, and her Esteem for you, makes her believe that you are capable of making her so great a Sacrifice. Madam *de Gondez*, *reply'd* *Disenteuil*, might her self have told me this, and done me the Honour to have inform'd me of her Sentiments, for she is so well acquainted with my Soul, that she ought not to have doubted that her Will shall ever be a Law to me. And 'tis because she knows you so perfectly, *said the Countess*, that she is not able to tell you this her self, and to own to you that her Heart is prejudged to another; indeed the Task was too hard for her to do, her Tenderness is so great for you: in fine, you know that she depends upon a Father's Will, who is by nature absolute, and immovable in his Resolves, and that the Choice he has made of you at your Request, has put an Obstacle in the way to Madam *de Gondez*'s Designs, and 'tis you alone that can remove it: 'tis your part therefore to prevail with the Count *de Brionsel* to alter his Resolves, and free him from the Promise that he has made you of his Daughter, that she may be set at liberty to dispose of her self as she thinks fit. Madam, *said Disenteuil*, this is a Point of Honour which concerns me as much as my Lord *Brionsel*: his Promise I can never ask him to break; no, so far from it, that I must always insist upon his keeping it, or else I shall give occasion to the Man whom I respect above all others, and who dearly loves me, to imagine that I dissembled with him, and was not real in my Affections to his

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Daughter, when he with Sincerity proposed her to me ; but my Esteem for Madam *de Gondez* will always continue, and be the same, and he will believe if I act so, that she is alter'd, or that I am changeable, and have, contrary to my word, enter'd into some other Engagement ; and I value his Friendship too much, to risque the losing of it, by behaving my self in a manner so contrary to the Respect I owe him, and to the Regard that I owe to my self : Madam *de Gondez* has her self Power enough over her Father, for he both loves and esteems her greatly ; let her speak her self, or get somebody else to do it, and if he begins to yield, I shall behave my self like a Man of Honour. Ah, my Lord, *said she*, you in vain disguise your Resolutions, for you know my Lord *de Brionsel* too well, to believe that any thing can prevail on him, except your own Desires ; and therefore Madam *de Gondez* will never be freed from the Constraint that makes her wretched, for by this means he will always be on your side ; and I very well see that I must hide nothing from you. Madam *de Gondez* and my Brother have been in love with one another above these two Years past, and 'tis not a new-born Passion that the Courtship and Services of another can destroy ; but you seem surprized, my Lord, *said she*, at this Discourse. 'Tis true, Madam, *said Disenteuil*, and I cannot without being shock'd entertain such a cruel Thought, as that a Virtue — Hold, *said the Countess*, interrupting him, do not doubt what I tell you, for here is a Proof of what I have

have said. Here she show'd him my Picture, saying, Madam DE GONDEZ gave this to my Brother, when she left Paris to go into Britany ; nay, what is more, the Journey he made to Gondez was with her Consent : But I shall tell you no more at present ; this is, I believe enough to make you agree to come to such Resolutions as your Honour and Repose demand. I am now too sensible, Madam, said he, what Course I ought to take, and I flatter my self that Madam DE GONDEZ will have Reason to be very well satisfy'd with my Conduct. So he left the Countess in so great a Disorder that he could not hide it from her ; nor could she conceal hers from him.

In the Afternoon my Father went to the Countess's as he had promised ; and she said to him, ' My Lord, it is a long time that I have delay'd to inform you of a thing that will perhaps very much afflict you ; but the Friendship which I have for Madam DE GONDEZ, engages me to break silence, and to let you know that she is so desperately in love, that neither the Respect which she has for you, nor the Fear of your Displeasure, can surmount it.' Give me leave, Madam, said my Father, to tell you that you are very ill inform'd, for if my Daughter has a Liking for any body 'tis with my Consent : you are her Friend I believe, but I am positive that she never told you such a thing, for she knows that I have Views for her ; and her Submission to my Will at all times, and above all her Character, forbids me to barely suspect

that she will ever fail in her Duty to me. 'Tis very seldom, my Lord, *said the Countess*, that one runs the Risk of reporting such things as these to a Father, unless one has them from the Person's own Mouth, much more to such a Father as you are ; but I know the Secrets of Madam *de Gondez*'s Heart perfectly, and if you refuse to act like a tender Father on this occasion, I can assure you, that she will be one of the most unhappy Women in the World. What, Madam, *said my Father*, quite amazed, can it then be true that my Daughter is in Love ? Yes, my Lord, *reply'd the Countess*, she is. Well then, *said my Father hastily*, let me know who is my Daughter's Choice ; doubtless he is such a one as I can no ways approve of, since she has conceal'd it from me with such care to this time. No, my Lord, *said the Countess*, she needs not to blush for the Choice she has made, nor need you ; 'tis my Brother, 'tis the Chevalier *de Fanime* that she loves ; and I may venture to say, neither his Birth, nor his personal Merit, do render him unworthy Madam *de Gondez* ; all that you can object against him, is, that his Fortune is not altogether so great as hers, yet is it not so small as to be a sufficient Obstacle to hinder you from consenting to the Match. Madam, *said my Father*, my Daughter's keeping it so long conceal'd from me, has given me time, and opportunity to enter into Engagements with another Person for her, and I have given my Word : my Daughter may refuse to give her Hand, 'tis true ; but I will refuse to give my Consent to

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any other, but him on whom I have fix'd my Choice. 'Tis not, Madam, *said he*, that I do not esteem the Chevalier *de Fanime*, I know the greatness of his Birth and Merit, but permit me to tell you, that to acquaint me only to-day of this reciprocal Affection, which has been so long concealed from me, is not asking my Consent, but in a manner rending it from me; and my Daughter is well enough informed of my Sentiments, to know that she ought to have avoided entering into such an Engagement. Alas, my Lord, it was done long since, *said Madam de Venneville*, before Madam DE GONDEZ could foresee your Pleasure. No, Madam, *cry'd my Father*, then her Weakness is more criminal, and her Disobedience to my Commands more flagrant. Well, my Lord, *said the Countess*, I must justify her, she has loved my Brother above two Years. And you tell that to justify her, *said my Father*? no, Madam, you would impose upon my Credulity, my Daughter is not capable of such a Folly. See then, *said the Countess*, this Picture, which she gave to my Brother when she went to *Britany*; this is a sufficient Testimony of their mutual Affection for one another.

Now my Father no longer doubted of all that the Countess had said, when he saw this Picture, and more especially in that Case, which he knew at first sight to have been mine; and he was so transported with Rage, that he said a hundred things so confused, that it show'd the Distraction of his Mind. So the Countess said to him, Come, my Lord, com-

pose your self, believe me ; recollect your self, and consider your own Honour and your Daughter's ; she is not criminal, but unfortunate ; and when you have a little consulted your Reason, you will perhaps have more Tenderness for Madam *de Gondez*, and soon become sensible of the necessity of your not opposing her Happiness. My Father had scarce Patience to hear this Remonstrance without falling into a Passion ; whilst Rage flash'd in his Eyes, and he left the Countess without answering one word.

And now Madam *de Venneville* being left to make Reflections on what she had done, was no ways contented with *Disenteuil*, and much less with my Father, and not at all pleased with her self ; so that she did not taste any of that Satisfaction which she had promised to her self from her Perfidy : for the Count was incredulous, and my Father inflexible, and she was criminal and imprudent, and foreseeing that she should only be more wretched, she repented I believe ; not thro' any sense of Honour and Virtue, but because she was proud and vain.

My Father return'd directly home, but I was so fortunate as not to be in his way ; but *Disenteuil* came in just as he did, and he found my Father so out of humour, that he ask'd him what was the matter. Ah, my dear Count, said my Father, how much am I to be pitied, I have just learn'd something of a Person whom before I dearly loved and valu'd, which has undeceived me, and turn'd that Love into Contempt and Scorn : Alas, my dear

dear Count, said he with a deep Sigh, how dear has it cost me to get free from my Prevention, being altogether unprepared for such a Shock. From whence do you come, my Lord, said Disenteuil, for I have very good Reasons to ask you that Question ? I came from Madam *de Venneville's*, answer'd my Father. Well then, my Lord, reply'd Disenteuil, don't lessen the high Esteem that you have hitherto had for your Daughter, a Lady who merits Respect, for I am ready to justify her, even before that you have told me the Occasion of your being angry ; for I am so unfortunate as to be, tho' innocently, the Cause of that black Deed which Madam *de Venneville* has done ; for my Passion for Madam **DE GONDEZ**, and your Designs in my favour, she has lately discover'd, and that has filled her Soul with Rage, because she loves me, tho' against my Will, and without my Knowledge till now. What, is the Countess *de Venneville* in love with you ! said my Father, quite amazed. I have reason to believe so, said Disenteuil, nor is it out of Vanity that I think so ; and I no sooner discover'd it, but I foresaw that this unfortunate Affection, which it has been my ill fortune to create in her, would produce some fatal Disasters to Madam **DE GONDEZ** and me : and now I see that her aim is to ruin all the Esteem that I have for her, and make me renounce all Pretensions to your Daughter, and therefore she entertain'd me with such Discourse this Morning, which I did not stay to hear the end of, but I only heard enough to be inform'd

how far Madam *de Venneville*'s Malice extended ; and it is doubtless to force you to quarrel in such a manner, as would oblige me, in respect to Madam *de GONDEZ*, and for my own Honour's sake, to renounce all my Pretensions to her, that this designing Woman has talk'd to you in the same manner : And this good Intelligence which she has endeavour'd to persuade you that there has been for above two Years past between Madam *de GONDEZ* and the Chevalier *de Fanime*, is all false, and the Story of the Picture is the same ; 'tis true, the Chevalier has it, but I know, and can prove that Madam *de GONDEZ* never gave it to him : for do you, my Lord, but reflect, that she had her Picture drawn some time before she went into *Britany*, and the Chevalier had doubtless gain'd some Painter, or Servant of *Argeliere*'s, by whose means he obtain'd a Copy of her Picture. But, *said my Father*, it is in a Case which I know belonged to my Daughter, and how could that come into the Chevalier's hands ? By his Sister's, *said Disenteuil*, to whom I know that Madam *de GONDEZ* made a Present of it much about that time : and I must confess, that the Concern which I have always had for Madam *de GONDEZ*, has made me discern from the beginning the Chevalier's Passion for her, which has made me the more watchful over all her Actions ; and it having been my good fortune to have her always in my sight, I am well assur'd that her Conduct has been unblameable, and such as I have no cause to suspect : for if she had

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loved the Chevalier *de Fanime*, would she have prest my Uncle her self to retire into *Britany*, where she remain'd a whole Year even against his Will ? No, the most austere Virtue has nothing to reproach your Daughter withal ; she has been always firm to her Duty : In fine, my Lord, *continu'd Disenteuil*, *perceiving that my Father did not seem to be altogether convinced*, do you need a farther Proof of her Innocence to disabuse you ? if you do, here, take this Letter and read it. Here he presented that Letter which the Chevalier had writ to me at his leaving *Rennes*, which *Disenteuil* had stolen out of my Cabinet which I had carelessly left open : Then he related to my Father the Chevalier's Journey to *Britany*, and the sudden manner in which he had left *Gondez*. You restore my Life again, my dear Lord, *said my Father* ; yet the Countess spake in my Daughter's Name to me. And I am sure, *said Disenteuil*, that it is without her knowledge. But, my Lord, *said my Father*, if this be a Trick, and has no truth in it, what can Madam *de Venneville* hope to gain by it, since it must inevitably be discovered on the least Inquiry into it ? It is true, *said Disenteuil*, that the Chevalier *de Fanime* has loved Madam *de Gondez* above two Years past ; and it may be that his ardent Addresses since she has been a Widow, may have had some effect upon her Soul : This my Lord, is the utmost that you ought to suspect of her, till Time has informed you more particularly ; and her Sincerity is such, that she will soon discover all the Truth to

you. In fine, *Disenteuil* justify'd me with such strength of Reason, that my Father remained disabused, at least of what had most enrag'd him against me: nay, *Disenteuil* did more, he intreated my Father, that if I owned that I lov'd the Chevalier, he would not constrain me; telling him, that he was ready to marry me, if my Soul was not pre-engaged to another; but that he beg'd him to think no more of him for a Son-in-law, if my Inclinations were to the Chevalier.

So soon as I came home, my Father came into my Apartment, where he told me with a great deal of softness, That he had been told that I looked upon the Chevalier *de Fanime* with kindness: *Come, my dear Child*, said he, *tell me the Truth without disguise, bide nothing from me; I will not force you to marry Disenteuil, but he merits your Esteem too much, and more your Friendship, for you to abuse the Confidence that he has in you.* My Lord and Father, said I, you have not bred me to dissemble or deny the Truth, and I rather choose to run the Risk of angering you, by declaring my Thoughts, than to give you occasion to believe that I am capable of deceiving you in any kind: Yes, my Lord, I own that I love the Chevalier *de Fanime*, but I will make that Love a Victim to your Pleasure, if you will not be pleased to approve of it; and I dare to hope, that you will not at least refuse me the Liberty of remaining single, if you disapprove my Choice. *Have I not reason to complain of you*, reply'd my Father, *for having so little resisted an Inclination* which

which must force me to break my Word with one of the honestest Gentlemen in the World, and one for whom I have the tenderest Friendship? Pray, Daughter, reflect upon the Trouble that you will occasion me by this fond Passion, which—My Lord, said I, here is my hand, my Love shall not carry me to be disobedient to your Commands; I will marry Disenteuil if you command me, nor will I make you blush in doing any thing contrary to my Duty: but alas, how cruel is my Destiny, for you will make me the most unhappy Woman in the world, by marrying me to the most worthy Man that I know, and one whom I hourly reproach my self that I cannot love so well as he deserves: Nay, I will do more, my Lord, I will not blast his Joys by letting him know the Trouble of my Soul, which would doubtless move his Pity; and fortunate shall I think my self, if the deep Melancholy of my Mind can remain a secret to him. At this moment my Brother enter'd the Room: Come, my Son, said my Father, and learn the Baseness of Madam de Venneville, she is the most perfidious of all Women; she abuses your Tenderness for her, and she betrays and abuses your Sister's Friendship; and if it had not been for Disenteuil, who has just now drawn me out of the Error into which she had this day plung'd me, I had had the Affliction to believe my Daughter altogether unworthy the least part of my Love, ~~in~~ Esteem. What then, cry'd I, is it Madam de Venneville that would blacken me thus, is it possible? Yes, my Child, said he, 'tis she who would have

dishonoured you, and made you hateful both in mine and Disenteuil's Eyes: notwithstanding which, it is he that has just now disabused me; 'tis he who has just opened my Eyes, as to the Innocence of your Conduct, which the Countess would have blacken'd by the most abominable Calumny. Then he told us all that she had said, both to him and the Count, and how artificially she had play'd her part. Who, said I, could have inform'd the Countess of Disenteuil's Love for me, and of your Designs. It was I, said my Brother, who was pierced to the Soul with Grief and Rage; 'tis my Imprudence, or rather my Weakness, that has made you run the risk of losing my Father's Esteem. You are punish'd for it, said I, since it is the Cause of drawing you out of an Error, which is perhaps but too dear to you, and has unmask'd the Countess. For my own part, I confess that I wanted Experience to know so dangerous a Person.

Well, now you are both sufficiently acquainted with her Character, said my Father, and therefore do nothing but what becomes you both on this Occasion, and what may give me no cause to find fault with either of your Conducts. I shall not wait your Orders, Sir, said my Brother, to assure you that I will never see Madam de Venneville again: Pride and Honour will in a short time have stifled the Passion I had for her. In a word, I owe this Sacrifice to my Sister and my self. Remember to keep your word, Son, said my Father: And as for you, Daughter, I shall say nothing more, but that the Remains of that

Friendship, which Custom alone has formed, and frequent Conversations with her and her Brother, ought without much pain to yield to Reason, which I would have you make use of. Thus ended this unpleasant Conversation, which furnished me with sufficient Matter for very afflicting Reflections.

When my Father left me, he gave Orders to his Swiss never to let the Chevalier come into the House again, whether he ask'd for me, or my Brother ; and Madam *de Venneville's* Proceedings broke the Bond of our Friendship for ever ; and the only Thought that was left to comfort me, was, to think that the Chevalier had no share in his Sister's Perfidy : The knowledge that I thought I had of his Character, and that which I believed he had of mine, made me secure of him ; so that I resolved to write to him, and I had a great Desire to see him, but knew not where, for old Madam *de Fussy* dying, depriv'd me of the Liberty I could have taken of using her Daughter's House, which was the only Place I had : at last I resolved to do what follows, as this Letter, which I writ to the Chevalier, will inform your Highness.

### The L E T T E R.

My Lord,

YOU are forbid my Father's House, and I have resolved never to enter into Madam *de Venneville's*. Perhaps this will at present seem a Riddle to you ; at least I wish that it is so. Do you be at ten this Morning at the Thuil-

Thuilleries, on the Capuchins Terrass-Walk, to which you go by the Carouzel, where I shall have the Grief to inform you of things which will doubtless afflict you in the most sensible manner. Adieu, my Lord: Constancy in our mutual Love, can alone put an end to the unfortunate Obstacles that oppose our Happiness, which I fear are but at the beginning, and will be long ere they are vanquish'd.

The Chevalier came to the Place appointed, with such Concern as may easily be imagin'd, and stay'd my coming. I took Souville along with me; and when I arrived, he receiv'd me with a Look that spake the Trouble of his Soul; saying, *What then, Madam, my Lord de Brionsel's House is forbidden me; for what Crime does he thus punish me, and what has my Sister done to involve me in her Misfortune?* 'Tis she, said I, that has brought things to this Condition; 'tis her Perfidiousness towards me—*My Sister, cry'd he, interrupting me; ah, Madam, are you not misinform'd?* Hear me, said I, before you ask Questions. Then I related to him all the Story of the Countess's Love for *Disentueil*, and all that this fatal Passion had made her do; and lastly, what had pass'd the Day before between her, my Father, and *Disentueil*: Now justify her, said I, or rather justify your self, for having given my Picture into her hands, for such base Ends. *Ab, Madam, said he, have pity on my wretched Condition, and do not load me with Reproaches, for having put Confidence in a Sister whom I thought*

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worthy of my Love, and one whom your Friendship for her authorised me to esteem: but alas, she will, I find, sacrifice your Honour, mine, and her own, to satisfy her Desires; and now the most outrageous Contempt cannot punish her enough: nay, I will do more than despise her, I will never see her Face again. No, I absolutely forbid you, said I, to make any shew of your Resentments, for the least Noise will harm me; therefore do not punish her for a foolish Action, for which she will in the end suffer all the Pain: but since the Mischief she has done us is past, and cannot be recall'd, let us try to find some means to cure this Ill. I can no more see you without injuring my Fame: Madam *de Fussy*'s House is the only Place where I can permit you to take that Freedom; and the Death of her Mother, which I have just had the News of, will hinder us for some Days from taking that Liberty, therefore I can see you no more, till that good-natur'd young Lady is in a Condition to receive our Visits. Ah, Madam, said he, in a tender manner, how much am I to be pity'd? my Sister is false to you and me, and my Lord your Father is now my declared Enemy, and perhaps thinks me base and dishonourable; but above all, I have a Rival, whom you have at last revealed to me; but alas, what a Rival? a Man formidable by his great Merit, and one whom an ambitious, greedy Father, commands you to take for your Husband: Alas, I shall see you no more but rarely, and that with constraint; whilst he, on the contrary, will see

yours

you every day, and hour : Yes, this dangerous Rival will be blest with your Presence and Conversation, and I have nothing but your Love to plead my Cause. And that, said I, is sufficient to secure your Quiet. Alas, said he, how greatly do I fear, that my Lord de Brioncel's Authority, and your Respect for him, will overcome you. I am not, said I, indeed used to disobey my Father, yet I will promise you now to oppose him ; yes, I will at least preserve my Liberty, till such time as I can give my self to you : Confide in the word I have given you, and do not doubt my Constancy, for I will keep it to Death.

But the Chevalier was so overwhelmed with Grief, that he answered confusedly, and all our Conversation plainly shew'd the Disorder of our Minds. At last we parted, and I left him with Assurances that nothing should change my Sentiments towards him : Then he beg'd that I would give him leave to write to me. I will do more, said I, I will promise to answer all your Letters ; it would be a Cruelty in us, to deny our selves that Satisfaction in our Misfortunes.

When I left the *Thuilleries*, I went directly to Madam *de Fussy*'s, to make her a Compliment of Condolence on the Death of her Mother, and I found her so overwhelmed with Grief, that I thought my self obliged to take her away from that melancholy Place, to comfort her ; so I carry'd her home along with me to my Father's, who received her with the greatest Friendship and Tenderness imaginable, for he really esteemed her greatly, and had

had always loved her, and wished an hundred times that my Brother had fallen in love with her, instead of the Countess.

After Dinner I left Madam *de Fussy* in my Father's Apartment, and went into my own, where I was no sooner enter'd, but *Disenteuil* came. Will your accustom'd Modesty, said I, my Lord, give me leave to thank you, for having discovered to my Father those Truths which have skreen'd me from his Anger, and preserved his Esteem for me, which I am indeed indebted to you for at this time. You do not owe that, Madam, said he with great Modesty, but to the Innocency of your own Conduct; and I was in Duty obliged to witness for you what I knew, and to clear you of all Scandal to my Lord *de Brionsel*; for who could better justify you than me, who am so perfectly acquainted with your Virtue, and therefore esteem you equal to your Merit? and bless'd had I been, could I have confined my Soul to do no more: Here he sighed deeply, and then continu'd his Discourse thus; But do not be alarmed, Madam, that I this day beg leave to break silence, and mention my Love, because I am going to take my leave of you; and I shall only presume to tell you, that I shall go from you more in love than ever, and that my Soul is filled with the most violent Passion for you that Man ever felt, or Beauty and Virtue inspir'd. I shall not mention to you, said I, the great Esteem which I have for you, since every Person that is so fortunate as to be acquainted with you, has the same; but if the most solid Friendship, and the most sincere

sincere Sense of the Obligations I owe you, can suffice to prevail with you to stay here, be assured that I have all these Sentiments for you. Alas, why will you give me the Grief to see you leave me so precipitantly, at a time when you have laid new Obligations upon me by your Generosity, for which I am still your Debtor. *You owe me nothing, Madam,* said he, *but if I stay in Paris, Monsieur de Brionsel's Love for me, will be always an Obstacle to what you think will be for your Happiness: No, Madam, I will not cross you in any thing; 'tis only by withdrawing my self from you, that I can preserve all your Esteem, and I will leave you absolute Mistress of your self: Monsieur de Brionsel knows my Mind already, he knows that I would give all that I have in the World to possess you; but he also knows, that I would not have you but by your own Consent; and I will intreat him not to constrain you in the Choice of a Husband.* How unjust am I, and how unfortunate are you? *said I, fill'd with Admiration. Ah, Madam, cry'd Disenteuil, throwing himself at my feet, my cruel Fate deserves your Pity indeed; I adore you, and yet must lose you: what Torments must I suffer, whilst another must possess you? how the cruel Thought distracts me?* Here his Sighs stop'd his Speech, and he seem'd no longer Master of his Passion; the big Drops burst from his sparkling Eyes, whilst he press'd my Hand to his Lips, holding them both fast lock'd in his: nor had I the Power to take them away. What do you my dear Lord *Disenteuil, said I?* and why do you

you not make use of your Reason ? Alas, consider that I am not worthy to be thus beloved ; I am ungrateful, and can make no Returns.

He still kept silence, fixing his Eyes on me ; then rising on a sudden, cry'd *Adieu, most beloved and most deserving of all Women, for I will never see you more ; 'tis an Effort that I must make to oblige you, and I now go to set out for Britany, not with design to forget you, but to mourn your Loss to the end of my Life.* 'Tis resolved ; just Heaven help me to support the dreadful Thought. Then he embrac'd me tenderly, with a dying Look, and sigh'd out, *Adieu, may you be bless'd as I am wretched.* Thus he left me, without giving me leave to make one word of answer ; and I felt at this instant an inexpressible Concern for his Misfortune, for I had too sincere a Friendship, and too great a sense of the Obligations that I had to him, not to have a true and real Sorrow for to see the Excess of his Passion, and Sufferings. For he was a Man of such uncommon Virtue and Wisdom, and all his Conduct so blameless and noble, and so generous in all his Deportment towards me ; that not only I, but every body that knew him, nay even your Highness, I am certain must admire him, and pity his Misfortunes : nay, I am sensible that you will condemn me on this Occasion ; but in the Sequel I am positive you will forgive me, and I own that at this instant I felt a secret Confusion in my own Soul, and was ashame'd of the Preference which I gave to the Chevalier above *Disenteuil* ; and I would have

have torn my Heart from the first to have given it to the latter, who forced me even against my Will, and in spite of my Love for the Chevalier, to look on his Misfortune as the Effect of my Folly, and as a Proof of my want of Judgment ; for in my Soul I could not but allow that *Disenteuil* had much the superior Merit, which ought alone to justify the Weakness of Loving in a Woman : But yet my Heart was still inclined to the Chevalier, and the fond Passion was nourish'd by the Hopes of making him and my self happy ; and Love was stronger than Reason, which continually reproached me. I was filled with these tormenting Thoughts, when my Father enter'd my Chamber : *What ails you, Daughter,* said he, *you seem troubled ; has Disenteuil, whom I met coming out of your Apartment, occasion'd it ? Yes, my Lord, I reply'd, he has just taken leave of me ; and I protest his going away concerns me very much : for the Reason which makes him leave me is so generous, that I cannot but reproach my self for not being able to vanquish my Weakness, and keep him here.* *I wish, said my Father, that you mayn't have cause to make your self any other Reproaches ; and may you never have cause to regret the Loss of Disenteuil : for Child, consider, such a Man as he is rarely to be found.*

Madam de *Fussy* entering the Room at this instant, interrupted our Discourse, which had otherwise embarrass'd me ; and I spent the rest of the Day and all Night, thinking on *Disenteuil's* Departure : and the nobleness of his

his Proceedings touch'd me to that degree, that I would have made a Resolution not to marry the Chevalier, to save him the Grief of seeing me possess'd by another: yet at the same time, I even trembled for fear my Father should be inexorable, and not let me have the Chevalier.

The next Day *Souville* gave me a Letter from him, and I had hardly read it when my Father came into my Chamber. *Disenteuil* is gone, *Madam*, said he, *his Generosity has deliver'd you from his Importunities and mine*; for he has desir'd me to think no more of him. The noble Conduct of the Count, said I, which I have always found the same, has so accustom'd me to expect such generous Deeds from him, that I am not surprized. Two Days after this my Father had a serious Discourse with me after this manner.

*I have already told you, Daughter, that I will not force you to marry Disenteuil; and thus I sacrifice, to oblige you, the ardent Desire which I have long had to unite this worthy Man to our Family. And I ask of you in return a like Sacrifice of your Inclinations for a time, which tho I believe it will be painful to you, yet the Esteem which I have for Disenteuil, and my Prudence, and the Tenderness which I have for your Happiness demand. Reflect what kind of a Man it is that you refuse; and have you, my Child, maturely consider'd what he is whom you prefer to him? Disenteuil possesses all the great Qualifications that make a complete Gentleman: and there is join'd with these, a noble*

noble Birth, and above five thousand Pounds a Year Estate. The Chevalier is, 'tis true, of a good Family I own, but his Fortune is but indifferent; and let your Love blind you ever so much, yet you cannot but be sensible that he is much inferior to D'Isenteuil in point of Merit: notwithstanding which, I do assure you, my Child, that I will not oppose you, in case you desire to have him, and the Chevalier de Fanime continues to merit you, and that you persist in having him after having passed a Year with me at Mondelis. This is the Sacrifice that I ask of you to make me; and my Consent to your having of him, depends on your obliging me in this. You have no need, my Lord, said I, to join so great a Recompence to make your Commands obey'd: my Respect, and the Duty and Love that I have for you, are sufficient to engage me to condescend to every thing that you desire; and 'tis enough that you command a thing, for me to obey without murmuring: Nay, I am ready to give you new Proofs that I merit your Favour; you would have me go to Mondelis, and I am ready to go; fix the Day for your going, and I will go immediately and get all ready to attend you thither: Yes, my Lord, you are, and ever shall be the Master of my Actions. How satisfied am I, my dear Child, said he, embracing me, with you in all things? Pray Heaven that you may be as happy as you deserve to be: and how happy do I think my self in being your Father, seeing you endow'd with so many Virtues? After this, he told me that

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my Brother would go along with us to *Mondelis*, and that we should go thither in about eight days time. Then I asked him if he would approve of it, if I engaged Madam *de Fussy* to come and pass some part of her Mourning with us ? *She is a Person*, said he, *that really merits your Friendship* ; *choose always such Friends*, and you will never repent of their acquaintance ; *try to prevail with her to bear us company*, and *I shall be much pleased to see that her Company will contribute to render Mondelis an agreeable abode to you*.

Madam *de Fussy* received the Proposal with Pleasure, being glad to go and pass a considerable time at *Mondelis*. The Friendship she had for me, and the Desire she had to get rid of all the Trouble and Embarrass into which her Mother's Death had thrown her, made her embrace the Offer with Joy ; and I was sensibly pleased with her Complaisance, and thought that her Company would in a great measure help me to bear the Chevalier's absence, which seemed very hard for me to endure : He writ to me every day, and I gave my self the pleasing Liberty of answering his Letters. I let him know of *Disenteuil*'s having left us, and I could not forbear to mention the Generosity of his Rival's Proceedings, with which I was touched to the Quick, and Vanity had no share in all I related to him ; yet I believe that this Relation gave him more Uneasiness than *Disenteuil*'s Absence gave him Joy, as I could perceive by his Letters. The respect that I had for my Father, and my timorousness to offend him, made me

me not dare to see the Chevalier ; and *Disentueil's* Merit, to whom he render'd Justice, altogether, fill'd him with Doubts and Fears, and this extremely pleased me. The Evening before my Departure for *Mondelis*, I sent him word to be at *Madam de Fussy's*, who was gone home to put her Affairs in order, before she set out on her Journey ; and I had desired her to acquaint the Chevalier with our Design of going to *Mondelis* : when I came, I found him at *Madam de Fussy's*, and he told me, with a very sad, and cast-down Look, *'Tis then, Madam, to bid me farewell, that your Goodness has called me hither ; I must lose you, and, alas, to-morrow.* 'Tis true, said I, that I shall go hence to-morrow ; but 'tis not true that you will lose me : for I flatter my self, that a happy Return, and Meeting here again, will make us forget what we shall now suffer by absence ; for my Father has spoke to me with such Kindnes of you, that I may with reason hope—*Ab, Madam, cry'd the Chevalier, how much do I fear my Lord de Brionsel's Politicks ? his Friendship for Disentueil ; what do I say, Friendship ? no, his Ambition will make him unable to renounce his first Views.* *Disentueil, said I, thinks no more of me. We may both wish that it were so,* said the Chevalier, *but can you believe it ? No, Madam, Disentueil has still hopes, doubtless, that Time and the cunning Management of my Lord de Brionsel, will gain his Ends : he forces you from Paris, that is already a great step to his Design, and your submissive Respect for him, assures him of the rest ; and if I may*

may dare to say so, you leave me a prey to the most cruel *Inquietudes* : Yes, Madam, 'tis done, and I foresee that I shall lose you ; and the mortal *Grief* with which my Soul is seized, is a sure *Presage* of it. Do you behave your self so, said I, that your *Conduct* may be blameless, and shew no *Inconstancy*, I will be answerable to you for our being happy ; I know my Father, and I know what he has said to me, and I leave you with a sort of *Tranquillity* which ought to make you easy too ; and I require it of you. *What, Madam,* said he, *dismally, I am to see you no more for the space of a whole Year, and you would have me receive this dreadful Shock without Concern* ; no, Madam, my *Love* is too violent to let me have so much use of my *Reason* ; ah, that I could but dare complain how little yours must be for me, and tell you, that if your *Heart* like mine—I love you, my Lord, said I, interrupting him, and so much, as to think no *Happiness* comparable to that of being united with you : believe me, then, that if I beheld any *Difficulties* that seemed impossible for us to surmount, you would see me more afflicted than you are. *Alas, said he, Madam, the more you strive to mitigate the Grief that I feel at losing you, the more I am pierced with it ; your Kindness redoubles my Sorrow, and the more I am sensible of my good fortune the more is my torment. Just Heavens, can it be possible that I can be at the same instant so happy, and so miserable ; but alas, Madam, you say, nothing to me of any means that can make me able to support your absence*

absence with Patience ; may I not write to you, and will you not comfort me with your Letters ? and will you not give me leave to make all attempts to see you at Mondelis ? No, said I, take care above all things never to be seen there ; I shall run too great a hazard in seeing you, and this step may ruin us both. What, Madam, said he, tenderly, I must then be a whole Year without seeing you ? Yes, answer'd I, 'tis a Sacrifice that we must make to facilitate our Happiness, which requires of us Prudence and Resolution ; my Letters shall console you as much as I am able, and sweeten the Pains my absence gives you ; and yours shall give me Strength to wait for what I hope Time will effect, you shall direct them to *Souville*, and her Brother, whom my Father leaves at *Paris*, shall give you mine.

We spent the rest of the Day, in the manner which two Persons are accustomed to do, who are in love, and going to part, who are filled with Hopes and Fears ; and our Conversation concluded by the greatest Protestations of Constancy, and continuing firm against all that opposed our Happiness : And thus we parted equally grieved, and equally satisfied with one another.

Next Morning my Father and Madam *de Fussy*, my Brother and I, set out for *Mondelis* ; and my Father seem'd extremely pleased to see me look so easy and unconcern'd : and in truth I left *Paris* without much Concern. The Promise which my Father had given me, and the violent Passion which I believed the

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Chevalier had for me, made me support with a good Courage this necessary Step to obtain my Desires, and which I thought was useful to compas my Designs.

We arrived safely at *Mondelis*, and Madam *de Fussy* was amazed at the magnificent Situation of this Castle, to which the River *Loire* serves for a Canal ; the Building, the Gardens, the Fountains, and Falls of Water, did not less agreeably surprize her : in fine, tho' Art appeared in every Part, yet it did not eclipse the Beauties of Nature, but concurr'd with her to make this Place a most delicious, delightful Abode.

The Chevalier answer'd my impatient Desires, and I was no sooner arrived at *Mondelis*, but I received a Letter from him, and took an extreme Pleasure in the reading of it ; his tender Complaints were so naturally express'd, that I secretly applauded my own Charms, that had inspired so lively a Flame in a Man for whom I had a real one, sufficient to enable me to surmount, with Patience and Constancy, all that could oppose his Happiness. All the Letters that follow'd were in the same Stile, and mine were answerable ; for the innocence and sincerity of my Sentiments, made me at liberty, without blushing, to speak my Thoughts, and say what must be agreeable to him to hear : This pleasing Commerce made my Mind at ease, and render'd me cheerful and pleasant in Conversation, almost without being troubled with the least Inquietude.

My Father gave us every day some new Diversion, and was in his Humour and Deportment the most gallant, and youngest of us all ; and employ'd himself equally to free my Brother from his Passion for the perfidious Countess, and me from mine, and to amuse Madam *de Jussy*, for whom his Friendship increased hourly, as he became better acquainted with the Sweetness and Goodness of her Temper ; and I saw that he began to like her Company, and seem'd not only pleased to be with her, but sought her every where with such an Air of Complaisance and Concern, as exceeded common Civility and Friendship : her Conversation charm'd him, and insensibly drew him after this lovely Maid, who had often rallied him for looking pensive and uneasy, which he now had really laid aside. He at first turn'd all into a Jest, but now he began to say with a more serious Air, that she had cured him of all his Melancholy. My Father soon perceived that my Brother began to find *Mondelis* a pleasant Abode, and was extremely pleased to see that absence, and Madam *de Jussy*, began to work the Effect he desired.

One day when I was walking with my Father, he said to me, *Well, Daugbier, am I deceived, does not Madam de Jussy make my Son forget Madam de Venneville ?* She is very capable of doing so, said I, and I don't doubt but you would forgive my Brother this Change of Mistresses with all your Heart. But answer me seriously, said my Father, *What do you think of it ?* I think, said I, that they are both very agreeable, both fit to inspire Love,

Love, both young, and continually together ; and therefore one may easily divine, without being a Conjuror, what may be the End of their Intimacy. *Do you think that he will at last love Madam de Jussy ?* said he. Yes, said I ; there is no doubt but he loves her already. *So much the better,* said my Father ; *take no notice of it, but let the Passion grow,* which has already led him from *Complaisance,* to *take care to please ; and from pleasing, will soon bring him to love in earnest, as we desire he should.* Yes, my Lord, said I, they love already, I give you my Word. *You flatter me, Daughter,* said he, *I fear, smiling ; but you do not give me good Reasons for your believing it.* I will give you very excellent ones, said I ; my Brother has got a habit of living in love, and since his Reason has let him see the Baseness of Madam *de Venneville's* Proceedings, he has been in search where to place his Heart ; and Madam *de Jussy* has come in his way just at a lucky time, and found him at liberty : She esteems him, and has never been in love before ; but she has a Heart to dispose of, and has fallen into the Snare just as he has done : At first she heard him talk of Love only to amuse her ; they rallied, and toy'd together, till at last they are come to be in love in earnest. *It must be confess'd,* said my Father, laughing, *that you Women are very cunning in your Discoveries of one another's Intrigues, and understand that Passion, Love, to a nicety ; and I find that you are very well skill'd in it for a Woman of your age, and one of so much Prudence and Under-*

standing. Oh, my Lord, said I, if I had less, I had not study'd it so well, and learn'd the Art of loving well so perfectly.

I perceived my Brother grew fonder of Madam *de Fussy*, by little and little, every hour; and Madam *de Venneville's* Idea was less thought upon, as his Passion for this lovely Maid increased; and he began to entertain her as a Lover, and seem'd to speak the most tender Things with an Air of Sincerity, enough to convince her, that he felt what he spoke. But she laughed at him, and turned all into jesting, tho' she saw plain enough that my Brother was in earnest, yet she did not in the least discourage him: and at last my Brother perceived that she really loved him again, and he was highly satisfy'd with his Choice of her, knowing her Merit: But the natural Indifferency of her Temper alarm'd him, because she show'd no Passion: He communicated his tender Fears to me, and I was pleased to see that they loved one another as I wished: I told him that I would do all that lay in my Power to procure his Happiness. Ah, how difficult, said he, my dear Sister will you find it to do that? how hard will it be to persuade my Charmer that I love her? That, indeed, ought to be your own work, said I: But why do you so much despair of being able to convince her of your Love? Because, said he, I have said all that is possible to persuade her to it, and all in vain; She believes not one word, she turns all into a refined raillery, of which Madam *de Venneville* is ever the Subject, and

all our Conversations end in a Jest. So much the better, said I, and you are more obliged to Madam *de Venneville* than you imagine, for she has inspired a kind of Ambition in Madam *de Jussy*'s Breast, to please, and ravish her Conquest from her ; and the Incredulity which you complain of in Madam *de Jussy*, shows that she is desirous to be beloved : for know, Brother, that every Woman, except a Jilt, or Coquet, is very near loving, that has once an Inclination that a Man should love her.

But perhaps your Highness will be displeased that I keep you so long in suspense, in relating all the Particulars of the Progress Love made in these Lovers Hearts, and you are impatient to hear what became of me and my Lovers : This I shall proceed to relate, so soon as I have informed you, that my Brother did at last persuade this lovely Unbeliever of the Truth of his Affection ; and that my Father, filled with Esteem and Friendship for her, obtain'd her Promise to marry my Brother at our return to *Paris*, at which time her Mourning for her Mother was to finish.

Mean time the Chevalier writ to me daily with the same Regularity and Tenderness ; all his Letters were full of Protestations of the great Impatience that he had to see me, if it were but for a Moment only ; nay, he even murmur'd against my Cruelty, in forbidding him to make any Attempts to do it ; and I secretly applauded my self, at the Command that I had over my self and him, in rendering

him so obedient to my Commands : In fine, I was in a perfect Security as to his Fidelity, which doubtless proceeded from the little Experience which I had in Love-Affairs.

In the three Months time that we had now been at *Mondelis*, I had got acquainted with the Marchioness of *Menzou*, who was a very fine Woman, and had a great deal of Wit : her Country-seat, in which she resided a good part of the Year, was within six Miles of my Father's, and we saw one another very often : One day, when she was at *Mondelis*, and that we were a walking together alone, I happen'd to name the *Chevalier de Fanime*, and she told me that she knew him extremely well, by means of one of her intimate Friends with whom he had been very much in love. I presently ask'd her, with a Concern which I strove to hide, how long it was since ? She answer'd, *That it was about six Months since ; that they had not seen one another, but that they had loved one another for above a Year before.* My Concern and Curiosity were now increased, and I desired her, with a very innocent Air, to tell me all the Story of this Amour to divert us ; saying, with a Smile which was forced, that the being in the Country gave us a Privilege of talking a little of our Neighbours Affairs ; and she easily consented to discover the deceitful *Chevalier's* Intrigues, on condition not to name her Friend, and pierced my Soul with these mortal Darts which wounded me to the Heart.

It will be two Years next May, said she, since my Friend and I were driving along the Ramparts in my Coach ; the Axletree of the Coach broke, and we were very much embarrass'd, when the Chevalier de Fanime came by us, and stop'd his Coach, offering it to us to come into ; I had no acquaintance with him, more than by seeing him in Publick, but he made us the Offer in so well-bred and polish'd a manner, that we could not refuse to accept of it : This Accident made me choose to go no farther, but return home ; and the Chevalier conducted us up into my Apartment, where taking his leave, he desired that I would not be displeased if he came sometimes to pay his Respects to me ; and I granted his Request with a great deal of Pleasure, knowing him to be a Person of great Merit, and finding his Company very agreeable ; and so did my Friend, who was a very pretty Lady, and very charming and sprightly ; which the Chevalier took great notice of, and had a longing Desire to be more particularly acquainted with her : In fine, they after this saw and loved one another. My Friend's Husband, who was fond of his Wife to the last degree, and a Man of a violent and jealous Temper, soon took umbrage at the Chevalier, and forbid his Wife to receive his Visits : This Prohibition but increased her new-born Flame for him, and being more subtle than I imagin'd, she conceal'd her Husband's Jealousy from me, and by that means preserved the Liberty of seeing him at my House. His Company was very taking and agreeable, she was gay and diverting ; and I

received them with Pleasure, and did not in the least suspect that there was any Crime in their Friendship. During this time the Chevalier took a Journey into Britany, and asked my leave to write to me, which I granted with a very good Will ; he asked the same Favour of my Friend, which she also granted him, but more mysteriously than I, and on condition, says she to him, that Madam de Menzon will give leave, that your Letters to me shall be inclosed in those you write to her. I consented.—Did you value these Letters so much, said I, as to keep any of them by you ? Yes, said she, and I will let you see them, if you have a Desire for it ; you will find them very pretty. I take you at your word, said I ; for I shall be glad to see whether the Chevalier de Fanieme writes as well as he speaks : But go on with your Story, I am already concern'd for your Friend.

The Chevalier's Journey and Stay at Britany was but skort, reply'd the Marchioness, and he return'd as amorous as when they parted, and their Converse continued ; and I learn'd that they saw one another privately very often, at the House of a Woman who had formerly belong'd to my Friend : and then I thought fit to desire the Chevalier to make me no more Visits, and I have seen him but very seldom since that time. But the Husband soon discovered his Wife's Deeds, enough to throw him into a Fury ; he quarrell'd and threatned, but all to no purpose : yet the Difficulties of seeing one another became greater, so that they were obliged to use greater Precautions, yet still

still kept up their Correspondence ; and the jealous Husband, tho in his Nature very passionate, had a kind of Prudence, that be hid his Thoughts from the World, which emboldned our Lovers : So that it was above a Year that this Intrigue had gone on in this manner, when the Chevalier de Fanime was attack'd in the Night by three Men. (You have doubtless heard the issue of this Affair, since it was to the Count de Disenteuil, to whom he ow'd his Life, by the Succours which he received from him). The Chevalier was coming out from this Woman's House, whom I mentioned to you before, where he had supped with my Friend, and I never doubted but that it was her Husband, whom Revenge and Jealousy had determined to do the Chevalier a Mischief ; nay, the Chevalier himself was of that Opinion : The Husband's Character, and some Words that were said to de Fanime in attacking him ; all this, I say, sufficiently instructed him what Course was best for him to take, and that was never to see my Friend any more, after he was got intirely out of danger. And indeed the furious jealous Husband prevented it, for he carry'd his Wife suddenly into the Country to his Province, where I dare believe he has made her do a severe Penance, for having dishonoured him, and broke her Marriage-Vows.

I had leisure, during Madam de Menzon's Discourse, to recover my self, in appearance, from the extreme Disorder which I was in ; so I thank'd her for her Complaisance, and told her, that I pitied her Friend, and that

the sever Punishment she suffered for her Crime, made me almost forget that she was culpable ; and in spite of my Discretion, I could not forbear to ask her some more Questions about her Friend, vainly endeavouring to make her name her, but she avoided it, and so our Conversation ended for this time.

The Marchioness would needs return home this same Day, which I faintly opposed ; for the Letters she had told me of had created an eager Desire in me to have her in a Place where she would shew them to me : I shall not mention to your Highness what a cruel Night I past ; I am ashamed to think of it ; but I will bring you directly to the Marchioness's Closet, where my Curiosity was fully gratified, to my Confusion.

I went to her House the next Day, and govern'd my self, against speaking to her about the Letters, and our last Night's Conversation, till after some talk of things in the general, which, tho' it was but short, yet I thought tedious ; and then I mentioned her Promise with as unconcerned an Air as I could possibly : and at last she show'd me the fatal Testimonies of the Chevalier's Falshood : his Hand, the Dates, the Places whence, Post-mark, and all confirmed a Truth, of which I would fain have doubted. The last Letter was of the same Date with that which he wrote to me at Gondez, and I slipp'd it into my Pocket without the Marchioness's perceiving it ; and here, Madam, is the true Copy of it, for your Highness to read.

The

## The LETTER.

YOU rightly foretold, Madam, that I should repent me of my Complaisance, in accompanying Monsieur, and Madam, the Dutchess of — to Britany, to the meeting of the Estates : By good luck I thought of a plausible Excuse to leave them, and I am upon my Return to Paris. I leave here, 'tis true, a very noble, but a very tiresome Company : What a Life was this, for a Man of my Humour to be obliged to endure long Compliments, to game high, to drink hard, all things that I abhor ? therefore I will withdraw my self from the Company of Men, who love to get together in Flocks, to fly to the pleasing Company of the Ladies, who are often to be found alone. I have found some here who are handsome, but that's all that can be said of them, tho they are not all of Britany. The Air of this Place is so contagious, that even those, who appear'd to me full of Charms at Paris, do here seem not worth one Moment's Thought. I go hence, then, Madam, with the greatest Impatience, to see you and your charming Friend, that I may have the Pleasure to see my self again between you and that beautiful whimsical Charmer, whose Humour changes like the Wind : Ah ! could she but be cured of this slight Fault, how perfect a Creature would she be ? Pray don't let her see this part of my Letter, for then perhaps she would put on the serious Air, when I next approach her, and

and put me out of Humour too. I shall follow this Letter so closely, that I reckon I shall be with you almost as soon as that. Adieu, Madam.

Your Highness, doubtless, is moved now to pity my Condition at this Instant, and the Chevalier is become odious in your Opinion: You are certainly desirous to see me triumph over a Weakness which made me refuse an advantageous noble Establishment, offer'd by a Man who really loved me, and one who was every way worthy my Love, and faithful to the last degree; a Weakness that render'd me rebellious to the Commands of a Father, who merited the utmost Respect and Affection, and whom I highly respected; a Weakness that bereft me of all other Desires, but that of being married to a Man, whose want of Fortune I wanted to supply, by making him Master of me and mine, which was far more considerable than his: and yet, I must confess, to my shame, that the first Emotions of my Anger being past, I relented, and made Reflections, which I then believed proceeded from my Reason, but which were in reality only the Effects of a fond Passion, which had gain'd too great an Empire in my Soul; and I sought how to diminish the Chevalier's Crime, which I at last concluded to be only a slight Slip: Was he not ignorant how much I loved him? said I, to the faithful Souville, to whom I unbosom'd my Thoughts: and the Severity of my Conduct, did it not excuse his amusing himself with another? ought he, or indeed could he resist the Advances and se-

seducing Charms of so lovely a Woman? and that Chastity, and virtuous Sentiments, which are the Glory of our Sex, to preserve; are they ever to be found, or are they indeed essential, to make a complete Gentleman, or belong to Mankind? no, never, Man is another kind of Creature; Love and Glory they pursue, and it were unreasonable to expect Chastity and Fidelity in a Lover to such a degree. Alas! my Folly was such, that whilst I thus argu'd, I forgot that there was a *Disenteuil* upon the Earth. In fine, my dear *Souville*, said I, he did, 'tis true, pretend Love to this Lady, and kept her company for a time, but my Duty, which then forbid me to give ear to his Addresses, does it not likewise forbid me to regard as a Crime, what he then did with another? But if he had continued still to love this Woman, or did now actually love any other, how much were I to be pity'd! Alas! can I suppose that the Chevalier did never love me sincerely, and that it was only Vanity that made him strive to gain my Heart, and seduce me to love him to deceive me? No, I cannot consent to think so basely of him: yet my Happiness depends upon my being satisfied of the truth, for the more I love, the more miserable I shall be with him; and what will become of me, if he be really a Libertine, and has such vile Inclinations in his Soul, which I have just Reason to fear that I shall find there? But my dear *Souville*, you say not a word: hast thou nothing to say to me in his Favour? Well then, *Madam*, said

said she, *I will tell you my Thoughts without disguise, since you give me Leave ; and the tender, and respectful Concern which I have for you, forbids me to be silent on such an Occasion.*

*The Chevalier is almost as criminal in what he has done, as if he had actually known that you did at that time love him, for he had then had the boldness to declare his Love to you, and therefore he was as great a Deceiver in respect of you as if he had known your Mind ; and I fear that his Inclinations are too much inclined to Debauchery, so that he will make you the Victim of his Crimes in the end. Ah ! my dear Souville, cry'd I, how dost thou augment my Affliction ! Forgive me, Madam, said she, my Love is such for you I cannot forbear to warn you, seeing the imminent Danger that you are in : Remember that I bred you up, and had the Honour to take care of your Education. I tremble to tell you, that I believe that the Chevalier is not a Man of Honour, in respect of Women, and that he thinks it no Blemish to it, to persuade them that he is in love when he is not, but above all, when he foresees a great Fortune will be the Reward of his Hypocrisy ; and how can I look on his Conduct to be innocent in regard to you ? Alas ! Madam, can your Weakness be such, as to make you pass by that vile part of his Letter, which relates only to you ? how greatly are you affronted ? and do you still refuse to open your Eyes to look into the Chevalier's Humour ? and can you still believe that he loves you*

ten-

tenderly ? No, Madam, he does not. What have I done to you, my dear *Souville*, said I, overwhelm'd with Grief, that you wound me thus to the Soul : Good Heavens, what fatal Events dost thou make me apprehend ! Then I remain'd some time in a manner speechless, at last coming a little to my Senses, I said to her : Under some specious Pretence I will write seldomer to the Chevalier, but I will never mention what I have learn'd to him, but will have him watch'd so narrowly that he shall not take one step without my knowing of it ; and if I find nothing to lay to his charge since he has been acquainted with my Love, I will look on this Intrigue as nothing but a foolish Desire to divert his Melancholy, nay, I will, if it be possible, quite forget it : So I sent to *Souville's* Brother, who was left at *Paris*, and gave him charge to have the Chevalier follow'd wherever he went, and to let me know continually, even the Particulars, of the least Material of his Actions, to search into them all, and to spare no Cost nor Care to discover the truth ; for nothing the Chevalier did could be indifferent to me, whose Concern for him was inexpressible.

And now I was become a Vassal to Fears and Doubts, the Forerunners of Jealousy ; the Confidence which had till now, made me so easy, in my absence from my false Lover was turn'd into a thousand Fears and Suspicions, and my Esteem for him was wavering : I would, and I would not have him : In fine, Madam, draw an Image of your own

Thoughts

It was altogether impossible for me to write to him without his discerning such an Alteration in my Stile as show'd something of the Condition my Soul was in: and he soon complain'd of it, and pleaded his Innocence in such a manner that he deceived me to that degree as to make me believe that his Letters spake the Sentiments of his Soul, and they were full of all the Concern that the most ardent and sincere Love could occasion in the Breast of a Lover; nay, I had the weakness to write to him that nothing should force me from him, if the Sentiments of his Heart and Conduct answer'd mine; and therefore it was in his own power to make himself secure of me.

For above a Month, *Souville's* Brother sent me word continually, that the Chevalier did hardly ever stir from home, and that he never went more often to one Place than another, or to any Place of ill Character, but that he spent his time altogether with his Sister, and that he saw very little Company. This Account of a Man's Life, whom I incessantly thought upon, flatter'd my Hopes, and made me believe that he had never been criminal in respect of me, if he had believed that I loved him.

But I enjoy'd not long this pleasing Error, for I received a Letter from *Souville's* Brother, that robb'd me of all the flattering Hopes which I had conceived of finding the Chevalier innocent: for he informed me, that he was

was now in league with the Marchioness of *Jaillac*, and had Interviews with her at his Sister's, the Countess *de Venneville*'s, with all manner of Precaution: And this was the means by which this cunning young Man got to the knowledge of it.

The regular and retir'd Life which the Chevalier led, so little resembling that which he used to lead, made this young Man believe that he had some secret Intrigue. Madam *de Jaillac* was mighty intimate with Madam *de Venneville*, and paist whole Days with her and the Chevalier: This look'd a little suspicious, and he exceeded his Commission, by not only observing the Chevalier's Conduct, but also Madam *de Jaillac*'s, who likewise saw but very little Company at her own home, not even the Chevalier. This last Circumstance did not in the least diminish this Man's Suspicions, who resolved to be farther satisfy'd, before he informed me of his Thoughts, for fear of giving me uneasiness without just Grounds for it.

He had, in this time, contracted a great deal of Friendship with one of Madam *de Venneville*'s Maids, nay, I believe he was a little in love with her; and he managed this Maid with so much Cunning, that *she told him, that the Chevalier had been in love, and was also beloved by Madam de Jaillac, for four Months past*: But he must know more yet to satisfy me, and therefore he gain'd by little and little an entire ascendant over this Creature, so that *she discover'd to him, that the Chevalier went out almost every Night, and did not return home*

home till it was Day-break ; and that she did not doubt but that he was all Night at the Marchioness of Jaillac's, whither he always went in the Evening. This was enough for Souville's Brother ; and all he now desired was to watch the Chevalier, which he did that very Night, and saw my faithless Lover go in and come out of the Marchioness's House by a back Door : Then he delay'd no longer to give me an Account of it, nay, his Zeal went I believe much farther, for he would have revenged me of him ; and therefore he writ to the Marquis, her Husband, an Account of the Chevalier's Commerce with the Marchioness, and informed him of every Circumstance that was most proper to animate him against them. Monsieur *de Jaillac* was one of the most passionate Men living ; and tho he had a great deal of Wit, yet the Fierceness of his Temper was such, that it made him subject to do such foolish things as were irreparable ; and such he did on this Occasion, which I am now going to relate to your Highness.

What I had learn'd from Madam *de Menzon*, and the wise Reflections Souville had forced me to make continually against this ungrateful Man, these had all prepar'd me for this terrible Thunder-clap : nevertheless, when the Blow came, I was very much astonish'd, and my Reason did little avail me to mitigate my Grief ; and it was so violent, that it even took from me the power of complaining. The more I had done to oblige the Chevalier, the more criminal I found him ;

him ; and the Necessity that I saw there was of my renouncing him, for ever pierced my Soul with a thousand Darts. I saw that my honest Love and generous Deportment were repay'd by him with the blackest Ingratitude. What a Monster is he, *said I*? Alas ! what must become of me ; and how will my Character suffer, in giving him the Liberties which I have done, and trusting him with the Secret of my Love for him.

I remain'd thus for some Days, without being able to take up any firm Resolution in my own Mind, nay, I even trembled at the Thoughts of making one ; and *Souville* was so prudent as to think that she ought not to give me the Chevalier's Letters whilst I was in this Condition, fearing that they would only augment my Trouble, or render me the more irresolute, as to what Choice I was to make : yet the imaginary Silence of this Traitor afflicted me, and I was as much touched with it as if I had had no other Crime to reproach him withal. I even forgot that he was unworthy of my Concern ; and I took the Pen at least twenty times to write to him, and as often laid it aside, the Distraction of my Soul being so great that I was not able to resolve what to write to him : yet I must of Necessity resolve on something, and I was sensible that I must in honour break with him ; but alas ! how hard a Task was that for me to do ! and if I made that Resolution once, how much harder would it still be to keep it.

During this time I received a Letter from the good Calemane, which contain'd these Words.

## The LETTER.

Madam,

**I** AM not a little embarrass'd how to write to you. I would make Complaints against a Person whom you esteem enough to honour them with a tender Friendship; and believe me, it is of the Lord of this Place, whom I would complain: he is quite changed, and is no more that witty, agreeable Man, whose charming Temper and Conversation made him justly beloved by all that were so happy as to know him. The charming Disenteuil is transform'd, and would you think it, another has taken his Place, who calls himself Disenteuil? But alas! he is a profound Dreamer, and surely a little crazy-brain'd; for he walks abroadd in the Heat of the Day, and in the Rain, and returns not home but to busy himself in his Closet, where he turns over Books, without reading a Page; nay, he avoids me and all Company, and I see him only as one Monk does another, in the Church or the Refectory; when we eat together, and there he is silent. This surprizing Change does surely denote some Distemper, yet hitherto Disenteuil does not appear to be sick, tho he leads such a whimsical Life: But tho my Fears for his bodily Health be over, yet they are increased in regard of his Mind. Alas! his Soul is surely sick, there lies his

Malady,

Malady, but of what kind I know not ; the Cause I cannot yet discover, tho I have try'd all ways to find it out : and tho he does not merit it by the treatment he gives me in concealing his Thoughts from me, yet the Concern I have for him obliges me to hold a Consultation in order to his Cure, and therefore I apply my self to you, Madam, who can perhaps best clear my Doubts ; and if you did see the Count as I do, it were impossible but you would discover what he ails : but as you are separated by a hundred Leagues, one must send you an Account of the most common and remarkable Symptoms with which he is afflicted ; and if by these you find out the Disease, pray be so kind as to tell me what, I shall do to comfort and help an unhappy Wretch, who merits some Compassion. When I tell him that he is rich, beloved, and that all the World likes and loves him, and ask him the Reason why he alone loves not himself, and is discontented, he answers only with a deep Sigh, or a forced Smile : Then I grow angry, and tell him that he is so alter'd, that I scarce know him ; that all except his Face is so changed, that I discern no more those shining Qualities that made me prefer him before all other Men ; and that if he had been always what he is now, I should never have been so attached to him ; and that I will leave him, not to retire to Vannes, for there I shall be still too near him, but to some Place farther off, I cannot tell where, but that he shall be ignorant of, when once I have chosen it : Then he tells me, you will not do so, I am sure, my Dear Calemane, you are

too much my Friend to leave me so ; no, says I, I am no longer so, our Friendship cannot subsist whilst you conceal the fatal Secret that destroys your Peace from me : I renounce your Friendship. This last Stroke seems to pierce his Soul, he catches me in his Arms, and tells me, in a broken Voice, You will know all, my dear Calemane, and sooner than I would. Then he turns away, and waits not my Answer, but hastes to hide himself in the bottom of his Park, amidst the Trees, where he passes the greatest part of his Life ; and yet I believe knows not the Path-ways : then he returns more calm and cheerful, in appearance, and entertains me on things indifferent ; sometimes I talk of Monsieur de Brionsel, and sometimes of you : He lets me speak, and then turns the Discourse, to tell me how concern'd he is to see the Peace of Europe so firmly establish'd ; that there is no hopes of a War for a long time : Then I rally him for his eager Thirst of Glory, and he blushes : Then at last he retires to his Closet, where he also permits me to enter ; and sometimes I find him tearing what he has just written. The Pleasure of the Field he no more regards : and what is more diverting is, he is angry with me that I do not exercise his Dogs, and hunt, when alas ! I am the most ignorant of all Men as to those Sports, and scarce know one Term belonging to the Art : In fine, he neglects all his Affairs, he who has all his Life long, (tho he has lived in so splendid a manner that it seem'd next to Profusion) been exact in making up all his Accounts, and managing his

his Family and Expences ; but now he leaves me to take the whole Care to me, who was never yet able to understand Arithmetick, and have always lived a Stranger to Accounts, and all kinds of Oeconomy : but I suppose he means only to laugh at me, or is as careless of his Fortune as himself. And now, Madam, I have fully instructed you of his Condition. Pray communicate to me your Thoughts, and honour with your Commands.

Your devoted Servant,

CALEMANE.

At the time that I received this Letter, my Thoughts were so wholly taken up with my Love-Affairs, that I fancy'd that I was only reading the History of some unfortunate Stranger, who was like me, a Victim to Ingratitude and Falshood ; and it was not till the second reading that I perceived that *Disenteuil* was this unfortunate Person, and that *Calemane* had artificially made use of this singular manner of writing to inform me of the melancholy way of Life which that worthy Man did lead at *Gondez*. The unhappy Condition I found my self in at this time, made me very sensible how much *Disenteuil* was to be pity'd, yet I thought him not to want Compassion half so much as I did : He is not deceived, said I, *Disenteuil* is fully revenged of me, for what he suffers : The Chevalier is proved unworthy my Love, and yet I cannot hate him. Blush, fond Wretch !

Wretch ! said I, to my self, at the shameful Preference which you give to an ingrateful, a perfidious Villain ; and think no more of *Disenenil's Despair* : the Contempt which thou deservest from him will soon drive from his Soul the Love he bears thee, which thou dost not merit in the least.

During these Transactions, my Brother was at *Paris*, for some Affairs relating to *Madam de Fussy*, who staid with me ; and tho my dearest Friend, yet I concealed my Grief, and she could not imagine what ail'd me to be so sad, believing that I was altogether satisfy'd with the Chevalier : Yet she saw me plung'd in a mortal Sorrow, with which she was very much touched, and endeavour'd to divert me continually with some Amusement or other ; and I had been about a Weak in this Condition, when I saw *Souville's* Brother enter my Chamber, and I doubted not, that on seeing him, but I was to receive a fresh Stab to the Heart, from the News he brought me. What dost thou come here for, said I, in the utmost Confusion ? Alas ! thou art come to relate to me some new Perfidy of the false *Fanime*, but speak on. No, Madam, said he, I am come to inform you that you are now revenged on him. Revenged, cry'd I, Good Heavens ! what is the Chevalier assassinated, murder'd ? He is not kill'd, Madam, he reply'd, for his Nimbleness and Valour saved him from falling into *Monsieur de Jaillac's* Hand, in the manner you shall hear : The Chevalier had for three Nights following visited *Madam de Jaillac* at one a-Clock

a Clock at Night, going into the House by a back Door that was at the end of the Garden. He was scarce enter'd this Door the third Night, but he perceiv'd three Men coming out of a close Arbour, who strait made towards him with their Swords drawn: Monsieur de Jaillac was one of the three. The Chevalier immediately put himself into a Posture of Defence, for he was well provided with Pistols, and he fir'd one at the Marquis, whom he knew at first sight, but he missed him. Madam de Jaillac, whose Apartment was on the Terrass-Walk, heard the Pistol go off, and was so imprudent as to run into the Garden; and seeing the Chevalier alone defending himself against three, she was no longer Mistress of her Reason: The Danger her Lover was in, made her cry out loudly for Help, running in amongst the Swords to part them, like a Woman out of her Wits, not in the least perceiving that her Husband was one of the three Assassins; and the Chevalier had just wounded one of them, when by good Fortune her Waiting-woman and Confident, who had kept her Senses better than her Mistress, came and open'd the Garden Gate which the Chevalier had shut after him at his entring the Garden; and so he found Means to retreat out of it, and saved his Life. The Noise Madam de Jaillac had made, the Sound of the Pistols going off, and the Clashing of the Swords, had occasion'd the Watch to make a Stand near the Garden Gate; and they pursued the Chevalier, who fled with his naked Sword in his Hand, and at last they took

L him:

him : And it was in vain that he try'd to persuade them that he was neither Thief nor Assassin, for they would not let him go ; so that seeing himself in this Extremity, he desir'd the Officer to conduct him to the President de —, and the Sight of the Cross he wore, which he showed them, and this Proposal, made the Officer consent to carry him thither ; and the President giving his Word for him, they left him there. The Chevalier has not been wounded then, said I, hastily, but has been so fortunate as to extricate himself out of so perilous an Affair by his Courage. Ah ! why, continu'd I, has he not as much Justice and Truth in his Soul as he has Bravery ? but go on, and tell me the rest of the Story. It is all publick now, Madam, said he, all Paris rings of it ; and Monsieur de Jaillac to confirm the Truth of the Fact, did immediately send away his Wife, as it is said, to go and be shut up in a Convent in the farthest Part of Gascony. So the Marquis's and President's Domesticks, and the Watch, have all inform'd the Publick of an Adventure too diverting to be concealed in such a Place as Paris. And thus ended Souville's Brother's Relation.

Madam de Fussy did also receive a Letter from my Brother the same Day, giving her an Account of all this Story ; and he sent her word, that he thought it would be proper to inform me of this Affair ; but she was so tender a Friend to me, that she had not the Heart to tell it me. So she went and found out my Father, to whom she communicated

this

this Letter. At first he was concern'd to hear how much I had been deceiv'd; but this Sentiment soon gave place to one more rational; for he felt a secret Joy to find that the Chevalier had show'd himself unworthy of me, and tho' he did not doubt but that my Passion for him was strong, yet as a Woman who was highly sensible of an Injury, he fancy'd that my Love would soon be converted into Contempt; and he pray'd Madam *de Fussy* to show me the Letter, which she refus'd a long while, it being an unpleasant Employment; but at last my Father requir'd it of her so pressingly, that she could not refuse it, but came directly to my Chamber with the Letter in her Hand. *I tremble my dear Friend*, said she, *to tell you a disagreeable Piece of News*, which my Lord *de Brionsel* judges it proper for you to know; and being sensible how much it will concern you, he would not be a Witness of your Grief, but believes you will be less uneasy to hear it from me, and he has therefore commanded me to acquaint you with what I wish you could be kept ignorant of all your Life. Is that a Letter from my Brother, said I, carelessly? Yes, she reply'd, embracing me with Tears in her Eyes, take and read it, for I shall suffer too much in telling you what it contains. I know the Contents already, said I; I am inform'd of all, and my Father shall have Cause to be well pleas'd with my Conduct on this occasion. About half an Hour after Madam *de Fussy* was come into my Chamber, my Father enter'd the Room. The Goodness which you have shown, my

Lord, said I, in compassionating my Folly, which has thrown me into an Error, for which I now blush, and suffer Regret, does in a great measure mollify the poignant Grief which I own that I do feel for the base Proceedings of an ungrateful Man, who neither merits my Love, nor your Favour; but my Lord, said I, I now give you back your Promise of consenting to our Marriage, and give you mine, that I will never do any thing that shall be unworthy of you or me. *Ab<sup>t</sup>, my dear Child*, said he, embracing me, *how miserable should I be, if you were marry'd to a Man so little worthy to possess you?* I was not able at these Words to restrain my Tears, and my Father seeing me so overwhelm'd with Grief, went out of the Room without saying any more, only these few Words to Madam *de Fussy*: *I leave you with my Daughter, Madam, pray put her in mind that she ought to make use of all her Reason now, to stifle a Passion that is unworthy of her to submit to any longer.* She gave me all the Comfort she was able, but this Day was surely mark'd out by Fate, that I should not have one Moment's Quiet; for *Souville* presently came in to me trembling, to let me know, that the Chevalier was hid in a Corner of the Park, and begg'd to see me. All that I had heard before had distracted my Mind sufficiently; but this last Shock made me tremble, and I could not comprehend how the Chevalier (being so highly criminal as he was) could have the face to come into my Presence, I saw very well that my Repose, my Honour, and my Interest,

terest, oblig'd me to renounce this false Man for ever ; yet I felt that my Love was still stronger than my Reason, and that time alone could overcome it, and restore Reason to her Empire in my Soul. Yet I determin'd to follow my first Resolves, which were not to see the Chevalier any more. No, said I to *Souville*, I will not see him, let him be gone, I will not hear him speak. Alas ! what would he say to me ? he doubtless believes that I am not inform'd of his Crimes, and would surprise my Credulity ; he flatters himself that the Power he has over me is such, that it will make me pardon a Fault that he believes he can colour over with artful Excuses, and trusts to my Love and his own Wit, which emboldens him to appear in my Sight ; but I must deprive him of all these Means to deceive me any more, and convince him that he deceives himself in these Hopes. Go, my dear *Souville*, and tell him I will never see him again, and let him know, that I am inform'd of all his Baseness ; and if 'tis possible make him believe, that it is without the least Concern, that I sacrifice and regard him with that just Contempt which his Conduct merits from me. In fine, *Souville*, make him be gone, and save me from the Danger an artificial Repentance may throw me into. Go, and stay not till my Weakness triumphs, at the Pains it does at this Moment cost me, not to hear the Traitor plead for Pardon. The prudent *Souville* made so good use of the Power I had given her, that she made the Chevalier, after using a thousand Prayers and

Intreaties to no Purpose, take the Road back to *Paris*.

Two Days after, as I was walking all alone in the Park, I saw one of my Footmen with some Letters in his Hand, which he had been to look for at the Post-House, and I asked him if he had none for *Souville*; he told me yes there was one, which I took hastily from him, and knew at first Sight that it came from the Chevalier by the Cypher on it. My first Notion was to open it; but I stay'd my Hand. What, reflected I in my self, I have then a mind to read what this Traitor writes to me! have I so little Care of my Honour, and would I furnish him thus with Arms to deceive me yet again? No, I will not read it, yet, said I, suppose that he does justify himself in such a manner that I am convinc'd that he is innocent? What, foolish Wretch that I am, innocent! what do I say, can he be so? and can I be so much my own Enemy, as to be aiding to him to persuade me that he is so? What farther Outrage must he then do me, to drive him from my Heart. In fine, I was thus rack'd and in dispute about opening the Letter or not, when I perceiv'd my Father coming towards me; and his Presence gave me Power to keep my first Resolves. Here, my Lord, said I, is a Letter from the Chevalier *de Fanime*; bid me of it, for I desire not to know what is in it; read it therefore your self, and give it what Answer you please. My Father was so pleased at the Confidence I repos'd in him, and to see me so firm in my Resolutions, that he embrac'd me tenderly.

tenderly. I need say nothing to you, my dear Child, said he, your own Conduct is so wise, that you want no Advice; it would only be a lessening of your Merit to give you any; and I will go this Moment and send back the Chevalier's Letter without opening it, and I will join another with it to let him know, that your Sentiments of him are entirely agreeable to mine, and that he has nothing more to hope for.

I shall not entertain your Highness with the unpleasant Reflections and Conflicts which now past in my Soul, you need only represent to your self all the various Agitations that can torture a Mind in the Condition mine was now in. Behold me quite over-whelm'd with Grief, and yet oblig'd to conceal it with the utmost Care, ashame'd of my own Weakness, and ever busy to find out a Remedy to free my Soul from it. I imposed on my self as a Law never to mention the Chevalier's Name, and forbid *Souville* ever to speak of him to me again; tho she had nothing to say but what was to his Disadvantage. And I order'd her to interrupt me, or to go out of the Room and leave me, if ever I forgot my self so far as to mention him; I also knew the Danger of being much alone, and therefore I avoided it. Alas, Madam, you see what Pains I was oblig'd to take, before I could regain my Freedom, and get a Cure for my Folly.

A few Days after this my Brother arriv'd, and his Friendship and good Nature made him a Sharer in my Griefs. He asked me if I could pardon him for the Afflic-

tion he had given me in writing to me, which he had not done if he had not believ'd it necessary for my Welfare. I believe, said I, it were impossible for you to do it with any ill Design ; you are too noble and good-natur'd. Then I related to him all that I knew concerning the Chevalier, and the ways I had taken to know it, and afterwards intreated him not to mention him any more to me ; but to endeavour to forget how base he was, and that I had ever been so unwise as to make choice of a Man so unworthy of my Love.

Above a Month past thus, in which time I behav'd my self suitable to the Resolutions I had made, but not without Pain ; yet I held my Resolves. And now my Father told me, that my Brother's and Madam *de Fussy*'s Affairs, as also my own, requir'd us to leave *Mondelis*, in order to my Brother's Marriage. *Daughter*, said my Father, *I am now going back to Paris, and I carry you back thither without Fear* ; *your Conduct hitherto merits my Confidence*. How sensible am I, my Lord, said I, of your Goodness, and the tender Marks that you have given me of your Esteem ? and believe me, I will strive to merit both, and never deceive you, in the good Opinion you have of me. You may see me go for *Paris* without the least Uneasiness, I shall take no false Steps there, your Virtue and Fortitude have set me a bright Example, which I have always admir'd, and will ever imitate, and that shall be your Security.

Soon after this we left *Mondelis*, after six Months abode there ; and I return'd to *Paris* with

with a deep Melancholy, which I did not dare to examine into the Cause of ; and the ardent Desire which I had to overcome it, made me seek all Means to divert it ; and my Mourning being now at an end, gave me free License to take a little Pleasure ; and Preparations being making for my Brother's Marriage, I was often employ'd in those Affairs. The Chevalier was no sooner inform'd of my Return, but he try'd all Means to speak to me. But to take from him all Opportunities of doing it, I never went abroad without my Father, who was so complaisant to me, that he went with us to all publick Shows and Walks, like a young Man. At our Arrival from *Mondelis*, he had given Orders to our *Stiffe* to deliver into his Hands all the Letters which he receiv'd for me, from whatever Part they came.

And it was six Weeks since my Return to *Paris*, when the Chevalier being fatigu'd with endeavouring unsuccessfully to get an Opportunity to speak to me, and despairing to find it, took up a Resolution to run the hazard once more of writing to me ; and one Day my Father came into my Apartment, and said, *Here, Daughter, is a Letter, which I believe comes from the Chevalier de Fanime ; will you not give me leave to use it in the same manner as we did that which you receiv'd at Mondelis ?* I remain'd for a few Minutes a little confused, and made no Answer ; but ashamed of my Weakness, in surprize, *I answer'd, we must send it back unopen'd, my Lord.* And *Souville*, who was at that time

in my Chamber, said, *Madam, will you pardon me a thing that I presum'd to do when you were at Mondelis?* I have six of the Chevalier's Letters, which I receiv'd for you, the which I never deliver'd to you, and I will now go and fetch them. We must send them all back together, said my Father. So the Packet was made and sealed up in an Instant, and I writ the Direction, and Souville's Brother carry'd it to the Chevalier, who did all that he was able to engage this young Man to procure him the Means to speak to me, but all in vain ; for he would do nothing contrary to my Orders.

My Father saw with extreme Pleasure the Day arrive, in which Madam *de Fussy* was marry'd to my Brother, and now they being united, he was highly pleas'd. He said to me on their Wedding-Day, *All that is wanting to make me entirely happy, does now depend on you, my dear Child ; you understand me, I doubt not.* I am going to answer you, my Lord, said I, as ingenuously as your Tenderness for me demands. I own that I blush'd to tell him my Weakness, yet I confess'd to him that I had still a sort of Tenderness for the Chevalier. I reflect in my self daily, said I, how much I ought to despise him, and I flatter my self that I do not love him as heretofore ; yet I find that time alone must enable me to have the Resolution to give my Hand to another. The Count *de Disenteuil* is worthy my Choice, and the Esteem that I have for him makes me regard him as the only Person who is so ; and I know how desirous you are that

that I should marry him, and you shall never hear me ask your Consent for any Man but him. But, my Lord, I beg you, by all the Tenderness you have for me, to let me remain Mistress of my self till such time as I can be assured that I am perfectly Mistress of my own Inclinations ; and alas ! that is not the Work of one Day. *You are too reasonable, Daughter, said my Father, in your Request, for me to refuse it ; I will mention Disenteuil no more to you, and I don't doubt but your Gratitude to him, your Affection to me, your Reason, and what is above all, his Merit and Behaviour, will in the end determine you to form a Union which I earnestly desire, because I love you.*

I must own, Madam, that at this Moment, when I talk'd thus with my Father, in a manner so satisfactory to him, I was firmly resolv'd never to marry again, feeling still in my Soul the cruel Remains of an ill extinguish'd Passion ; but I thought it was my Duty to conceal my Thoughts from a tender Parent, whom I passionately loved and revered, who desir'd nothing so much as to see me united to *Disenteuil*.

And now I cannot deny my self the Pleasure of entertaining your Highness some Moments on the Satisfaction I felt in having Madam *de Jussy* for my Sister-in-Law. She was now Countess of *Mondelis* ; and the bands of our Friendship were now linked firmer together than ever, by this happy Relation between us. My Esteem for her could not possibly be augmented, but my Brother joining in the Knot render'd

render'd it indissolvable. And now I saw this darling Brother, who was so dear to me, completely happy, and in the full Fruition of all his Wishes ; for he was the Possessor of the most lovely and the most virtuous deserving Woman that an honest Gentleman could desire to have for a Wife. He had a violent Passion for her ; and she did then, and will ever love him, as the Account I have formerly given you of this Lady's Humour and Character, will doubtless persuade your Highness to believe. My Father had made my Brother and Sister promise to live with him, and so we were now happily settled all together.

One Day as I was alone in my Apartment, word was brought me, that the Marquis de *Jaillac* was come to pay me a Visit. I was extremely surprized, for I had scarce any Knowledge of him ; yet I thought that it was not good Manners to refuse his Visit. And this was the singular Compliment that he made me at his entring the Room.

*Your Merit and Conduct, Madam, have gained you the Esteem of all the World ; and even those who do not personally know you, have a tender Regard for what concerns you, of which the bold step I have taken in this Visit to you is a Proof.* The attending Circumstances which are intermix'd in what I am going to speak, which it is necessary for you to know, ought to make me blush.— But no matter, this Discourse, which would have been very obscure to another, was not enough so to me to hinder its occasioning some Disorder in my Soul. But I thank'd Monsieur

de Jaillac for his Good-will to me, and I desir'd him to tell me what it was that he thought it concerned me to know.

Madam de Jaillac, said he, is doubtless known to you, Madam, by some Transactions much to her Dishonour, and perhaps vexatious to you, and disgraceful to me. Her Love Adventures have made too great a Noise in the World for me to endeavour to deceive my self, or justify her. I found amongst her Curiosities a Picture, which resembles you so much, that I was not at any trouble to know whose it was ; it was wrapp'd up in a Letter which I shall also put into your Hands, Madam, which will inform you doubtless from whose Hands she receiv'd this Gold Case and Picture. At these Words I took it out of Monsieur de Jaillac's Hands ; and whilst I was looking with Amazement on the Picture and Letter, the Marquis de Jaillac made me a low Bow, and went away with so much haste, that I had not time to say one Word to him. Then I cast my Eyes with great Eagerness on the fatal Writing, in which I found these Words.

### The L E T T E R.

**I**F I were not well assured of your Affection, I should complain of your Humorousness. What a Tormenting is here, for to have me give you a Picture to keep, which was not given me ; tho indeed I kept it with the Consent of her for whom it was drawn, and which I kept only for a farther end, which you

you will not disapprove of. You cannot doubt of my Passion for you, and I believed, that telling you freely of an Affair which I have for a long time been endeavouring to bring about, I had given you a convincing Proof of my Love ; to the which you ought to have corresponded, and been the more sensible of, because it was a mark of the entire Confidence I place in you. After this Preamble you believe perhaps that I shall refuse you this Devil of a Picture, that does so break your Brains ; no, here it is inclosed, and I am certain that you will return it to me at the time that it will be necessary it should be in my Hands. This Restitution will not vex you in the least ; for you will see without Concern, that I think only on making my Fortune with her, whilst I am every Moment of my Life continually employ'd with thinking upon you. Till now I only play'd and trifled with the blind God : You alone have made me offer Incense to him in Reality, of which I will never repent, if you are as faithful to me as I will be to you. Adieu, Charmer.

Your Eternal Votary,

De Fanime.

The Chevalier's Infidelity had before only fill'd me with Grief, such as had only made me feel the Pangs of a tender Passion, but now his Baseness fill'd my Soul with Indignation. The Idea of an honest Gentleman, tho a little Libertine, which I had always had of him,

him, notwithstanding the Irregularity of his Conduct, which no ways answer'd to mine, vanish'd, and all the bitter Reflections that a Person so much concern'd as I could make on such a Letter, presented themselves in a Croud ; and I blush'd at my own fatal Prevention, and did my self an extreme Violence to hide my Grief from the World, by seeming easy and cheerful when my Soul was upon the rack.

Fifteen Days after the Marquis of *Faillac's* Visit, I was seiz'd with a violent Fever, attended with such ill Symptoms, that my Life was thought in great Danger ; and I know not whether I ought to attribute this Sicknes to a natural Cause, or to the great Constraint I used on my self to hide my inward Trouble, and appear easy to the World, which indeed cost me dearly. My Father loved me too well not to be infinitely concern'd, but especially in the strong Accesses of my Fever, when I lost my Senes entirely : and when I recover'd them in the short Intermissions of it, and try'd to comfort him, it rather augmented his Grief. And my Brother and Sister were themselves so afflicted, that they were incapable of consoling him. Madam *de Mondelis* had caused a Bed to be set up for her in my Chamber ; and I saw no body about me but People who were drowned in Tears. The eleventh Day of my Illness was most dangerous ; the raving Fit, which always attended the Accesses of my Fever was chang'd into a kind of Le-thargy ; so the Physicians bled me in the Foot, without my being sensible of it, and this

this was the only and last Remedy they could think on, nor had they much Hopes in that ; yet it had so good an Effect, that my Eyes, which were thought to be cover'd with the Veil of Death's cold Hand, were again open'd. And the first Object that struck my Sight was *Disenteuil*, drowned in Tears, standing by my Bed-side. I reached out my Hand to him, saying, Is it you my dear Count, do not deceive me ? Yes, *Madam*, 'tis I, said he, in a broken Voice, Grief choaking his Words, which assured me that I did not dream. You are indeed come so far to see me ere I die, said I, and you are so kind as to give this one Proof more of your Affection ? Ah ! how fortunate am I, that I can before I die testify my Gratitude to you ; for my Esteem was always the same. And alas, how would it alter, considering your generous Deportment towards me, the Remembrance of which will be ever dear to me, to the last Moment of my Life. I had hardly Strength enough left to utter these Words ; and *Disenteuil* was so overwhelm'd with Grief, with the Apprehension of my approaching Death, of which he scarce made any Doubt, that he could not make me any Answer ; but he kiss'd my Hand passionately, which I had reached out to him, and which he held fast locked in his. Then my Father coming to the Bed side, said, Well, my dear Child, see here is the Count de *Disenteuil*, who on the News which I sent him, that we were in fear for your Life, came hither with extraordinary Speed, to know how you do, and is as much concern'd for you as we are. You

You find he is always the same Man, who would willingly give his own Life to save yours. It would be too dearly purchas'd, said I, at such a Price. Disenteuil quite lost in Grief, having lost the Use of his Speech from the time I had been speaking, cry'd, *Ah, Madam, how happy should I think my self, to give my Life to prolong yours, so that you would but look on this Sacrifice as worthy your Acceptance.* I looked on the Count at these Words, in a very obliging manner, and told him, My Lord, think not unkindly of me, and be not unjust, when you are so generous.

I past this Night, after my bleeding, pretty quietly, and my Fever did not return with that Fury as before. The next Day, and in the Evening, I saw a Serenity in every body's Face, which show'd their Joy. *Daughter, said my Father, we have still another Courier to present to you; but he was not able to get hither so fast as the Count did, for which he is very sorry. He is but just arriv'd, and altho he is much fatigu'd, yet he would fain see you.* Ah, my Lord, said I, pray call him in, 'tis doubtless Calemane. Count, said I to Disenteuil, who was with my Father, is it not he? Yes, Madam, said he, 'tis he indeed, and here he comes. Come near, my dear Friend, said I, how much do I think my self oblig'd to you for coming hither? the Friendship you have for me, and the tender Attachment you have for the Count, has then prevail'd with you to see Paris again; and I hope that my Health being restor'd, we shall render

render the Place agreeable to you. Speak less, Madam, said Calemane, your Looks instruct me of your Thoughts, and in your Eyes I see a Brightness and Vivacity, which denounces the return of your Health. And indeed my Illness diminish'd daily, and at last the Fever ceased ; and my Youth and a good Constitution soon restor'd me to my Strength again. And when I was able to take the Air, my Father carry'd me abroad, and we went one Morning to the Thuilleries, and my Brother and Sister-in-Law, the Count, and Calemane, went with us ; so we took a Walk on the Terrass by the Water-side, and we there met with the Chevalier de Fanime, who was coming directly towards us, and could not turn back, for he was too far off from the Stairs : so he past by us, making a great Bow, without looking in our Faces. I presently perceiv'd some Alteration in my Father's Looks, but I protest to your Highness, that it caused scarce any Emotion in me, at least so little that it could not be perceiv'd. The Adventure of the Picture had render'd the Chevalier so contemptible in my Eyes, that I saw him with Disdain. This was the first Moment that I found my Soul at ease for eight Months past, and I gave my Father a Proof of my Sentiments by whispering him in the Ear : Fear nothing, my Lord, said I, the Fever will not return at this Enterview. The unconcern'd Air with which I spake these Words, spread a Joy over his Face ; but Disenteuil look'd a little surpriz'd, and Calemane view'd us all with piercing Eyes, which put me in no Pain.

It was now the beginning of the Summer, and I saw that my Father was desirous (tho he did not say so) to go back to *Mondelis*. And I had as much mind as he, for *Paris* made me uneasy, because I must always keep at home, or be expos'd to meet the Chevalier *de Fanime* every where abroad ; and tho the sight of him did not trouble me so as to make me feel any more that Weakness of which I was desirous to rid my Soul of the Remembrance, yet when I saw him, I was not so much Mistress of my self as not to be a little shock'd, and fill'd with Indignation ; so that it made me uneasy, and did neither of us any Service, and I was desirous to avoid all Occasions of breaking my Peace : Therefore I propos'd daily to my Father to go into the Country, in the Count *de Disenteuil's* and *Calemane's* Presence ; and my Father was so much pleas'd at it, that we presently agreed with my Sister-in-Law, and fix'd the Day for our Journey. Then *Calemane* said to *Disenteuil*, *Then, my Lord, we wil set out the same Day for Britany ; for I believe that the Business you have at Paris does not require your stay any longer. What, my Lord, said my Father hastily, will you then go into Britany ? I did not believe when I agreed to my Daughter's Proposal, that it would occasion our parting.* Nor I neither, my dear Count, said I.— *Calemane*, who saw how much embarrass'd the Count was to answer this obliging Discourse, suitable to that Air of Discretion which he had assum'd for so long a time, said presently, *Well then 'tis agreed, since it must be so, we will*

will all go to Mondelis ; for tho no body mentions me, yet every body knows that the Count and I are but as one. I am charm'd, my dear Calemane, said I, that you speak in such a manner ; for that assures me that you will also go to Mondelis with Pleasure, and I flatter my self that the Count will not be weary of being there ; and I am sure we shall not be tired of his Company. After this we went all to Mondelis ; and Disenteuil, pleased that he was there at my Request, and transported to see me so free and cheerful with him, became easy and pleasant himself, and took all Opportunities of giving me Proofs of his Passion, tho mysteriously, and not in plain Words. And I could not comprehend how he was able to be so much Master of himself as he appear'd to be ; but a Lover that knows how to keep silence to oblige his Mistress, loses nothing if she has really a true Esteem for him ; yet sometimes he let fall some Words in Discourse, which only he and I could understand the Meaning of ; and I sometimes gave him to understand, that I knew his Meaning. And thus I permitted him to augment his Hopes, without giving him too much Encouragement ; but the Life he led at Mondelis was far different from what he led at Gondez, according to the Relation Calemane had given me in his Letter.

And one Day when I was alone with Calemane, he told me that he had some Reason to complain of me. I was amazed at this Reproach. *Why you have not vouchsafed, Madam, said he, to give an Answer to what I had*

bad the Honour to write to you about, and yet 'tis a matter of great Importance. Ah ! Calemane, said I, you only had a mind to make me a little uneasy ; it is not possible that your Friend could be in that good State of Health and Humour which we now see him in with Joy, if he had been so much indispos'd as you represented him to be. Ah, Madam, said he, I do assure you, that he was worse than I inform'd you, and I conceal'd the worst for fear of alarming you too much. My whole Design was only to awaken your Friendship to save him from Death, and I find that I have not succeeded as I could wish. Ah, my dear Friend, said I, smiling, you know my Thoughts too well, and are too subtle for me to conceal them from you. Indeed, said he, I am yet a Stranger to them, and I would fain know what you resolve. Why, said I, do you teize me now when your Friend is well ; he is gay, cheerful, and so agreeable Company, that he was never more charming, or better Conversation ; and there is no Remains of that profound Melancholy which you talk of ; nay, I am almost apt to believe, that that solitary Life at Gondez did not agree with your Philosophy, and that it render'd you a little Hypocondriack, so that you fansy'd your Friend so. Very well, Madam, said he, you would make me a Lunatick, to evade my coming to a serious Discourse with you about the Count ; but that won't serve the turn. Give me leave to tell you, I agree with you, that his Indisposition seems to be perfectly cured at present. The Change of Place

Place and Company has done him good ; but alas it may not be the same if we return to Gondez ; there perhaps he may relapse, and be in greater Danger than ever, and 'tis that which I fear. As for that, Calemane, said I, don't be like *Cassandra* to forbode nothing but Misfortune. But, said he, if I prophesy nothing but Truth like her ? Then, said I, I will answer your Letter, if you write one word of this new Misfortune, and I will tell you my Advice without Disguise ; and if I can find out any Remedy which will not be distasteful to our Patient, I will let you know it, and apply it. Remember to keep your Word, Madam, said he, and do not forget your Promise. At these Words *Disenteuil* enter'd, and put an end to our Conversation, which was no ways displeasing to me.

*Calemane* was accustom'd to rise early from his Youth, and preferr'd the Pleasure of Reading to that of Hunting ; so that he was very well vers'd in History, and we used to oblige him almost every Day after Dinner, to give us a Relation of what he had read in the Morning, which he related with the greatest Exactness and Eloquence ; nay, he was not content to relate to us the most important Facts, and great Events ; but he enter'd into the Cabinets of Princes, penetrated into their Secrets, and seem'd to have been present at all their Consultations. He also div'd into the secret Reasons of their Actions, which Reasons, tho they seemed weak and frivolous at first, yet in the Sequel were the Cause of great Enterprizes and Revolutions in the World.

And

And this lively manner of describing things was such, that one would have believ'd that he had been an Eye-witness of what had past in the Ages before, and he reason'd so excellently on the most obscure and difficult Subjects, that he persuaded us to believe his Conjectures : and thus he toil'd for our Profit as well as his own by his Studies, and let his Friends partake with him of the Fruits of his Labours.

And thus, Madam, we spent the Hours and Days ; Dress and Scandal, and idle Diversions, were never our Employment ; yet do not think that I am so vain, as to pretend to your Highness, that I had an equal Share in these excellent Conversations. *Disenteuil* had a superior Understanding to *Calemane*, and was well skill'd in History, tho he had not study'd it so much, because he had been in the Army the best part of his Time. My Brother was also learned and ingenious. My Sister-in-Law was quick-witted, yet not conceited ; and as for me I was by Nature inclin'd to be thoughtful, to hear much and speak little. And when my Sister or I spake improperly, or without Judgment, our wiser Tutors let us understand our Errors without giving us the least Uneasiness. As for my Father, he went a Hunting almost every Day ; but when he happen'd to be present at our Disputes, he was extremely diverted, especially if my Sister and I were worsted, and that was very frequently.

We had been about three Months in this agreeable Retreat, when *Souville* informed me, that there was arrived in a Village about a League from *Mondelis* about a dozen Persons,

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in a Boat which was loaden with great Boxes and Boards, and that *Calemane* had been several times at the River-side for some Days past, where he had been seen in private Conference with these Strangers, whom no body knew in that Place. I did not at first guess the Meaning of this Mystery: but on a little Reflexion, I call'd to mind that my Birth-Day was near, and that *Disenteuil* might perhaps have provided some Piece of Gallantry to entertain us on that Day; so I bid *Souville* to say nothing of what she had told me, and was much pleas'd at the Care the Count took to oblige me, and waited with Pleasure to see the Event.

And the Eve of my Feast, I saw that *Calemane* had put a new Blue and Silver String to his Cane, and another to his Sword; but I did not divine, or ask him the Reason of these little Ornaments. About five a Clock in the Evening he told us, that it was the finest Weather in the World, and that we should do well to go and take a Walk on the Terrass by the River-side, which confirmed me in my Suspicions; and the Terrass being at the farther end of a spacious Garden, the Strangers had had time to erect a spacious Tent, without being perceiv'd by any of the Domesticks. They had adorn'd it magnificently both without and within; for it was lined throughout with a blue and Silver Tissue. Every body was surprized when they saw it, and I pretended to be the same; and Madam de *Mondelis* cry'd out, *Ab, how fortunate are we? here is surely some Fairy in this Place who loves*

loves us. *What Riches and Pleasures has she here prepar'd for us?* Just as she spake these Words, as we stood admiring the Tent, eight Boys finely dressed in the Habit of Slaves, with Silver Chains and Collars, entered the Tent, carrying each a Basket of Flowers, which they strewed upon the Floor: They were dressed in Green and Silver, and a Cupid dressed in Crimson Sattin led them; his Bow and Arrows were of Gold. And he also carry'd a Basket of Flowers, but much finer than the rest; which *Calemane* took from him, and presented to me. So I smiled, and took the Basket; and seeing a Paper lying on the Flowers, I took and unfolded it, and finding it was Verses, I did read them aloud to the Company, and I here send a Copy of them to your Highness.

*Love steals from Rest, and quits Repose,  
Before Aurora wakes to gild  
The blushing Morn and flowry Field,  
And to fair Flora's Gardens goes;  
Wakes her from pleasing Dreams, whilst she,  
Amaz'd the God of Love to see,  
Trembles; and blushing with Surprize,  
Hides half her Charms, casts down her Eyes,  
Then crys, Bright God what brings you here?  
Love smiles, and crys, Ah! do not fear,  
Bid kind Zephyrus stay; for I  
No Harm design, then do not from me fly.  
Sweet smelling Flowers I come to seek;  
Such as adorn fair Iris' Cheek,*

To celebrate her Feast prepare ;  
 Garlands of fragrant Flowers, with Care  
 We'll choose to crown the matchless Fair.

Grant this, and I'll propitious be  
 To you : By Venus' self I swear,  
 And Iris, greater far than she ;  
 Iris, whose Power I feel and know,  
 The darling Object of my Love,  
 Iris who excels all below,  
 And more than rivals all above.

Flora obeys the awful God's Commands,  
 Calls all her Nymphs ; with nimble Hands  
 They crop the blushing Rose and Jessamin.  
 Then into mystick Crowns and Chaplets join,  
 Love takes them from their Hands and bither  
 flies.

Almighty Love ! whom Gods and Men revere,  
 Has charg'd me, Iris, to present them here :  
 To you be orders me these Sweets to sacrifice.  
 Amidst his Slaves, the fondest Lover see,  
 Cupid has therefore, Iris, pitch'd on me,  
 The truest Votary to the God of Love ;  
 Ah, Iris, tell, Do you his Choice approve ?

We all praised *Calemane*, who play'd his part of the Lover with great Gravity. But *Disenteuil* did not commend the Verses ; and we asked him the Reason, but he declin'd entering into Particulars, and said only, that the Poet had but faintly express'd the Passion of a Lover, who was doubtless very much in Love. *My Lord*, said *Calemane*, in a very grave Tone, *pray make better if you can, I give you leave.* This little Dispute gave us much Diversion between these two Friends, the

tho we knew it was all dissembled. Mean time the Slaves open'd the Tent on that side next the River, where they had spread the Wall of the Tarras, as also the Pavement, with the same Blue and Silver Stuff that the Tent was lined withal. We all ran thither immediately, and leaning on the Wall, saw at a distance a floating Castle on the River, which seem'd to glitter with the Gold and Silver with which it was covered. *Well, said Madam de Mondelis, shall we not see the Fairy, who is doubtless coming to see us? Calemane, who is acquainted with this Demi-Divinity, ought to instruct us in the Ceremonies we should observe in her Reception. You have no more to do, said Calemane, but to observe attentively what is presented to your View, and I will answer for her being well contented.* During this Discourse, the floating Castle advanc'd towards us, but very leisurely, which made us very impatient; and *Calemane*, who had provided all things necessary, caused a Spying-Glass to be presented to us, by whose Assistance, as we handed it from one to another, we discover'd that this Castle was plac'd in the middle of a kind of Galley or Barge, on each side of which were Oars, all silver'd: the Edifice was painted Blue and Silver; and on the top was the Figure of a *Cupid*, whose Face was towards us. And as it drew near, we perceiv'd that the Rowers, who had white Sattin Wastecoats, with blue Scarfs, did not row; but that one Mariner only, who was dressed in the same Livery, guided the Rudder, to follow the Stream; and that the whole

Galley was carry'd only by the Current of the River. And the time was so well manag'd, that the Castle did not arrive over-against us, till just half an Hour before it was dark ; then the Mariners cast two Anchors, which seem'd to us to be of Silver, and we then saw distinctly the Emblems, Devices, and Cyphers, of which we suppos'd a mysterious Love to be the Author. At last Night arriv'd, and the Castle was all in a moment of a light Fire, and the Firework was so admirably contriv'd, that nothing miss'd ; so that the Clearness of the Water of the *Loire*, seem'd to multiply the Rockets and Serpents ; and what was most surprizing was, that this Fire-work, which lasted above half an Hour, finish'd all in an Instant ; and from the most dazzling Light, we past in an Instant to be left in Darkness : So that we could have believ'd that the Galley had sunk to the bottom in an Instant.

But this Darkness soon gave place to a splendid Light, produc'd by a prodigious quantity of Flambeaux, which illuminated the Tent, and by Fire-pots, which enlighten'd all the Terrass, and the great Parterre, by which we were to return to the Castle. Here the Slaves presented to us all sorts of Fruits and dry'd Sweetmeats, with Wines and Ice to cool them, in China and Crystal Cups. My Father was transported to see me so gay and merry, believing it was a Sign of my forgetting the Chevalier, and that I began to entertain a liking to *Disenteuil*. But it was only occasion'd by my Heart's having regain'd its Freedom ; and therefore far from refusing all innocent

cent Diversions, I gladly embraced all Opportunities of diverting my Thoughts ; not but that I had a grateful Sense of the Obligations that I had to *Disenteuil*, and the Admiration which his mysterious Love created in my Breast, flatter'd my Vanity, which is natural to our Sex, tho a fond Passion had before stifled it, and it began to revive ; and I was now desirous to please, and this assured me that I had vanquish'd my Folly, which I look'd on as the greatest good that could befall me.

At length the Feast ended, but it was very late first, and *Calemane* was loaded with Compliments on all sides ; and I told him, that I was so sensible of the Favour he had done me, that I could not express it. *Madam de Mondelis* said, That she advised him never to make any more Complaints of his being old, or wanting a Fortune ; for he had surely imposed upon us before, and had now given us a Proof, that his Bags were not empty, nor his Taste in Love-Affairs and Gallantry defective. As for the Money Part, *said Calemane*, that was the Fairies Business to provide ; and for the Design and Manner of your Entertainment, I must confess, that distrusting my self, I consulted those who were better skill'd in things of this nature than ever I was in my life, who readily lent me their Assistance ; and to them I leave the Honour of the whole Management, reserving to my self only that of having been the first Proposer of it. This last Article, *said Madam de Mondelis*, we can hardly grant you. And why, Madam ? *said Calemane*. Ask my Sister, *said she*, looking upon me. I

could not forbear laughing, and answered, That I knew well enough what to believe, and to whom I was obliged ; but that I desir'd that no more Questions might be asked me, but that I might have leave to keep my Thoughts to my self. So we walk'd home towards the Castle, and spent the Time in such kind of Talk all the way, till we got thither.

We remained for fifteen Days after this Feast at *Mondelis* ; during which time *Disenteuil* became a little more free and bold in his Behaviour : nor did I avoid, or seem displeased, but treated him in a very obliging manner, and lent an Ear to all the nice Expressions he made use of to assure me that he adored me ; in all which he never made use of the Words *Tenderness*, or *Love*, to offend me, or break my rigid Command.

At last we returned to *Paris* ; and now I must bring the Chevalier *de Fanime* again up on the Stage : and I am very sorry that I am obliged to mention him any more to your Highness, being assured that you are so much my Friend, that you have no longer any Respect for him ; but it is necessary that I should relate to you the most essential Transactions relating to my Story, in which the Chevalier has not acted a noble Part.

Some time after my return from the Country, a Report was spread at *Paris* that I was going to marry *Disenteuil* ; and the Chevalier *de Fanime* lost all Patience at this News, which he believed to be true, being enraged that there was no Hopes left of deceiving me

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any more : And he no longer doubted but that the Count's Affection for me, supported by my Esteem, which had made me always speak favourably of him, had at last vanquish'd my Heart ; and he found my Sister one Morning at the Change, and spoke to her as a Man in Despair, and convinced of the Truth of this Report. And Madam *de Mondelis* had the Ill-nature to answer, That she could say nothing more to him, but that she advised him to think no more of me, and to take care of himself. Yes, Madam, *said he*, I know what Course to take ; and so left her, without saying any more. When she came home, she gave me an Account of this Conversation ; but the Respect which I believed the Chevalier ought to have for me, hindred me from discerning what the Sense of this short passionate Answer meant.

The same Day my Father proposed our going à *L'etoile*, and we all went ; that is to say, my Sister-in-law and I, my Father, the Count, *Calemane* and my Brother followed us soon after : Having walk'd a while, we desir'd our Gentlemen to let us sit down a while, and that we would give them leave to walk and leave us by our selves for some time ; and we had not rested our selves a quarter of an Hour, when I perceived the Chevalier *de Famme* on the other side of the Walk, with his Sister and some other Ladies, whom he immediately left, and came strait to us : We got up, seeing him come towards us ; and approaching me, he said, *Is it permitted to me, Madam, to seize this Opportunity to speak to you ?*

you? I have waited for this happy Moment too long, and my Soul has been vainly employ'd in ardent Desires, and searching out the Means to obtain it, for me to let it slip: nor can I, Madam, refuse my self the poor Consolation of complaining to you of the cruel Rigour with which you have treated me for a long time past: yet, Madam, I was never so criminal as to deserve so tedious a Punishment. You will excuse me, my Lord, said I, if I make no Answer to this Discourse; for an Accident which has been the Sequel of a Fit of Sickness, hinders me from comprehending the Sense of what you say; for I have intirely lost my Memory, and cannot call to mind any thing that past before this Indisposition. The Chevalier, enraged at such an Answer, reply'd, Doubtless, Madam, you have not forgot that Disenteuil loves you? And has done for a long time, for that is the only thing, said I, that I remember: But perhaps there are Persons in the World who would be Gainers by the Loss of my Memory; but the Count would lose too much, should I forget his Conduct and Proceedings towards me: nay, I will say yet more, and own that I my self should be a Loser, if I should forget him. 'Tis therefore that you are determin'd, Madam, said he, to recompense his Love, which has now gained yours. This sort of Curiosity, my Lord, said I, does very ill become you: I shall not trust my Secrets any more, but to such Persons whose Integrity I am very well assured of; and the Count *de Disenteuil* alone deserves that I should repose that Confidence in him:

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To him I have, and will always disclose my Thoughts, and they are such as I am certain will be very agreeable to him ; and that is all that I now desire. *It is then true, Madam,* cry'd the Chevalier hastily, *that you*—  
*If you have a mind, said I, scornfully interrupting him,* to be satisfied any farther, see here is my Father coming, and he will be so good as to answer your Questions for me ; you may speak to him, for he has no body with him but *Disenteuil*, and my Brother. At these Words I turn'd away from him, without waiting for an Answer, and left him full of Rage, as his Looks did plainly indicate. We had not got four Steps from him, before my Sister, who was ready to burst at this Scene, fell a laughing ; I ask'd her the Reason. *Rather ask me, said she, how I could refrain so long : What a malicious Creature are you, when you have a mind to it ? Our Gentlemen by this time join'd us. Is it the Chevalier de Fanime, Children, said my Father, at whom you laugh so much ? Yes, 'tis at him indeed, my Lord, that we do laugh, said my Sister :* Then she related the comical Treatment which I had given him, which my Father very well approv'd of, and *Disenteuil* show'd the greatest Satisfaction at.

Some Days after, Madam *de Mondelis* and I went out one Morning to buy our selves some Things which we wanted, taking only *Calemane* along with us, for we thought it would be a pleasant Jest to consult a Philosopher in the Choice of our Habits ; and we return'd home about eleven a-Clock, and found

my Father and the Count talking together at a Window. *Disenteuil* spake very low, and my Father heard him with great Attention : At last I heard him say to the Count in a louder Voice, You must set out immediately for *Britany*, and I will have an Eye to all ; and in so nice an Affair, you may depend on a Man who looks upon you as his Child. This Discourse surprized me, and I went up to them : What are you talking of, my Lord, said I, to my Father, of the Count's going to *Britany* ? What has happen'd to him ? I beg that you would let me know. Sure you cannot either of you doubt of the tender Friendship that I have for him ? No, Madam, said *Disenteuil*, you are too prudent for my Lord de Brionsel or I to make any thing a Secret from you, or Madam de Mondelis, nor Calemane neither, (who was coming towards us) I cannot suspect any of your Friendships, and therefore I will now tell you all freely what has happen'd to me this Morning. You must first know, that I went out to look for a Gentleman who lives near la Place de Vendome, but his Porter told me that he was gone abroad, and that he would be back again in an Hour ; so to render the Time of waiting for him less tedious, I went into the Garden of the Thuilleries by the Orangery, having left my Coach at the Gentleman's Door whom I waited to see ; so I took my walk by the Terrass of the Capuchins, which I had not gone the length of above thrice, when I saw the Chevalier de Fanime coming towards me : The first Word he said to me, was, That he could not have

have believed, that after having saved his Life so generously, I would have render'd him so unhappy, as to ruin him secretly in Madam DE GONDEZ's Esteem. I answer'd him, that all mean clandestine Actions were below a Man of my Character, and that if he was not conscious of any Fault in his own Conduct in regard to her, he might boldly flatter himself that she had still the same Esteem for him, that she had seem'd to me to have heretofore ; and that the Character of that Lady, who was indeed an Honour to her Sex, was enough to convince him of the Truth of what I said. This cool Pleasantry, my Lord, says he, convinces me that my Suspicions are but too well grounded ; and doubtless you have charged me with an unlucky Adventure as a Crime ; which appeared to be so, only because People are ignorant of the Truth, and that the Circumstances of it are not related, and so have made that Lady my Enemy. I must own, said I, interrupting him, that it is very new to Disenteuil, to hear that he is suspected of being a Deceiver, and to bear with Patience a Discourse of this nature, and in Terms so uncivil ; yet I hope this Moderation would not be an Injury to my Honour if the World knew it : But Disenteuil is well known, and little regards what you think of him. But he is greatly concern'd that Madam DE GONDEZ should be made the Subject of so biting a Conversation, which may injure a Reputation, and a Virtue which you ought highly to respect. Believe me, let us lay aside such Discourses : In a word, the Esteem and Veneration that

we both ought to have for a Lady of her Quality and Merit, ought to make us silent, and not pretend to govern her Actions. Your Advice, said he, and cool Behaviour, proceeds from the Assurance which you have of soon possessing her: and without examining farther whether I am right or wrong, I will turn to be an Ingrate, and if I can, put an End to his Life who saved mine. The Attempt is a little dangerous, said I, coldly; but believe me, moderate a little this excessive Fury, which ill becomes a brave Man; calm your Passion, and I will leave you, sorry that you do not make a better Use of your Reason. So I left him, and I made some Turns more in the same Walk, without regarding whether he follow'd me or no: At last I went out at the same Door of the Orangery I came in at; and hearing somebody coming very hastily behind me, I turn'd about and saw the Chevalier, who had drawn his Sword, and cry'd only Let us finish: The manner in which he attack'd me, did not permit me to resist him carelessly; I saw him soon make a Step backwards, and the Point of his Sword fall; and I perceived some Blood upon his Clothes, which were light-colour'd, and People that come out of the Gardens came to us presently: so that I thought they could assist him, if there was occasion, and that it was best for me to retire, which I did very luckily, without being followed; and I got to my Coach leisurely, and came home hither, to give my Lord de Brionsel an Account of my Adventure, and to follow his Advice, which shall always be the Guide of my Actions.

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This Relation did almost freeze all the Blood in my Veins : The vexatious Consequences this unhappy Combat might bring upon *Disenteuil*, whose Interests were grown extremely dear to me ; the Occasion of the Quarrel troubled me ; and all together so overwhelm'd me, that I was not able to speak one Word. *Ah, Madam, from whence proceeds this Silence, cry'd Disenteuil ; do you believe me in the Fault, and does my cruel Enemy find favour in your Breast ?* You are unjust, my dear Count, said I, to have such a Thought : You criminal ! no, your Virtue is too pure to be fully'd with one base Action ; 'tis the Chevalier's Extravagance that concerns me, and not his Misfortune : you did not see any Impatience in me to know the End of this sad Adventure, so long as you were safe to tell it. But tho you have got out of this Affair as usual, with Honour ; yet I cannot but reproach my self, as being the Cause of your being in Danger ; and I prize your Esteem so highly, that if the Chevalier's Folly should diminish it, I should be inconsolable : At these Words he took one of my Hands and kiss'd in a Transport, without answering.

To render *Disenteuil's* Departure less suspected, *Calemane* did not attend him, as the Count desired : but this faithful Friend would have hardly been persuaded to stay behind, if he had not been desirous to take care of the Count's Safety, and to see the Issue of this unhappy Affair ; so we all embraced the Count, with

I was at this time too much afflicted to examine into my own Thoughts, and the Motives of them : I felt a true Sorrow for *Disenteuil*'s Departure, without imagining that it proceeded from Sentiments more tender than those Friendship inspires : Yet I saw him go with a sort of Tenderness which I could not conceal from him, and which made him to leave me with some kind of Consolation, flattering himself that all my Resentments fell upon the Chevalier, and that I was not angry with him.

After his Departure, we learn'd that the Chevalier was dangerously wounded, and that his Friends had preferr'd a Complaint against an unknown Person that had attack'd him ; and the Report that was spread abroad of this Combat made no mention of *Disenteuil*, and his prudent Conduct and Character made him never be suspected ; and the Chevalier's Folly was so little known, that no body imagin'd that he would have been so ridiculous, as to force the Count to fight with him against his Will : Nevertheless, the Parliament would be inform'd of this Affair, and the Chief Magistrates went to the Chevalier's ; who averr'd, with an Air of Truth, that he did not know the Person, who after having push'd him rudely, and given him a Blow with his Fist, drew upon him : and as he was very ill at this Moment, so no body doubted of the Truth of what he said ; and the Witnesses had only seen the Back of the Person who had wounded him,

him, as he was retiring ; and the great Need which the Chevalier had of their Assistance, by reason of his Wound, hinder'd them from running after him who had given it.

And now my Father was sorry that he had sent the Count away so hastily ; and more when he heard that the Chevalier was out of danger, and that he still persisted in his first Story ; the Prosecution slackned, and we were so fortunate as to have it believed, that this Accident, like the foregoing, was occasioned by some ill-manag'd Intrigue of the Chevalier's, who had by his Follies acquir'd the vain, ridiculous Title of the Ladies Favourite : And altho we took a great deal of Pleasure in having *Calemane* with us, yet we would not oppose his impatient Desires to go to his Friend, to inform him of all that had pass'd since he left us : and I let him go without any regret, because I began to fear for *Disenteuil*'s being left alone. And a few Days after *Calemane* went away, my Father was obliged to go to *Rouen*, and my Brother bare him company ; and whilst they were gone, which was but eight Days, one of the Grooms, by some Carelessness, the manner of which is not known, set fire to the Stables which were behind the House : it was perceived just at the Break of Day, and there was no Possibility of saving the Stables, which were presently all in a Flame, so that the Fire caught hold of the main Building by that Wing of the House which was next the Stables ; all the publick Pumps were at work, and all the House was fill'd with People, whom either Respect or

Curiosity

Curiosity had brought thither. Two Days before this Accident, I had had the Misfortune to sprain one of my Ancles in riding, so that I was obliged to keep my Bed, and was not in a Condition to help my self, or others ; but my Sister, in all this Confusion, gave her Orders, with great Discretion, to the Servants, whose Fright was much greater than hers, and they removed the Furniture ; and *Souville* brought and set upon my Bed, the Cabinet in which I kept all my Jewels : And she had no sooner left me, but I saw the Chevalier *de Fanime* enter my Chamber, for he had taken advantage of this Disorder to get into my Apartment, without any opposition, or being taken notice of. His Boldness filled me with Indignation ; and I was going to tell him so, when he threw himself upon his Knees before me, and said, 'Tis only at this Instant, Madam, when your Life is in danger, that I can find a Moment to speak to you without Witnesses : But what advantage can I make of such an Opportunity to justify my self, in the extreme Concern which I am in for the Danger you run in hearing me. Don't be frighten'd for me, said I ; the Fire is abated, and I shall run no Risk ; no, not in seeing or hearing you : But how do you dare to come thus into my Father's House, or to show your Face to me any more ? It is not your Conduct in respect to me that I mean ; no, I have blotted that out of my Thoughts : but can you believe that I shall ever forget the Injury that you have done me, in daring to abuse, and fight with the Man whom I esteem

above

above all others? This then, Madam, says he, is now all the Crime you lay to my charge; and if you will but grant me a hearing for a few Moments, I shall justify my self as to that and all the rest: Grant me this, if not for Love, yet out of Generosity. I consent, said I, speak on. Oh! Heavens, cry'd he, with an Air of Transport, how blest am I to find you thus dispos'd to hear me? Well then, Madam—Stay, said I, interrupting him, I will not hear what you have to say, till such time as you have let me see my Picture: Fear nothing, but show it me, and I will hear you patiently.—You seem confounded, continu'd I, opening my Cabinet, which was upon the Bed; see then, said I, it is now my turn to show it you.—See here it is; Monsieur de Jaillac had so much respect for me as to return it to me, with the Letter which accompany'd this Sacrifice which you made to your Mistress.—You say nothing now; why do you not proceed to justify your self? Speak, or rather, take my Counsel and retire.

The Chevalier remain'd so confounded with the Sight of this Letter, that he could not pronounce one Word. At this moment Madam de Mondelis enter'd the Room, to inform me that the Fire was almost extinguished; and the Chevalier went out without speaking to me. Do I dream, said my Sister, or is not that the Chevalier de Fanime who is just gone out of the Room? Yes, 'tis him indeed, said I, and I believe that now I am quite rid of him, and the House may be burnt down to the Ground, and I in it, and I will answer for him,

him, that he will never come again to help us. Fifteen Days after this Adventure, I heard that the Chevalier was gone to *Malta*, and his absence was as agreeable to me as it was fatal to him ; for he was no sooner arriv'd at *Malta*, but he went on board a Ship which was going to cruise, and they met in the Mouth of the Channel with two *Algerine* Pirates, of which, after a long Fight, they made themselves Masters ; but the Chevalier received several Wounds of which he died.

Two Months after *Disenteuil* was in *Britany*, the States were assembled, and a too great Ardour to maintain the Privileges, ill understood, in a Province where he held a gteat Rank, made him look'd upon as a dangerous Person, in such a nice Conjuncture ; and an ill Interpretation was maliciously given to his Discourses, which in themselves were innocent, but in the Expressions were perhaps a little too bold : so an Order for arresting him was presently sent from Court, and he was carry'd to *Bell-Isle*, where he was strictly guarded. *Calemane* writ me word of his Disgrace, and I receiv'd the News with inexpressible Concern ; for I look'd upon my self as the poisonous Instrument which Providence made use of, to render *Disenteuil* always unfortunate ; for he had not gone to *Gondez* but for this unfortunate Combat : This I reproached my self withal ; and I told my Father, that I thought it would become me to use all our Interest to procure his Liberty, and that I had a Right to authorize me to sollicit in his behalf : nay, that I was obliged to it, as being the Widow of

of the Chief of that noble Family, whose Name and Title I still possess'd ; and that I ought to go and throw my self at the Feet of that magnanimous Monarch who governed us, whose Anger did always give place to his Clemency, which was natural to him. My Father approved of my Design ; and I did not defer one Moment to use all my Endeavours, and attempt all Means to obtain his Liberty, whom I so much prized.

And it was above eight Months, that this Prince saw me every Day imploring his Mercy, before I at last obtained my Request, to have the Count taken out of Prison : but he was then sent into Exile to the farthest Part of *Berry*, to his Estate of *Disenteuil*. Then I writ him a Letter, which was dictated by Gratitude and Affection, which pleaded in my Heart, and directed my Pen on this Occasion : And do you judge, Madam, whether he was sensible of these Testimonies which he received of my Friendship ; and the Pains which I had taken to serve him, of which my Father inform'd him ; and he thank'd me in so tender a manner, and so moving, that I felt my Zeal redoubled for to deliver him out of his Exile : But all his Friends and Relations advised me to sit quiet for some time. Yet my Concern for his Disgrace increased, and I felt that my Soul melted at his Sufferings ; and I said to my self, Alas, how greatly does he merit my Esteem ? he has been always constant in his Love to me : Monsieur D.E. GONDEZ's last Commands to me in his favour, as also my Father's, have obliged me

to be his : and how unjust have I been all this while ? Thus Love stole into my Soul under the Disguise of Gratitude, Duty, and Generosity ; and pres'd by all these Reflections, I went to my Father, and spake to him in these Terms :

‘ Tis I, my Lord, who am the Cause of the Count *de Disentueil*’s Misfortunes ; for if he had not had that fatal Quarrel with the Chevalier *de Fanime*, he had not gone to have been present at the Meeting of the Estates in *Britany* ; and then he had not suffered the Hardships of a long and grievous Imprisonment, out of which he is not deliver’d but to go into Exile : ’Tis then my Duty to console him in his Exile, by giving him my self ; ’tis that only can sweeten his Griefs : and I am come to offer you my Hand for him : And thus I shall at once perform my Duty, and show my Gratitude, and gratify the earnest Desire which you have had for this three Years past that I have been a Widow, of seeing me united to a Man so worthy my Choice, and such a Recompence.’ *Ab, my Child, cry’d my Father, how happy do you make me, and what excessive Joy is it to me, to see you now at last render Justice to such Merit ? Disentueil in Exile has then touch’d your Heart, and you will now marry him in such Circumstances as I should not have thought it fit to have proposed him to you for a Husband.* Nay, said I, my Lord, if you approve of it I will do more ; for I will go immediately into *Berry* and espouse him there : and thus I will

will sweeten his Exile, and share his Disgrace: and I even flatter my self, that I shall make him forget his Misfortunes. Yes, 'tis resolv'd, my Heart declares it self in his favour, and I am sure we shall be happy together.

*Ah, how happy is Difenteuil going to be?* said my Father, *and how sensible am I of the Joy this News will give him?* and how excessive will his Pleasure be, to possess you in the Time when Misfortunes pursue him? And it is those Misfortunes, said I, join'd with so great Merit, and so uncommon a Deportment, that has determined me to marry him: And I shall this Day, my Lord, ask a Proof of your Affection for me, and Friendship for the Count; in desiring that you would immediately go along with my Brother to find out this dear Exile, and tell him that I am coming to join my Fortune to his: I will set out with my Sister to follow you, for I doubt not but that she will be willing to accompany me. Go then, my dear Father: 'tis for me and my Family to comfort him under those Misfortunes, which I have been the Cause of to him; which I shall no more reproach my self withal, because they have procured our Union. My Father could scarce speak; he was so overjoy'd, that he held me for some considerable time in his Arms, repeating several times, *Ab, my Child, how pleased am I, and how happy will Difenteuil be?*

Leaving my Father, I went into my Sister's Apartment, with Joy in my Looks. *What good News to you bring me,* said she, *have you at last obtain'd the Count's Pardon, and will*

*will he be recall'd from Banishment?* No, said I, but now I love him, and I have told my Father so, and I own it also to you, my dear Sister ; and the Love you have for me and the Count, will, I doubt not, engage you to bear me company to *Berry* : Come along with me, my dear Sister, and see me repay the most tender Love with the Gift of my Heart and Hand.

*Let us go*, said she, *for I see very well that it is not Gratitude alone that makes you undertake this Journey.* No, said I, it is really Love : Nor would I have you believe that it is but of late that I have been sensible of the Count's Worth ; for ever since my Sickness my Heart has been his : His Behaviour at *Mondelis* charm'd me ; his whole Conduct, all that he did to avoid fighting with an ungrateful Extravagant, his absenting himself, when he thought that I could not be happy but with another ; this, join'd with his present Misfortunes, which I am the imprudent Cause of, have brought me insensibly to resolve on what I propose to you. How agreeable will it be to the Count to be thus surprized ? *Really Sister*, said Madam de *Mondelis*, *you are now in my Eyes ten times more lovely than ever : Love embellishes us more than Art and costly Ornaments ; the little God gives lustre to the Eyes, and life to each Feature.* I look, said I, Sister, just as you did when you began to give ear to my Brother's Addresses : let us embrace, and make our Husbands mutually happy ; such honourable Love as ours will never

ver call a Blush into our Cheeks. Thus ended our Discourse.

My Father and Brother took Post two Days after for *Berry* ; and tho we were near the End of Winter, yet the Weather and Roads were bad enough ; and my Sister, to give me a Proof of her Friendship, made no Scruple to let my Brother go, seeing my Father so pleased at the Journey. Go, my Lords, *said she*, my Sister and I are as impatient to be with the Count as you are, and we shall not be long behind you. My Father had not given the Count any Advice of his coming, having a mind to surprize him ; for he loved him tenderly, even before he had any Hopes of his being his Son-in-law : So that if my Brother had not been attached to the Count by the Bonds of a tender Friendship, such as was Proof against all Fears and Jealousies, he would have had reason to dislike the great Affection which my Father had always for the Count.

My Father and Brother were no sooner gone, but my Sister and I took the Coach and followed, *Souville* attending me ; *Well, my dear Lady*, *said she*, *your Troubles are now at an end, and you are going to be happy*. Thou art then, my dear *Souville*, *said I*, at at last contented ; and I doubt not but I shall likewise be so too, and have nothing more to wish for. Thus she, my Sister, and I, talk'd of nothing but *Disenteuil*, and my approaching Happiness, all the way ; and minded not the Inconveniences of bad Roads, and unpleasant Weather : nor did the Way seem long,

for

for Love was my Guide, and *Disenteuil's* Merit, and well-experienc'd Truth and Constancy, secured my being happy.

My Father and Brother at their arrival did not find the Count at home, he was gone a hunting with *Calemane*, who grieved to see his dear Friend only freed from a Prison to be after sent into Exile, and would not leave him to himself in such melancholy Circumstances, which Solitude was more likely to render insupportable, than to ease. *Disenteuil* saw with as much Pleasure as he was capable of resenting in his unhappy Condition, this Proof of his Friend's Affection: His Heart was overcharg'd, and he was too wise to unload it but into the Bosom of a faithful, well-try'd Friend, such as *Calemane*, in whom he could put an intire Confidence; and to him he vented his Griefs.

My Father would not let any of the Servants go to advertise the Count of his being come, but waited his coming home. The Day declined, and in a short time *Disenteuil* and *Calemane* appear'd at the End of an Avenue, coming home; and seeing two Gentlemen coming towards them, they stop'd, not in the least imagining who they were: But *Disenteuil* soon descry'd them, and cry'd out, Ah, Heavens, 'tis sure my Lords *de Brionsel* and *Mondelis*. They leap'd from their Horses, and immediately ran to embrace these welcome Visitors; saying, My dear Lords, what brings you here to this solitary Place, to see the poor unfortunate and exiled *Disenteuil*? You are going to be inform'd, my Lord, said my Father,

with a very serious Air, which he forced himself to put on. You are not ignorant, my Lord, said he, of the Pains my Daughter has taken to make your Innocence appear to the World: and tho all your Friends did endeavour to procure your Enlargement, yet Madam DE GONDEZ did more than all others. This is a Piece of Justice that cannot be deny'd her: and having thus given you such undoubted Proofs of her Zeal for you, she hopes you will show yours for her; and would you believe it, she demands a Recompence for what she has done, and I, like an indulgent Father, am come to know from your own Mouth, whether you are grateful or not. Alas, what can I do, said Disenteuil, to oblige or serve Madam DE GONDEZ? my Life and Fortune were always at her service, and these she shall be ever Mistress of; but these she will not accept of: 'Tis cruel to doubt of my being grateful; my Soul is full of grateful Acknowledgments to her, and in it burns a Flame which only Death can extinguish; but she forbids me to complain. Let her command me to do any thing but not to love her, and she is sure to be obey'd. Well then, said my Father smiling, she is so unreasonable, as to expect that you should marry her. Marry her! cry'd Disenteuil in a Transport; what the wretched Disenteuil be so blest? it cannot be, it is impossible. Indeed, said my Father, she requires this of you, and will not be contented on any other Terms. Disenteuil's Transport was so excessive, that he could not utter one Word: he

embraced my Father, holding him fast lock'd in his Arms ; *Calemane* did the same by my Brother, for their Joy was mutual ; and the Scene, tho' mute, was extremely expressive and touching. At last my Father broke silence, saying, Come, my dear Son, moderate your Joy, and I doubt not but in few Days to be Witness of that Union which must give you the Possession of all you wish for, and then your Transports will be heighten'd : for if the Expectations of that Hour can make you thus, what Raptures will you feel when it is come ? Alas, *said* Disenteuil, can I be more transported and yet live ? but when when will that Hour come ? Now all my Joys are dash'd, when I reflect that I am here confined, an Exile, and cannot fly to my indulgent Fair, when Love and she demands my Presence. No, my Lord, *said my Father*, you shall not wait to be happy ; Madam *DE GONDEZ* is on the Road coming to you, and we agreed that if I found you changed, and no longer an impatient Lover, but inclined to lead a solitary Life, cured by Misfortunes and her rigorous Treatment ; then I should send a Messenger to meet her on the Way, and prevent her coming. My Daughter *Mondelis* bears her company, who will be as glad to see you as Madam *DE GONDEZ*. Oh Heavens ! *said* Disenteuil, quite amazed, what Condescension, what surpassing Goodness ! Does Madam *DE GONDEZ* come to seek the wretched Exile *Disenteuil* ? no, 'tis impossible : Has my Flame then warmed her once frozen Heart ? Alas, my Prison and Banishment

ment, grieved me not, but only because they deprived me of the Pleasure of being where she was, tho I had then no Hopes of being loved ; and now she comes to meet my eager Wishes, and offers me her Heart and Hand : now, when my cruel Circumstances banish'd all Hope. Thus every thing combines to heighten my Obligations to her, and to add to my Felicity ; and I am going to be the most supremely blest of all Mankind. Here their mutual Embraces were renew'd, and my Father was highly pleased to see *Disenteuil* in these Extasies of Joy, as was also my Brother, and *Calemane*.

Three Days after, my Father not permitting *Disenteuil* to come to meet us, which he would fain have done, one of Madam *de Mondelis*'s Servants, whom she sent before without my Knowledge, arrived at *Disenteuil* ; and according to her Directions, asked to speak with *Disenteuil* in private, without saying whence he came, or appearing before my Father and Brother. *Disenteuil* being whisper'd this Message, it being just the Close of the Day, was frighted, fearing lest some cross Accident might have befallen us, which we would conceal from my Father ; so he quickly ran to his Closet, where the Servant came, and delivered a Letter to him from my Sister, which *Disenteuil* opened trembling, and in great Disorder, and the Contents were these.

## The LETTER.

My Lord,

**Y**OU would have reason to complain of me, should I have address'd this to my Lord de Brionsel, or my Husband, and not to you ; to inform them first, that we hope to reach Disenteuil to-morrow in the Evening. Madam de GONDEZ will, I doubt not, approve, when we are arrived, of my having given you this notice of our coming ; tho' perhaps she would have opposed me, if I had told her my Design. I doubt not but you will not sleep much to-night ; your Impatience will keep you waking ! Yet the Hours will pass agreeably, when you reflect on your approaching Happiness, when all your Sufferings will be lost in Joy, and your Constancy will be amply rewarded ; at which no Person will be more sincerely pleased than my self.

## MONDELIS.

The reading of this Letter, put an end to the Count's Fears, and set his Soul at ease ; so he ordered the Servant to be taken care of, and to be kept out of sight till we were arrived.

Disenteuil proposed to my Father and Brother, the next Day, after Dinner, to go and see a natural Cascade of Water, that fell from a very high Rock that was near the Road by which we were to pass, and was,

was, as he told them, esteemed to be one of the greatest Curiosities in all that unpleasant Province : So they all mounted on Horseback, and soon arrived at the Foot of the Rock, which was very high, and craggy ; and from its Top, there fell with great Rapidity so large a Quantity of Water, that it drove a Forge which was at an hundred Paces distance from the Fall. Whilst the Count was employing their Attention, to observe what was most singular in this extraordinary Work of Nature, one of his Servants came and whisper'd to him ; on which the Count, without saying one Word, turn'd his Back, setting Spurs to his Horse, and making towards the Highway, followed only by the Servant who had whisper'd to him : My Father, Brother, and *Calemane*, much surprized at his hasty Departure, rid after him ; but they lost sight of him soon, and stop'd short in a cross Road, not knowin in which way to take, and much less what to think.

My Sister and I were not above five Leagues from the Persons we so long'd to see, when I fell into a profound Thoughtfulness ; and Madam *de Mondelis*, who had seen me very gay and pleasant all the rest of the Journey, ask'd me the Reason of this sudden Change of Temper : Alas, said I, with a sigh, the nearer I approach to *Disenteuit*, the more I reproach my self with my past Conduct to him. He knows I loved another, and will doubt my Affection

tion now for him ; perhaps he is changed, and will regard me as an inconstant Woman : Alas, my dear Sister, whilst I strictly adher'd to my Duty, and acted the cruel Part, I neither trembled or blush'd ; but now I confess a Passion for a Man whom I have treated so unkindly heretofore, how am I confused. *Fear nothing, my dear Sister,* said Madam de Mondelis, *I know the Count perfectly, and I will promise for him, that he will forget all your rigorous Treatment, and receive you with open Arms.* At this Instant I perceived the Count at the Door of the Coach ; we stop'd immediately, and he alighted, on which I would have step'd out of the Coach to receive him, but he beg'd me not to stir ; on which my Sister cry'd, *Come into the Coach, my Lord, here is room enough.* He did so ; and I am not able to repeat to your Highness the Terms in which the Count express'd his Transport, his Love, his Thanks to Heaven and me ; all which I heard with great Pleasure, and some Disorder : He began one Sentence, and leaving that unfinish'd, ran to another Subject ; all his Discourse spake the Excess of his Joy and Affection, but I did not say much to interrupt him ; my Looks and Blushes answer'd best : But at last, being a little recover'd from the Disorder the first sight of him had thrown me into, I told him, Yes, my dear Lord, I am come at last to give you my Heart and Hand, which I presented to him, and he kiss'd it with Transport :

Transport : I desire nothing but to be yours, being assured that your Love is a sufficient Security of my being happy. *Ab, what can equal my Felicity, cry'd Disenteuil, to possess you, and be beloved? what mortal Creature was ever so bless'd as I am?* In truth, said Madam de Mondelis, you are such passionate Lovers I see that I am forgotten : but I forgive you ; 'tis a Fault that I am pleased to see. At this Instant I perceived my Father, who was come before Calemane and my Brother ; because being weary of waiting in the cross Road, he had rid on, and left Calemane and my Brother behind : He soon joined us, and seeing Disenteuil in our Coach, which we would have stop'd, he cry'd, *Go on, go on, you have no need of Company : I am glad to find that the Count, whom I had lost, is so fortunately found.* We ask'd Disenteuil what my Father meant by these Words ; and he told us how he had left them viewing the Cascade at the Rock, and then thank'd my Sister for her Letter, which till then I knew nothing of.

At last we arrived at Disenteuil, where I found Calemane, whom I embraced with Joy : Then we were conducted into a large, ugly Apartment, which the Count made an Apology for, saying that he was very sorry to receive us into such a barren Country, and in an old Castle so ruinous, and unfit to entertain Guests of our Quality. This Compliment, said I, ought to be ad-

dress'd only to my Sister, for it belongs not to me; every thing here seems agreeable in my Eyes, since it belongs to the Count *de Disenteuil*. The Count was so amazed to hear me speak a Language so intirely new to him, that he could scarce answer: but I continu'd to say the kindest Things to him, thinking that it was time that he should enjoy the Satisfaction of believing himself beloved.

The next Morning my Sister had a Mind to visit, and take a View of all the Castle; but the Count was unwilling, and not without Reason: for the Building was composed of several different Apartments, which had been built at different Times; so that the Whole was without any Symmetry or Regularity, for *Disenteuil* was but an Infant when his Father and Mother died; and he had been bred up with his Uncle, and had never been but once in all his Lifetime at *Berry*: and the Care a Steward takes, who neither sees nor expects his Lord, is generally so little, that it does seldom prevent the Ruin of whatever is committed to his Care: and when the Count arrived at this old Seat, where he fear'd that he must stay longer than he could have wished, and found it so intirely out of repair, he got together all the Workmen that he could find in the Province, and made great Reparations in a very short time; then he had some Furniture brought from *Gondrecourt*: so that at last

last he had render'd his Castle habitable in less than two Months time: And all that was most regular in this monstrous large Building, was a little Apartment which the Count had fitted up for himself in a great square Tower; and there it was that I found my Picture which I had left at Gon-dez; This, Madam, said he, was all my Consolation in my Exile from you; the Sight of this mollify'd my Pains, in a Time when I believed that my Love and Constancy had made no Impression in your Heart. Ah, my Lord, said Souville, if you did but know the Trick my Lady put upon me; She had a little Picture of hers in Miniature in a very fine Case, and I presumed to ask her for it, but She gave me only the Case, after having pull'd the Picture out, which She first tore and then threw into the Fire. So Souville pull'd the Case out of her Pocket, and Disenteuil casting his Eyes upon it, soon knew it again to be the same which the Chevalier had put my Picture in; and I saw a secret Joy in his Face which he could not conceal, and he gave me a Look which show'd his Satisfaction; at which I blush'd, but was not uneasy. If I thought, dear Souville, said the Count, that I could in some manner repair the Loss you have sustained, by giving you my Figure, which the foolish fond Calemane got drawn in our last Journey to Paris, and got fixed in this Snuff-box, I would offer it to you: But as he presented

presented it to her, and she cry'd eagerly, *Pray, my Lord, give it to me*; I clapp'd my Hand upon it, saying, I oppose the Count's Liberality in going to give away what belongs to me. *Am I not finely served, said Souville*; *I was to have both my Lord and Lady's Picture, and now I must go without either.* At these Words Calemane enter'd the Room, and I said to him, You have here chosen a very handsome Snuff-box; and then I show'd it to him. *Ab, Madam, said he, return it to my Hands I beg you; the Count robb'd me of it I assure you.* Look upon it, said I, opening the Lid and shewing the Picture, can you now in Conscience ask me to part with it? *How covetous are you grown of late, said Calemane laughing; you will then, Madam, have both the Copy and Original: well, e'en take them, I am content.* And thus by a thousand Trifles I convinced the Count that I sincerely loved him. And this same Day, my Father seeing us all together, said to us; *Now, my Children, we are all met for to conclude an Affair which I have desir'd to see finished above all things in this World; but the Relation that is between you, my dear Daughter, and the Count, as being Monsieur de GONDEZ's Nephew, obliges us to defer our mutual Happiness, till such time as a Dispensation, and Letters of Licence can be got, for to give you Power to marry: to procure which my Son shall go for Paris, with proper Letters from us to the*

the Bishop. Calemane immediately took up the Word, and said, addressing himself to my Father, *Ab*, my Lord, do you not perceive that Madam de Mondelis, tho she approves of the Design, yet is not pleased at the Choice which you have made of the Agent to negotiate it: My Zeal for your Service is sufficiently known to every body here; and I am the properest Person to execute this Commission, and my Diligence and Care will shorten the Delays which are frequent on such Occasions, the which will be tedious to our expecting Lover and Madam DE GONDEZ, tho they are oblig'd to bear them. Yes, my Lord, said he, looking on the Count, you must now wait a little to be happy; you have already suffer'd all the Pains of Love, except those Impatience gives: these you must now experience. But yet it will be a pleasing Pain, since at my Return you will be sure to be happy. My Father easily consented to Calemane's Request, which the Count approved of, and this faithful Friend set out for Paris the next Day.

I believe your Highness was a little angry with me till now, and that you at least blamed my Conduct towards the Count, whilst I favoured the Chevalier's pretended Passion; and Disenteuil's Conduct towards me, made you his Friend from the Beginning, whilst you disliked the Chevalier's: But these last Pages of my History will, I doubt not, regain me your Esteem; and you may discern that it was

was not my Fault, but a fond Passion that blinded my Reason ; but *Disenteuil*'s Merit did at last open my Eyes, and has triumph'd over my Weakness, and inspir'd my Soul with such tender noble Sentiments as I was a Stranger to before : And whilst *Calemane* was at *Paris*, and that I saw *Disenteuil* every Day, who now gave a loose to his Joys, and dared to show his Passion without Constraint, he seemed every Hour more charming, and that nothing was left to oppose our Happiness, or wanting, but the Dispensation, which we were sure to obtain : yet now I thought the Time long, and feared to lose *Disenteuil* ; and if he look'd pale, or seemed any way disordered, I could not hide a Concern, which to him appear'd more charming than all that I could have said.

*Calemane* was above two Months before he could finish our Affair, tho he neglected no means to accomplish it, and then he return'd to us : And now the so much desired Day arrived, and I marry'd the Count, yet did not change my Name, for he had taken the Title of the *Count de Gondz* from the Time of his Uncle's Decease, as being the Head of the Family, and the Heir of all his Estate : but I always call'd him *Disenteuil* in my Story, because your Highness might better understand me, and that my History might be more clear and intelligible.

Eight Days after our Marriage, my Father, to whom the Count was now more endear'd than ever, left us, to go himself to the King ; and

and set all his Friends to work, as also my Husband's, to obtain of his Majesty the Count's entire Liberty, and Leave for him to return to Court. My Brother and Sister stay'd some Months with us ; but my Father at last having occasion for them to assist him with their Interest also, to accomplish his Design with the King, called them away to *Paris* ; and they went willingly, because they thought they could be more useful to us there : and we parted with the pleasing Hope of seeing one another again in a short time.

Yet, notwithstanding Monsieur *de GONDEZ*'s Innocence, and the Endeavours and Interest of all our Families, who never let a favourable Opportunity slip, to sollicit his Majesty in his favour, the Affair was spun on for a long time ; so that my Lord, out of his tenderness for me, grew sometimes very uneasy and impatient, for which I rallied him : He feared that so long an Abode at so unpleasant a Place as *Disenteuil*, would seem tiresome to me ; and I must own that it would have been so to any two Persons who were less fond of one another, but as for my own part I was very contented, and could have lived there all my Life rather than part with him ; altho my Health was a little impair'd by the Badness of the Air, and I was greatly desirous to see the Count again in Splendor in the Court, where I was sure that his Merit might justly intitle him to as great Dignities as any of his Family had ever enjoy'd : which I wish'd for, not out of Ambition, but out of my great Affection

fection and Esteem for him, knowing him to be worthy of all Honours that his Prince could confer upon him ; and I was also desirous that all my Friends and Acquaintance should be the Witnesses of my good Fortune : But I concealed all these Thoughts from him, fearing lest he should imagine, that the Vanities and Pleasures which such great Cities and Princes Courts do oply afford, excited these Desires in my Soul : and I had no other Desire but that of pleasing him, and seeing him happy and beloved.

At last, after eight Months Attendance, from the Time my Father left us, a Courier, who was sent express, brought us the most brief and expressive Letter that ever was written ; and these were the Words it contain'd :

**C**OME away, my Children ; all is finis'd according to your Wishes. Let us now meet again, never to part.



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